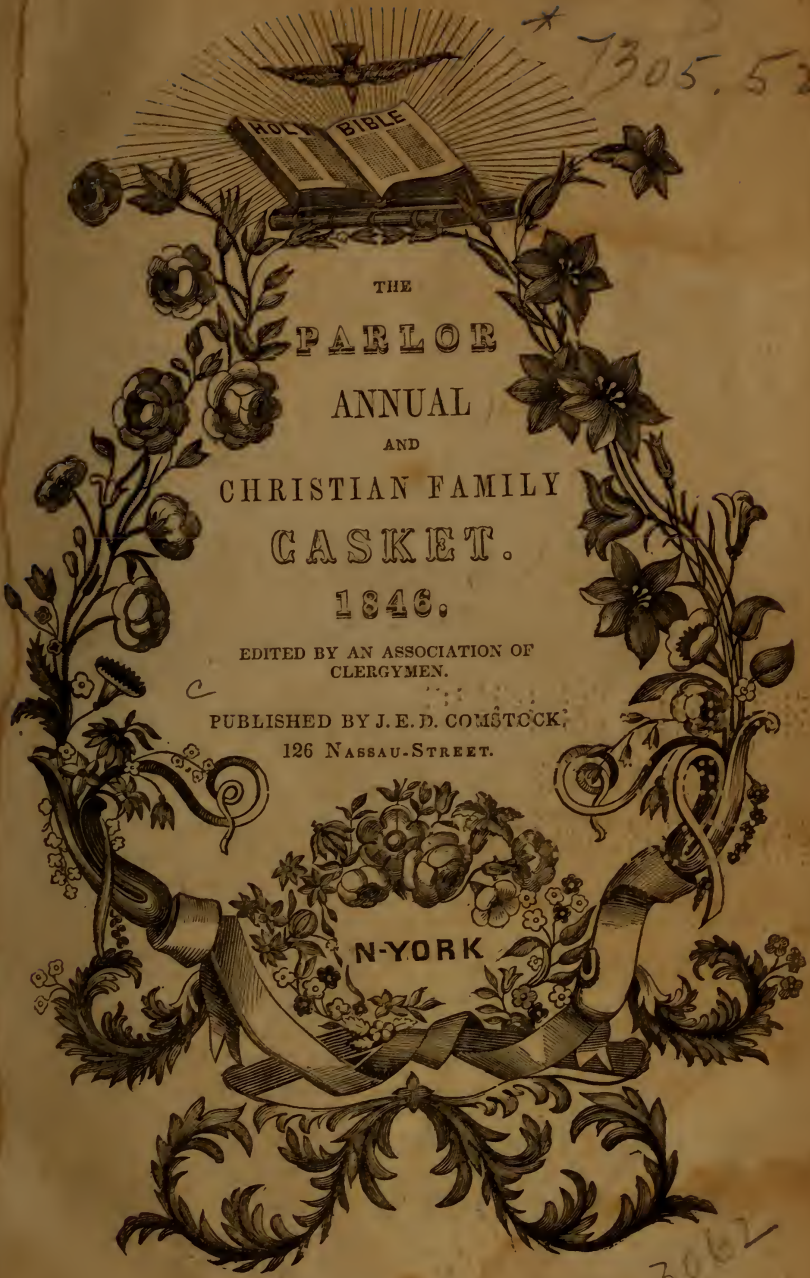

THE PARLOR ANNUAL AND CHRISTIAN FAMILY CASKET.

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INDEX TO THE PARLOR ANNUAL VOL. IV.

EMBELLISHMENT.

CHRISTIAN FAMILY ANNUAL.

Original.

FASHIONABLE EDUCATION.

BY MRS. A. DICKINSON.

When we cast our eye over this vast country, so rich in resources; so amply repaying the toil of the husbandman, the mechanic, and the merchant; so abundantly rewarding the cultivation and employment of intellect; so richly endowed with free institutions; so exempt from oppressive taxation; whose merchants are princes in all the earth;—whose professional men—lawyers, divines, physicians, and statesmen, are held in high estimation among all people, we are naturally led to inquire the causes of so much solicitude and pecuniary embarrassment, among the middle and more elevated classes.

Far be it from us to disparage mental cultivation. We would that the minds of our daughters were disciplined, and their reasoning powers developed, by a much more patient and systematic pursuit of science. But we would also have them pursue a thorough course of mental discipline, not because it is fashionable, nor that they may practically demonstrate their equality with the sterner sex; but that they may be better fitted to discharge their own appropriate duties; that they may be more suitable companions for those with whom they are to be most intimately associated; for those, perhaps, whose lives are to be spent in intellectual pursuits, in thinking and reasoning; that they may secure greater influence in society; that they may

have strength of character to train their sons, while yet in the nursery, to habits of prompt and cheerful obedience; and may infuse into their minds sentiments of exalted virtue and true philanthropy, which may not only be the means of preserving among us a sacred and inviolable regard to law and constituted authority, but also of advancing us in everything that contributes to render a nation glorious and happy.

Neither would we have them indifferent to those external accomplishments which diversify and enliven social intercourse, and afford agreeable relaxation from the laborious, and often irritating duties of life. Yet we would not have them cultivate, even these, for purposes of selfishness and vanity, but for the sake of contributing more largely to the happiness of society. We would not have them feel that they may neglect, even for a day, any of the more important duties for the sake of these graceful accomplishments, but would have them redeem time for the proper discharge of every duty, by habits of EARLY RISING, INDUSTRY AND ORDER.

Leaving out of view, for the present, the hackneyed and unwelcome topic of insubordination, so prevalent in the community, and the germ of so much misery, is it not an undeniable fact, that in too many instances, the daughters of the wealthy attend school, till they are seventeen or eighteen, become to some extent acquainted with Mathematics, French, Drawing, Music, etc. for no higher reason than because it is FASHIONABLE? And is it not true, that the daughters of many merchants, mechanics, and farmers, of small capital, who are toiling and struggling to sustain their standing in business, are led to pursue the same course, merely because it is FASHIONABLE? The difficulty does not consist chiefly in the course pursued; though in many instances, that is sufficiently objectionable; but mainly in the MOTIVE for doing it, the making mere FASHION the mainspring of action, to beings capable of understanding the relations of things; capable of thinking and reasoning;

capable of appreciating the noble stimulus of being useful. They have delicate sensibilities, which, if properly cultivated, would make them shrink from the idea of being only amusing toys, enjoying a life of inglorious ease, at the expense of many hours of hard labor stolen from a mother's needful sleep, or the excessive toil and perplexity of an indulgent father.

The care-worn mother whose best years have been spent in toil and self-denial, to procure her daughters a fashionable education, not unfrequently complains in the bitterness of her soul, that they feel no responsibility in sharing her burdens, and no gratitude for all her painful efforts on their behalf. Poor mother! she little thinks she is reaping the legitimate harvest of the seed she has with so much labor been sowing. Can she expect her daughters to seek happiness where alone it is to be found, in doing good, in studying to be really useful, when they have been educated to think happiness consisted in the gratification of self? when they have been accustomed from childhood to see the comfort of the family constantly sacrificed to procure for them exemption from effort, or the means of idle and ostentatious display? when they have been accustomed to waste the bright and joyous mornings of youth, locked in dreamy forgetfulness, till the second or third call aroused to consciousness, and reminded them that the industrious portion of the family were at the breakfast-table? Well may many a sad-hearted mother, and father too, blush and tremble for the consequences, when they reflect, how, morning after morning, those for whom they endure every privation, and who, in addition to the duties of the toilet, should have had at least an hour's healthful employment to gain a good appetite, and promote the order of the family, come from their rooms with nerves and muscles relaxed; with feelings ruffled by the reproaches of conscience, and the hurry of dressing, unfitted either for business, for study, or for social intercourse. Miserable beings! pitiable objects! finding little left, in cold and deranged dishes, to tempt a capricious

appetite, they conclude to lounge perhaps on the sofa, or while away the time with the last novel, or at their dispirited music, and wait for the DINNER, when they make SHAMEFUL amends for their morning's abstinence! or rather for the morning's INDOLENCE! So their days, weeks, months, years pass away, and such inveterate habits are formed, as almost necessarily result in ignoble debility, nervous headaches, loss of self-command, impaired looks, and indeed, ruined constitutions, both of mind and body. Considering the alarming prevalence of these downward habits, the result of false, improper parental indulgence, improper views of education, and of the great design of life, need we wonder that philanthropists should deeply mourn over the degeneracy of the race, especially when we reflect, that this imbecility, physical and intellectual, will be transmitted to others? Surely fathers and mothers do not, in any measure, realize the evils they may be entailing upon society by the vain desire of giving their daughters a FASHIONABLE education, without any adequate regard to their character, their principles, their usefulness, or their permanent and substantial happiness.

If the daughters of our land were early accustomed to share, cheerfully, in the labors and responsibilities of a mother, to feel that the great end of education was to make them useful to society—to enable them to the best advantage to employ those peculiar powers, which may emphatically render them ministering angels in a world where wretchedness abounds—there would be less complaint of bad debts and hard times, or of inefficient, ruined sons and brothers. It is impossible for a brother, who is not a reprobate, to resist the influence of an affectionate, cultivated sister, who devotes her best energies to the important duties and sweet charities of domestic life; who adorns the social circle with cheerfulness and intelligence; who exhibits at all times a practical regard to order and propriety; and who thus, by her example, reminds him, habitually, of

the true path of wisdom and the great end of human life. And daughters thus educated, wearing the ornament of "a meek and quiet spirit," would be helps, MEET INDEED, when they come to sustain the higher relation of wives. They would be able to conduct the affairs of their household with an ease and dignity, that could not fail to command respect and confidence; and their husbands would delight to call them, Blessed.

Original.

ELISHA MOCKED BY THE CHILDREN AT BETHEL.

BY REV. W. B. SPRAGUE, D. D.

WHEN Elisha was on his way to Bethel, probably to visit the sons of the prophets and take the prophetical chair recently vacated by the death of Elijah, "there came forth little children out of the city and mocked him." The original word, translated "LITTLE CHILDREN," is used to signify not only INFANTS but YOUNG MEN; and the severe displeasure with which God was pleased to visit their contempt of the prophet naturally leads to the conclusion that they had reached an age to be capable of distinguishing between right and wrong. Probably they had been educated in the idolatrous customs which so extensively prevailed in the reign of Ahab, and had been taught by their parents to despise the institutions of the divine law, and to deride the messages and the persons of those prophets who were laboring to recover the people to the worship and service of Jehovah. And as the legitimate result of such a training, they mocked Elisha, and said to him, "Go up, thou bald head, go up, thou bald head." Hair in ancient times was

considered an ornament. These youth jeered the old prophet for his BALDNESS, as if it had been a disgraceful deformity; they insulted his venerable age, of which his baldness was a token. In saying to him, "Go up," possibly they might have intended to ridicule the story of Elijah's ascension into Heaven, which they had doubtless heard from the sons of the prophets who resided in the city, for this was so remarkable an event that it could hardly fail to be a common topic of conversation. The idolaters of the day, who hated Elijah for the severity of his reproofs, and professed to regard him as a troubler of Israel, would of course be little predisposed to credit the story; and these impious youth probably intended to laugh at it as a ridiculous fabrication. Elisha, hearing their insulting speeches, "turned back, looked on them, and cursed them in the name of the Lord;" that is, he reproved their impiety, and solemnly declared, under a divine influence, that they should be destroyed in such a manner, as should at once vindicate his prophetic character and demonstrate the gross impiety of their conduct. No sooner had the prophet's malediction been uttered, than it took effect with the fearful destruction of a large number of these wicked youth. The fact that these bears should have destroyed so many, proves that they did not act merely from natural propensity, but were the appointed executioners of divine wrath. In ordinary cases, two or three victims might have satisfied their hunger, and the rest might have escaped; but this extraordinary destruction of more than forty youth, by only two wild beasts, on the common road, and in a place near the city, was an event awfully adapted to awaken a sense of religion in the minds of these idolaters; to promote a veneration for the prophet, to impress the rising generation with religious fear, and to lead all to the conclusion that if the children were slain for mocking a single prophet, the parents could not escape God's anger, who had continually persecuted all his prophets.

In what did the guilt of these young persons especially consist?

They ridiculed Elisha on account of his BALDNESS—something which had come upon him in the natural course of things, and for which, even if it had been a much greater calamity than it was, he was in no way responsible.

To jeer at others for their shape or form, or for any unavoidable infirmity under which they labor, or any providential calamity to which they are subjected, is a piece of gross inhumanity. It is painful enough to them to sustain the inconvenience, or as the case may be, to endure the mortification, to which such a visitation may subject them; but to become not only a gazing-stock but a laughing-stock to others,—to observe the significant smile, or to hear, as in the case of Elisha, the contemptuous shout—this is exceedingly adapted to wound and harrow the sensibilities; and there are few comparatively, who are altogether superior to such an influence. I have sometimes seen—and who has NOT seen—the boys in the street gathering around some unfortunate old man, who has lost a limb, or it may be, partially lost his speech, or been subjected to some other afflictive visitation; and I have heard them trifling with his misfortunes, and sporting with his feelings, and apparently forgetting that he had a heart that could feel and bleed as well as they. No doubt in many cases this is to be attributed chiefly to the want of reflection; but it is always an act of cruelty, a flagrant violation of that great and good rule, "Whatsoever ye would that men should do to you, do ye even so to them."

But there is something more than inhumanity towards a fellow creature involved here; there is gross IMPIETY TOWARDS GOD. For who but God maketh one to differ from another? Who but God moulds this clay into different forms, making one vessel to honor and another to dishonor? My young friend, thou art jeering at God's workmanship, casting reproach upon his wisdom, his goodness, his power, his sovereignty. Thou art virtually arraigning the Creator

to answer to thee for an alleged imperfection in the work of his hands. Are you tempted to yield to this unhallowed spirit; to sport with the natural infirmities or providential calamities of your fellow creatures, let me prescribe for you an antidote against the power of such a temptation. Remember then that all men are formed by the same wise and sovereign Creator, and all are alike dependent on his care and bounty; that all are made of the same dust, and will ultimately moulder back into the same dust of which they were made; that if one body is more beautifully formed than another, there is none so beautiful as to resist the power of the destroyer, or the ravages of the worm. The real excellences of the man consist, not in the form and features of the body, but in the endowments and virtues of the mind. The infirmities which you ridicule in others are incident to yourself; and should they actually befall you, you surely would think yourself entitled to the compassion, rather than deserving of the ridicule of your fellow mortals. Recollect that if you are exempted from the misfortunes and calamities which others suffer, it is an occasion for thanksgiving to God who makes you to differ, and not of contempt toward those who are denied your privileges; and that the day is coming when all distinctions of bodily form will be lost in the darkness and desolation of the grave. Bring thyself under the influence of considerations like these, and then go, if thou canst, and ridicule thy fellow man, for any calamity which God either in mercy or in judgment may have sent upon him.

But these young men were not only lacking in due respect, but were guilty of positive insult towards VENERABLE AGE. When they called the prophet "bald head" in the way of contempt, it was an insult offered to him as an OLD MAN.

Youth are required in the divine law to "rise up before the hoary head and to honor the face of the old man." And the prophet Isaiah notices it as an evidence of the extreme degeneracy of the period in which he lived, that "the child

behaved himself proudly against the ancient, and the base against the honorable." The Apostle Peter also requires "the younger to submit themselves to the elder;" that is, to pay respect to their age and experience, and treat them with modest reverence and regard.

Are not the times on which we are fallen, characterized in rather an unusual degree by the want of respect for the opinions and characters of the aged? The manner in which some young professors have treated aged christians, setting at naught all the results of their reflection and experience as the rubbish of a by-gone age, is little better than saying "Go up thou bald head; go up thou bald head." Youth never mistake more egregiously than when they turn away from the instructions and counsels of venerable and pious old age. The aged, however their opportunities for acquiring wisdom may compare with your own in other respects, are at least greatly superior to you in this—that they have had a more protracted and varied experience; and as experience is the most effective of all teachers, it is to be presumed they have acquired many things, a knowledge of which would be beneficial to you. Let it not be enough then, that you refrain from treating the aged with disrespect—testify towards them, unless they have forfeited it by their vices, a marked respect so far as you have an opportunity; and instead of rudely questioning their opinions, listen to them with attention and deference; and if it is not your own fault, it is more than likely you will receive important benefits. When I see a young man treating old age with contempt, I mark him as at least, on the highway to profligacy and ruin. When I see a young man rising up, professedly as a reformer, finding fault with all that is past, as worthy only of an intellectual and spiritual childhood, and striking out new paths into which the aged themselves must be forced, or else be denounced as making war upon the spirit of the age, I say to myself, "That young man had better sit at the feet of those whom he denounces, and learn of them."

To be concluded.

Original

THE OMNIPRESENCE OF DEITY.

BY H. N. BRINSMADE, D. D.

How pleasant, and yet how solemn is the thought that,

> "Awake, asleep, at home, abroad,
> I am surrounded still with God."

It is the language of the inspired Psalmist, made delightfully familiar to us by the poetry of Watts.

This was the teaching of the Holy Spirit to one who loved to think of God, who could meditate upon the divine character with deep interest. In the sacred volume it is found in these words; "Thou knowest my down-sitting, and mine up-rising; thou compassest my path and my lying down."

And this is not a truth which may be held at a distance, or regarded as a mere speculation. It is full of consolation, and should have a constant, practical influence.

To the truly pious, it is most blessed to know that God is always at hand, that he is a FATHER causing all things "to work for good" to his children. It is delightful to feel assured by divine testimony, of the surrounding presence of One who is gracious and full of compassion!—to come to him every hour, with all of desire or sorrow, and rest one's burden on his almighty arm.

Nothing so gives peace to the confiding child of God, as the conviction wrought by the Holy Spirit in the soul, that in all our ways, there is an eye watching and a hand extended to give comfort and support; that whether at home or abroad, in the chamber of sickness, or amid the beauties of nature, the smile of paternal love can cheer, and infuse happiness.

Truly there are those who delight in the Lord at all times, who behold his hand in every event, whether prosperous or adverse, and can wait on him with holy submission. But why is it that others would banish the thoughts of God, and find only terror in the announcement of his all-pervading presence?

God exhibits the same holy character, orders his government with unchanging rectitude, and manifests daily his forbearance to all.

It is the state of man's heart, which makes the difference; it is the MORAL feelings of those who are under his government, and here must the change be wrought, so important to the happiness of every soul, which must exist forever under the rule of a holy God.

Let it then be settled by each one, that IN GOD, in the manifestation of his character, and the communication of his love, there is material of the purest joy; it is ever at hand, and is rich in its supplies.

Let each child of his adopting grace, and every creature of his power, go forth among his works with an eye open to behold the glories of his character, and a heart raised to heaven for the aid of the Holy Spirit, to give a knowledge and love of that so excellent, and in the sanctuary look up to him, and in the retired chamber, let every soul seek to find the divine presence, as a source of pure and hallowed enjoyment.

How should a sense of this repress the roving of a vain imagination, quench the kindling of unholy desire, and stay from the commission of all sin.

Approaching God, through Jesus Christ; coming in his name, how blessed is the portion given man here; and how important is this in preparing for the world of light and glory, where the presence of God gives eternal joy.

RUINS OF AMERICA.

There are no parts of the kingdoms or countries of the old world, but have celebrated in poetry and sober history, the mighty relics and antiquities of ancient empires, as Rome, Babylon, Greece, Egypt, Hindostan, Tartary, Africa, China, Persia, Europe, Russia, and many of the islands of the sea. It yet remains for America to awake her story from its oblivious sleep, and tell the tale of her antiquities the traits of nations, coeval, perhaps, with the eldest works of man this side the flood.

This curious subject, although it is obscured beneath the gloom of past ages, of which but small record remains; besides that which is written in the dust, in the form of mighty mounds, tumuli, strange skeletons, and aboriginal fortifications; and in some few instances, the bodies of preserved persons, as sometimes found in the nitrous caves of Kentucky, and the west, yet abundant premises to prompt investigation and rational conjecture. The mounds and tumuli of the west, are to be ranked among the most wonderful antiquities of the world, on the account of their number, magnitude, and obscurity of origin.

They generally are found on fertile bottoms, and near the rivers. Several hundreds have been discovered along the valley of the Mississippi; the largest of which stands not far from Wheeling, on the Ohio. This mound is fifty rods in circumference, and ninety feet in perpendicular height.

This is found filled with thousands of human skeletons, and was doubtless a place of general deposite of the dead for ages; which must have been contiguous to some large city, where the dead were placed in gradation, one layer above another, till it reached a natural climax, agreeing with the slope commenced at its base or foundation.

It is not credible, that this mound was made by the ancestors of the modern Indians. Its magnitude, and the vast numbers of the dead deposited there, denote a population too great to have been supported by mere fishing and hunting, as the manner of Indians has always been. A population sufficient to raise such a mound as this, of earth, by the gradual interment of the deceased inhabitants, would necessarily be too far spread, to make it convenient for the living to transport their dead to ONE SINGLE place of repository. The modern Indians have ever been known, since the acquaintance of white men with them, to live only in SMALL towns; which refutes the idea of its having been made by any other people than such as differed exceedingly from the improvident and indolent native: and must, therefore, have been erected by a people MORE ancient than the Indian aborigines, or wandering tribes.

Some of these mounds have been opened, when, not only vast quantities of human bones have been found, but also instruments of warfare, broken earthen vases, and trinkets. From the trees growing on them, it is supposed, they have already existed at least six hundred years; and whether these trees were the first, second or third crop, is unknown: if the second only, which, from the old and decayed timber, partly buried in the vegetable mould and leaves, seems to favor; then it is all of twelve hundred years since they were abandoned, if not more.

What are mouldering castles, falling turrets, or crumbling abbeys, in comparison with those ancient and artificial primitive hills, which have outlived generations, and even all tradition; the workmanship of altogether unknown hands.

Place these monuments and secret repositories of the dead, together with the innumerable mounds and monstrous fortifications. which are scattered over America, in England, and on the continent of Europe, how would their virtuosi examine, and their antiquarians fill volumes with their probable histories. How would their fame be

conveyed from learned bodies, and through literary volumes, inquiring who were the builders, of what age of the world, whence came they, and their descendants; if any, what has become of them; these would be the themes of constant speculation and inquiry.

Marietta, a place celebrated as being the first settlement on the Ohio, has also acquired much celebrity from the existence of those extensive and supposed fortifications, which are situated near the town. They consist of walls and mounds of earth, running in straight lines, from six to ten feet high, and nearly forty broad at their base; but originally must have been much higher. There is also, at this place, one fort of this ancient description which encloses nearly fifty acres of land.

There are openings in THIS fortification, which are supposed to have been, when thronged with its own busy multitude, used as gateways, with a passage from one of them, formed by two parallel walls of earth, leading towards the river.

This contrivance was undoubtedly for a defence against surprise by an enemy, while the inhabitants dwelling within should fetch water from the river, or descend thither to wash, as in the Ganges, among the Hindoos. Also the greatness of this fort is evidence, not only of the power of its builders, but also of those they feared. Who can tell but that they have, by intestine feuds and wars, exterminated themselves? Such instances are not unfrequent among petty tribes of the earth. Witness the war between Benjamin and his brother tribes, when but a mere handful of their number remained to redeem them from complete annihilation. Many nations, an account of whom as once existing, is found on the page of history, now have not a trace left behind. More than sixty tribes which once traversed the woods of the west, and who were known to the first settlers of the New-England states, are now extinct.

The French of the Mississippi, says Webster, have an

account, that an exterminating battle was fought in the beginning of the 17th century, about two hundred and thirty years ago, on the ground where Fort Harrison now stands; between the Indians living on the Mississippi, and those of the Wabash. The bone of contention was, the lands lying between those rivers, which both parties claimed. There were about one thousand warriors on each side. The condition of the fight was, that the victors should possess the lands in dispute. The grandeur of the prize was peculiarly calculated to inflame the ardor of savage minds. The contest commenced about sunrise. Both parties fought desperately. The Wabash warriors came off conquerors, having SEVEN men left alive at sunset, and their adversaries, the Mississippians, but FIVE. This battle was fought nearly fifty years before their acquaintance with white men.

Also the ancient ERIES, once inhabiting about Lake Erie, who gave name to that body of water, were exterminated by their enemies, another tribe of Indians—so far as that but ONE member of that nation, a warrior, remained.

It is possible, whoever the authors of these great works were, or however long they may have lived on the continent, that they may have, in the same way, by intestine feuds and wars, weakened themselves, so that when the Tartars, Scythians, and descendants of the ten lost tribes, came across the straits of Bhering, that they fell an easy prey to those fierce and savage northern hordes.

Petty tribes of the same origin, over the whole earth, have been found to wage perpetual war against each other, from motives of avarice, power, or hatred. In the most ANCIENT eras of the history of man, little WALLED towns, which were raised for the security of a few families, under a chief, king, or patriarch, are known to have existed; which is evidence of the disjointed and unharmonious state of human society; out of which, wars, rapine and plunder arose. Such may have been the state of man in America, before the Indians found their way here; the evidence of which is the innumerable fortifications, found everywhere in the western regions.

Original.

NATURE'S TEMPLE.*

BY MRS. ANNA L. SNELLING.

Oh, allure me not to the gilded tower,
The mouldering trophy of man's vain power;
I would bend my knee on the verdant sod,
And 'neath the blue firmament, worship God!

What are your temples of wood and stone,
Do they tell us more of the "Great Unknown,"
Than the starry sky, or the mighty sea,
Those emblems of vast eternity?

You tell me too of the eloquence rare,
Which inspired mortals are breathing there—
But they speak not to me like the lightning flash,
Or the cloud-capt-rocks where the torrents dash.

I would listen to nature's voice alone;
It speaks to the heart in a low deep tone;
Calming the soul that too long has striven
With worldly woe, and would soar to heaven.

How can your image to which ye pray,
Hear your petitions, or guide your way?
Stay the storms of fate—or at your demand
Open the gates to the "Spirit Land?"

Those pictures—ye call them works of art,
Do they heal the wounds of the broken-heart?
They are senseless and cold; look round, and see
How the wild green forest reproaches ye!

* An Indian warrior being urged to enter the splendid Catholic Cathedral at St. Louis, and witness the services there, made the following reply. "Sir, this beautiful green earth, and these waving trees are my church, and yonder," pointing to the clear blue sky, "beyond that is my preacher."

THE CHINA FLOWER.

It blooms where heathen women twine,
  Amid their curls its brilliant leaves,
Or place them on their idol's shrine
  His angry purpose to appease.
. t blooms where thankless hearts receive
  The choicest gifts of Heaven,
Where men the Holy Spirit grieve,
  Yet live and are forgiven.
Then Christian pause and not condemn
  The dark soul, mercy loves to spare,
With all thy errors thou with them,
  His blessings undeserved dost share.

E. A. C.

When the morning here, in its robes of light,
Disperses the shadows and mists of night,
From trees and thickets ascend on high,
One burst of untutored harmony.

Woods, rocks, and mountains echo the strain!
Flowers lift their heads from the dewy plain—
Each animate thing then obeys the call,
And worships the Spirit that made them all.

Then the heart is glad—all around us prove
The assurance given, that "God is Love;"
But when thunders roll, and the storm is near,
Then the guilty and wicked quake and fear!

For it tells them he too is a "God of Wrath;"
To beware how they wander from that true path,
He has pointed out for their steps to tread,
And which leads to joy e'en when life has fled.

Go, kneel at your pictured and golden shrine—
God made the green earth where I tread, for mine!
Let your organ peal—but the lark must sing,
To assist my worship of nature's king.

Not to an image of wood I bend—
To a greater power must my prayers ascend;
Not seen, but felt, loved, reverenced, feared;
To whom the whole world as an altar is reared.

PRAYER.

Prayer is a haven to the shipwrecked mariner, an anchor to them that are sinking in the waves, a staff to the limbs that totter, a mine of jewels to the poor, a security to the rich, a healer of diseases, and a guardian of health. Prayer at once secures the continuance of our blessings, and dissipates the cloud of our calamities. O blessed prayer! thou art the unwearied conqueror of human woes, the firm foundation of human happiness, the source of never-during joy, the mother of Philosophy.

TRUST IN GOD.

BY R. B. BAIRD, N. Y.

Translated from the French of N. Roussel.

On the banks of a deep and rapid river lived the family of a fisherman. The scanty produce of the father's labor barely sufficed for the support of his wife and child. At last the father died, and his unhappy widow, seated near the water's edge, was weeping at the sight of the abandoned nets and the empty bark which was tossed about by the rising tide. Her young son, placed in a light skiff which his father had made for him, was endeavoring to console her by his gentle voice and soothing words. Having been brought up by his father in the constant study of the Scriptures he had committed to memory a great number of different passages; and now, convinced that God's promises are the best of all consolations, he was addressing to her some of those texts of Scripture which he could recollect.

"Weep not, my mother; the Bible says that the Lord relieveth the fatherless and the widow." But the poor mother, taught by sad experience the ills of life, wept still when she thought of the series of evils which threatened her and her child. Already she saw misery, hunger, and sickness ready to fall upon them; she foresaw her creditors seizing her cottage, her bark, her nets, and sending her off, with her child, to beg from door to door, and her tears flowed yet more rapidly.

"Dear mother," said Antonio, "my father has often repeated to us this passage: 'Are not two sparrows sold for a farthing? and one of them shall not fall on the ground without your father. But the very hairs of your head are all numbered. Fear ye not therefore, ye are of more value than many sparrows.'"

"But, my beloved Antonio, your father is dead, and his earnings end with him; neither you or I can guide a boat, or cast a net; who will give us strength, money, and the work which we need? To-morrow is market-day at the nearest town, and I have nothing to sell."

"Mother, 'our heavenly Father knoweth that we have need of all these things. Let us seek first the kingdom of God and his righteousness, and all these things shall be added unto us.' Our pastor, you know, sent us food to-day."

"Aye, but to-morrow the table will be empty."

"'Sufficient unto the day is the evil thereof.'"

"But even were our good minister to come again and send us all the food that we need, must we not have linen and clothes?"

"My mother, our Saviour says: 'And why take ye thought for raiment? Consider the lilies of the field, how they grow; they toil not, neither do they spin; and yet I say unto you, that Solomon, in all his glory, was not arrayed like one of these.'"

"But, my child, raiment will not suffice; if the parish bread be one day taken, what shall we then do to earn a living?"

"Oh! mother, 'behold the fowls of the air; for they sow not, neither do they reap, nor gather into barns, yet your heavenly Father feedeth them. Are ye not much better than they?'"

"But where can we go when we are driven from this cottage?"

"Think, mother, of the Son of God, who had not where to lay his head, and who is now seated at the right hand of God!"

"Well, to be sure, God will not let us perish from hunger or from cold; but our life will, at any rate, be spent in trouble and anxiety."

"No—cheer up, dear mother; besides 'which of us, by taking thought, can add one cubit to his stature, or make one hair black or white?'"

"But God wishes us to work."

"Yes, but without anxiety."

"He tells to watch."

"And pray."

While thus speaking, neither the mother or child perceived that the little boat was loosening itself from the land; and when Antonio stretched his hand out to take hold of his mother, it was too late; a gust of wind had pushed it into the midst of the current. His frightened mother jumped up in haste, and ran on the banks of the river to overtake the bark. She prays, shrieks, stretches her arms towards her child, calls for help, but all in vain. Antonio is on his knees, and waits for death. At last his mother finds on the shore an old rotten rope, left there, probably, by a fisherman; she picks it up, and throws one end to the child, who seizes it eagerly and holds it fast, thus stopping the race of the little boat. The mother, overjoyed, draws it in as fast as she can, and Antonio had almost touched the land, when it struck against a rock, the rope broke, and the boat again resumes its rapid course. It flies faster than ever, and threatens each moment to be swallowed up. The mother follows it still; she leaps from rock to rock, cutting her feet, and when she has nearly overtaken him, she finds still the river separating him from her.

Happily, the boat passes near a small island, which is in the midst of the river; the child leans forward and seizes, as he passes, a branch which stretched forth. "He is saved!" cries the mother; but the branch breaks, and the skiff again flies on! She then endeavors to take courage, and continues to run on after Antonio. Finally, convinced that she has no other resource, she enters into the river, and tries to reach the current. She advances, and soon finds the water too deep; if she takes another step, she will lose her foothold. She hesitates, then stops, and sees the boat arriving only a few feet from her. She wishes to proceed, but is afraid, and wavering between the love of life and the love of her child, she lets Antonio pass before

her without being able to save him. And as he continues down the current, she hears this prayer: "My God! my God! why hast thou forsaken me?"

The poor mother returns to the shore, for she sees there is no more hope: a high cascade is before her eyes. At the bottom the foaming water is lost in a subterranean abyss, and comes out a quarter of a mile farther. From this abyss nothing has ever been recovered, and the boat of Antonio is nearing the cascade. "My child! Oh, God! my child!" cries the mother in despair, and the skiff was swallowed up.

Antonio never re-appeared. He had lived long enough in this world. God wished to receive him to his bosom. As he entered the gates of the celestial city, he heard a voice saying to him: "Suffer little children to come unto me, for of such is the kingdom of God."

And now, my dear young readers, do you understand these words, which God has told us by the mouth of his prophet: "Can a mother forget her child? Yea, they may forget, yet will I not forget you!"—and this expression of another inspired writer: "Though He slay me, yet will I trust in Him!"

HONESTY.

The Secretary of the Horticultural Society, in his speech at the late anniversary, said:

"We are told that in some places in Prussia, the children are trained in such habits of honesty, that goose-berries, and plums, and cherries, and other fruits, may hang in luscious clusters within their reach, the whole season, and ripen by the side-walks, within arm's length of every child, and yet never be touched by a purloining hand."

Original.

THE CHRISTIAN STEP-MOTHER.

BY MRS. S. A. WHELPLEY.

Mr. Mervin, of the city of New-York, at the age of thirty, was called to part with his wife, and left with two little sons. Their loss was indeed great, to be left at this early age, without the watchful eye and fostering care of a tender mother. But God, who is rich in mercy, had provided for them one well calculated to fill her place, one that was made the honored instrument, in his hand, of their salvation.

The wife whom Mr. Mervin had selected, felt that there was an arduous and difficult task before her, that there were obstacles in her path which would require the greatest forbearance and firmness to overcome. Devotedly pious herself, she shrank from a union with a man that had no religion, and never would have consented to unite her destiny with his, had it not been for his two motherless boys. These sweet neglected children often presented themselves before her, in all their innocent simplicity, and as she gazed upon them, she felt, that for their sakes, she would sacrifice much and become their mother.

Before one short year had expired, Mrs. M. made the appalling discovery that her husband was not only, not a Christian, but an open opposer to religion. It was not long before she was compelled to hear the Saviour and his followers spoken lightly of; and had not this inestimable woman possessed the greatest forbearance, a fire might have been kindled on the domestic altar which might never have been extinguished.

When she became fully aware of the trying circumstances in which providence had placed her, she resolved to

pursue one steady and undeviating course of duty, to bring up the children committed to her care, in the fear of the Lord, and to be an obedient wife in everything where it did not interfere with her duty to God, who had a prior claim to her reverence and love.

Mrs. Mervin was in the habit of rising early in the morning and devoting its calm and quiet hours to the instruction of the little boys. Every morning before breakfast they were in the habit of committing to memory two verses of Scripture. This they did cheerfully because they saw it gratified their mother, to whom they had become devotedly attached.

One morning, their father, happening to enter the room, found one of the little boys still with the Bible in his hands. He snatched it from him, and threw it across the room. He then in a rage, turned to reproach his wife for giving him the book, when he met her calm, reproving eye. She answered not a word, but took her seat cheerfully at the breakfast table. The meal was eaten mostly in silence, as every effort Mrs. M. made to converse with her husband was vain. After he had left the table and gone to the store, as was her usual custom, she retired to the chamber with her children and servants, to attend family worship. Here, at the Throne of Grace, she could pour forth her soul in prayer. These were Bethesda seasons,—it was here she renewed her strength and left her heavy burdens.

Mrs. M. was naturally cheerful, and she always made an effort to appear so in her husband's presence. He certainly could not think the religion of his heavenly minded wife made her either gloomy or morose, or his children disobedient or irreverent; for they loved and honored him, and the transient visitor might have thought that their current of domestic happiness was smooth and unruffled.

It would seem that the very goodness of Mrs. M. provoked her husband. He shrunk from the pure light that emanated from her holy life, lest it should render his deformity more conspicuous. He would permit her to go

alone with the children on the Sabbath to the house of God, and stay at home himself to brood over every word she had spoken, to see if he could not discover something he might find fault with.

The reader may ask, perhaps, was Mrs. M. happy?—yes, she was—she was at peace with God and man; she loved her husband, who never actually treated her unkindly; she loved her children, and felt that she was beloved by them. She deeply felt for the spiritual welfare of her domestics; she was an honored member of the Church to which she belonged, and was preparing rapidly to become a member of the Church triumphant. Ought not such a woman to be happy? She had not expected, neither had she desired perfect earthly happiness. She desired only in whatever situation she might be placed, to be useful and to glorify God.

Five years had passed away, where one morning after Mrs. M. had retired to her chamber with her children, and domestics, for prayer, she heard the steps of her husband in the room below. The thing surprised her, for it was very unusual for him to leave the store except at meal times. She very soon heard him ascending the stairs. He approached the door, and heard his wife's voice in prayer. He knocked at the door, and then became so enraged that he began to kick it. Still his wife's calm sweet voice was heard in prayer. She heard him descend the stairs. After she had commended her family to God, she unlocked the door and they retired. She continued sitting in her own room, and, for the first time since her marriage, was overwhelmed with anguish and deep sorrow.

It was the first time her husband had ever violated the retirement of her chamber, the first time he had ever disturbed her in her devotions. This outrage he had now committed, and that too in the presence of her children and domestics. She felt humbled and burst into tears. While absorbed in grief, the rapid step of her husband fell on her ear. He was walking in the room below. She determined to see him, and went down. When she entered the parlor

he approached her and said, "Elizabeth can you forgive me? What a wretch I am, that when you retire for prayer it is necessary to lock the door against me. Can there be forgiveness for one so vile. I entreat you now, pray with me, pray with your guilty husband. Together they knelt at the Throne of Grace, she a devoted, believing wife, and he a penitent and contrite husband, a sight angels might view with pleasure.

Mr. Mervin became a sincere christian, and dated his first convictions to the moment when he stood at his wife's chamber door full of rage and opposition. Then it was that an arrow from the Almighty pierced his soul, and brought him to humble himself at the feet of his injured wife, and to ask her forgiveness and prayers. The thought that a family altar had been erected without his knowledge was the arrow that pierced him through and through, and great was the work of grace in him. The lion was turned into the lamb; his haughty temper was subdued, and his hard heart softened. The two sons also became pious. The seed which had been so carefully sown by Mrs. M. yielded a rich harvest.

And what must have been the feelings of this tried but stedfast christian woman, when she beheld the wonderful change which had taken place in her family, when she saw her dear husband gathering his children and domestics around the family altar, and heard his voice in prayer? Was not the cup of her felicity full? Were not her most sanguine hopes realized?

Suppose Mrs. M. had pursued a different course of conduct; what would have been the result? Had she manifested a superiority to her husband, had she attempted to force discussion upon him, had she, at any time, been harsh in her reproofs or reproached him for his conduct, would she have effected her object, or won her husband's confidence or affection? would he have thought the religion she possessed worth possessing? I think not. It was her constant forbearance, her holy and consistent life, her devotion to her children and family, her heavenly conversation

and deportment, her meek and humble walk, and life of prayer and faith, that made so great an impression upon his mind and led him to view religion as the one thing needful. The sacrifices she made for his sake convinced him of her sincerity and devotion. Frequently would she deny herself the pleasure of attending social religious meetings to cause her husband's time to pass pleasantly at home; she read to him, and by her soothing attentions smoothed his ruffled brow, and quieted his agitated bosom; in a word, she tried every way to render his abode an asylum from the perplexing cares of business and the tumult of conflicting interests and passions. Thus was it, to adopt the sentiment of an apostle, that, "without the word, he was won to Christ by the conversation of his wife."

Who would not be willing to make sacrifices to enjoy domestic peace? Who, for a little self-gratification, would be willing to obscure that blessed light which should always shine around the domestic altar, and scatter upon it those coals that might kindle a flame never to be extinguished. Peace, sweet peace must be dear to every family. What renders heaven so delightful and desirable a place is, the love and harmony that reigns there. No discordant note is heard there, no selfish enjoyment known, and the domestic circle should be an emblem of the love and harmony of heaven; of its disinterested friendship, and its holy communion.

ROCKING STONE.—A CURIOSITY.

We recently visited Fall River, Mass., near which is the famous Rocking Stone, which is so poised that the pressure of a man's shoulder or hand will cause it to oscillate. Its form somewhat resembles an egg. Professor Hitchcock, of Amherst College, visited it three years ago, and ascertained its solid contents, and found its weight to be one hundred and sixty tons. It may be called the Rocking Stone, and is a curiosity well worthy of a visit. Similar to this is one at New Rochelle, N. Y—Editor.

Painted by E. Corbould

Original.

THE STUDENT.

BY THE AUTHOR OF 'CONQUEST AND SELF-CONQUEST.

With a Steel Engraving.

Mrs. Duval, the widow of a clergyman, dwelling in a sequestered village in New-England, had inherited a large amount of ready money—fifty thousand dollars it was said, from a relative of her husband, who died in the East Indies. Childless herself, Mrs. Duval had attached herself with all a mother's fondness to the only child of her sister, Mrs. Grayson, the wife of a bold and hitherto successful merchant, in New-York. Differing greatly from her sister in her estimate of life and its enjoyments, Mrs. Duval was grieved at the influences under which the character of the little Alice was forming. Mrs. Grayson assured her, with exultation that she was very pretty, graceful as a sylph, and decidedly the most admired young girl at Madame Breira's fancy balls, but she said nothing of that intellectual, moral and religious culture, necessary to prepare her for life, for death, and for eternity. Knowing the influence of wealth, Mrs. Duval gathered courage from her large acquisition of fortune, to make a proposal to Mr. Grayson, which had often floated through her imagination, but to which she had feared neither he nor her sister would consent. "This fortune," she wrote to him, "has come to one who little needed it, for I had enough before for my humble wishes, but it will be valued if it enable me to do good to others. Half of it shall be my sister's, and I will place it immediately in your hands, without restriction, to be disposed of as you shall choose, upon one condition—that you send me Alice, and allow my house to be her home for the next three years. Her education will be my delight. She

shall have all the aid I can procure for her from the best masters, at my expense, and in three years, when she will be just seventeen, if God continues her life and mine, she shall return to you."

Mr. Grayson would have yielded anything else with less difficulty than Alice, but twenty-five thousand dollars in ready money was an irresistible temptation, and he not only consented himself, but secured Mrs. Grayson's consent likewise to Mrs. Duval's wishes.

We would gladly describe the new home of Alice, and the new culture that she met there,—we would gladly show how her spiritual nature was awakened from its death-like lethargy, and instead of the graceful trifler, whose only thoughts were of the pleasures of to-day, she became a being of deep thought, of lofty purposes, who felt and acted for eternity,—but the space to which we are limited forbids us.

When three years had passed away, Alice returned to her father's house. The pretty girl had expanded into the beautiful woman. Her high forehead, dove-like eyes, and delicate features had acquired a new character. Instead of the sparkling mirthfulness which formerly animated them, they now presented

> ———"A face,
> Where thoughts serenely sweet, express
> How pure, how dear their dwelling-place."

But this was not all. It was in fact, the least part of the change which was soon evident to Mrs. Grayson's observing eyes. She saw that her sketches of approaching gayeties,—for the fashionable season had not yet fairly commenced—were listened to by Alice, more from respect to her, than from any pleasurable anticipations; that while beautiful scenery, a fine painting, a classic statue or touching music, were exquisitely enjoyed by her, she met with the most impassive indifference, the gay crowd of the fashionable promenade or the evening party, armed with all

the flatteries of look and word which are wont to greet the favorites of nature and of fortune.

But yet more enigmatical seemed to Mrs. Grayson, the pleasure with which Alice turned from more brilliant scenes to the little room which had been furnished at her own request, with a small book case and escritoire, a finely toned organ, and a few paintings. These were all presents from Mrs. Duval. Alice had herself selected the books, and of these, Mrs. Grayson said, "I could understand her enjoyment of a good novel or play—but she has very few novels—Shakspeare's are the only plays admitted, and with the exception of some of the poets, the rest of the case is filled with histories, which I should think she ought to have had enough of at school, or with books which it would give me the blues for a month only to look at. She can never introduce them into conversation, without being set down for a learned lady, a character opposed to her success in life. I shall always regret the three years she spent with my sister."

Mr. Grayson did not entirely sympathise with his wife. He saw his daughter, lovely in person, and pleasing in manner, ever ready to exert her accomplishments for his gratification, and rendering implicit obedience to his wishes, and he was not disposed to quarrel with her taste for simple and unexpensive pleasures.

But we must hurry on to the eventful evening for which Mrs. Grayson had spent weeks in preparation, the evening when a party at her own house, was to introduce Alice fully to the fashionable world. Over her toilette on this evening, Mrs. Grayson herself presided. Her usual simplicity of dress was discarded and the riches of nature and art were called in to add to her beauty. The most costly pearls wreathed her hair, the loveliest flowers, the richest laces adorned her person. Yet when Mrs. Grayson, after her own elaborate toilette was completed, sought her daughter, that she might descend to the parlor with her, she was found, not at her mirror, but in her own favorite

apartment, with a book, one of those silent friends to which she turned from the gewgaws around her, for sympathy with her own higher and purer enjoyments.

That evening inspired Mrs. Grayson with new hopes. She had seen the eyes of Alice sparkle, and her cheeks glow with momentary triumph at the admiration she excited, and she said to herself, "she will get over her odd ways and be like other folks soon." But while she lay down to sleep, cheered by such hopes, Alice knelt with a conscious and repentant spirit to pray, "Father! lead me not into temptation, but deliver me from evil."

It was but a short time after this party, that one of the sudden reverses to which commercial life is but too subject, left Mr. Grayson, a ruined man, stricken to the very earth from the height which he had spent the best part of his life in attaining, agonized by his wife's lamentations over the sacrifices she must make, he would have been driven to the wildest despair, had not his daughter's strength sustained, and her tenderness soothed him.

"Oh, that I could feel as you do, Alice!" exclaimed Mrs. Grayson, as she saw the calmness with which her daughter met the change in their condition, "but in truth you make no sacrifices, for your pleasures cannot well be taken away from you."

She spoke truly. The highest pleasures of Alice were derived from heavenly sources, and while she retained her faith in God, nothing could lessen them. But many sacrifices of what the world most values, Alice made.

Mrs. Duval, on learning Mr. Grayson's failure, sent to Alice a check for ten thousand dollars. "It is your own, Alice," she wrote, "to be used as you yourself desire. It was always intended for you at my death, and I would rather you should enjoy it now."

"I am sure it is very generous in my sister," said Mrs. Grayson, "and I think you and I, Alice, can live very well on that sum at board. Not as I have been accustomed to live, to be sure, but still very comfortably."

But Alice had made a very different disposition of her present even before she had informed her mother of its reception. It was already in the hands of the gentleman to whom her father's property had been assigned for the payment of his debts. His debts were paid—all paid, and as he held Alice to his bosom, and sobbed out, "God bless you, my child!" she felt that her happiness was cheaply purchased at the cost of ten thousand dollars.

"And what are we to do now, I should like to know," exclaimed the querulous Mrs. Grayson.

"I have already seen some neat pretty rooms in a quiet, pleasant street, which will accommodate us nicely," said Alice to her mother, "and I have a promise of as many pupils in music as will enable us to live there."

But Alice was not long permitted to continue this scheme, for Mrs. Duval, as soon as she learned how her legacy had been employed, came to the city, and by her persuasions, her sister and Alice returned with her to share the fortune which she declared was yet amply sufficient, in her retired home, to secure the comforts, the conveniences, and many of the luxuries of life.

Five years have passed over them in this retirement. As Mr. Grayson's debts had been honorably and promptly paid, he found no difficulty in getting into employment. For the last three years he had been doing business again on his own account, but on a small scale. He now declares that he only desires to make what will enable him to support his wife and daughter in a life as simple and rational as Mrs. Duval's, and he will retire from trade. To this arrangement, Mrs. Grayson has latterly signified her entire assent.

Parents, shall the happiness of your children be dependent on the chances of this ever varying world, or shall it rest on a stable and durable foundation? It is in a great measure for you to decide.

Original.

MORNING SONG. T. Hastings.

Now, while the ear - ly dawn, Smiles o'er the dew - y lawn,

Fra-grant with flow'rs; And all the wood-land throng Their tune-ful

notes pro-long, Let my glad morn-ing song Wake from the bow'rs.

II.

Father, while here I wait,
Calmly to meditate
On things divine;
Earth wears a smiling face,
If thy benignant grace
Cause its celestial rays
Round me to shine.

III.

Oh, for a heart to love,
Pure as the saints above
In their bright spheres;
Where they in peace remain
Free from each sinful stain,
And in full glory reign
Through endless years!

IV.

Spirit of Holiness,
Visit our lowliness,
On earth descend:
Then shall the gospel sun,
Whose race scarce yet begun,
Its glorious circuit run,
Till time shall end. H.

VIOLA TRICOLOR.

THE HEART'S-EASE.

Original.

THE RELIGION OF ROMANCE.

BY REV. J. S. JUDD, CT.

The necessity of religion exists in the moral nature of man; and it is only there that its influence is direct and positive. If man possessed nothing more than his sensitive and his intellectual powers, there would be in his nature no wants for religion to supply; and it is by the possession of moral faculties that the commands of the Law, or the provisions of the Gospel are adapted to his case. But, though religion has mainly to do with the HEART of man, it also has bearings upon other parts of his nature, indirect indeed, but yet powerful. The different natures of man are so blended, that whatever strongly influences one, must influence the rest. Thus religion has an adaptation to the INTELLECT of man; as it is written, "the entrance of thy words giveth light; it giveth understanding to the simple."

Still closer is the connection between the heart and what has been called the emotive part of our nature, and hence the influence of religion is here still more apparent. Notwithstanding the essential difference, yet there is some resemblance between the emotions awakened by the beautiful and sublime, and those higher emotions which it is the object of religion to produce. The enjoyments derived from a highly cultivated taste and imagination, from the delicate sensibilities and the tender affections, are far more refined than the pleasures of sense. They are called the FINER FEELINGS, and whenever they gain an ascendancy in the mind, so as to hold in abeyance the lower propensities

of man's nature, the character is adorned and dignified. These emotions contribute largely to the happiness of human life; and the fact that our religion favors their development we regard as one evidence of its divine origin. But the point to be guarded is that we make a distinction between the workings of the heart and those of the emotive susceptibilities. To do this is difficult and often impossible; and hence, among the various forms of religious delusion, we would expect to find that subtle and refined religion, which stops short of the heart, and makes its dwelling place in the emotions. We designate this as the Religion of Romance.

In minds of an exquisite sensibility, there is a high enjoyment in the contemplation of the beauties of the external world. In the majestic scenes of nature there is much that is awe-inspiring, and we hear much said of the tendency of nature to direct the mind up to nature's God. But of this tendency, too much has been said. The state of mind which the contemplation of nature induces, has no inherent power to beget true devotional elevation. It is a feeling which belongs rather to poetry than to religion; yet, where there is no other religion, it often claims its birth in the heart. The devotion which glows in such a mind is generally Pantheistic; the god which is adored is not the holy, sin-hating God of the Bible. The moral character of God is not written on external nature; and an admiration for his works, combining as it often does with the moral biases of the unsanctified heart, gives birth to a disrelish for the sober doctrines of revealed truth. Thus it was that a poet was led to exclaim,

> "Father, no PROPHET'S LAW I seek,
> Thy laws in nature's works appear;"

and thus, often does the genuine spirit of infidelity shelter itself under poetic refinement. The same writer has been

thought by some to express true religious emotion when he said,

> "Live not the stars and mountains! Are the waves
> Without a spirit? Are the dropping caves
> Without a feeling in their silent tears!
> No, no, they woo and clasp us to their spheres."

But to invest inanimate nature with the properties of sentient existence is, in the strictest sense to forget God.

Man is so constituted that he readily assents to the natural attributes of God, and, but for the derangement of his moral faculties, he would as readily assent to His moral perfections. But where the moral perceptions are obscured, and the wants of the soul are to some extent felt, the imagination forms for itself a deity by combining the natural attributes of God with its own imperfect and false conceptions of holiness. It is in this way that the grosser forms of idolatry have fastened their hold upon the minds of men. "They worshipped the creature—the creation—more than the Creator;" they saw a divinity in nature, but they knew not—

> "The Author of her beauties, who retired
> Behind His own creation, works UNSEEN
> BY THE IMPURE."

We are therefore suspicious of that religion which finds its chief aliment in the beauties of nature—which can see more of God in His works than in His word. It is a religion which says much of devotion, but not a word of repentance. It speaks much of communion with God, but it knows nothing of that contrition and humility which are necessary, in order that the spirit of man may become a fit dwelling-place for the high and lofty One, who inhabiteth eternity whose name is Holy.

It is doubtless true that nature is adapted to subserve higher than material uses; and it is not too much to assert that whatever of beauty or majesty is stamped upon it,

was designed to exert a specific and beneficial influence on the spirit of man. We might infer this from the fact, that He who is the God of nature, is also the God of grace. The legitimate influences of external nature must be friendly to the highest interests of man; and it was doubtless to promote those interests, by refining and softening the coarser feelings of humanity, that God gave to the bird its notes of melody, or its plumes of "azure, green and gold," that he gave to the flower its perfume, and painted its petals with tints of various hue—that he mantled the earth in its rich drapery—that he tinged with glory the cloud which lingers about the gates of evening, and opened to the view of man the splendors of the firmament above. It is when we value the scenes of nature for the purposes for which they were given, that they act in harmony with those influences which are intended to secure our highest well being; but that harmony is destroyed whenever the refined emotions which they awaken are regarded as the inspirations of the spirit of God.

No one who has reflected much upon the secret springs of human action, can have failed to remark the high value which mankind have set upon the natural susceptibilities. These are supposed to have a close connection with goodness; and the heart in which they have but little play is called hard. Few there are, who would envy the COMPOSURE of that man, who, sustained by whatever power, could stand by the grave which is receiving the dearest object of his affections, and shed no tear. Poets have told us of the "joy of grief," the "SWEET HOUR OF TRIBULATION;" and it is doubtless true, that, in those events which sunder the ties of earthly love, a delicate susceptibility is awakened—the lowest depths of feeling have been stirred—a chord has been swept that thrills the soul, and produces a subdued, pleasing melancholy, which is a "feast of feeling," and which is cherished for the enjoyment it affords. This is no more remarkable than is the fact, that the exhibition of tragic scenes should yield delight; and it is to be explained on

the same principles. The philosophy which could make man calm, when the sundering of the ties of natural affection or the emotions of natural sympathy call for tears, would be denounced as stoicism; and religion is sometimes felt to be an intruder, if it there offers its consolations. The religion which can open up these natural fountains of the soul, and cause the tender and sympathetic emotions to flow freely, is cherished, not as the mourner's STAY, but as the mourner's aid; but that religion, which is a "sovereign balm for every wound,"—which aims, by its "strong consolations," to dry up the mourner's tears—is felt to be without form and comeliness, having no beauty that it should be desired. Hence it is that writers, who have much of romance, and but little of evangelical piety, often speak of wounds inflicted so deeply, that for them religion has no balm. It is this deference, which we yield to the natural susceptibilities, which steals away our approbation when we see an individual pining in sadness over the grave of buried affections and hopes, and allowing the worm of sorrow to feed sweetly upon the vitals. Such displays of the delicate workings of our nature make excellent poetry, but POOR religion.

It is, we reckon, the easily besetting sin of writers of religious poetry and romance, that they give that place to the spontaneous emotions and susceptibilities, which belongs to the reason and the conscience. To awaken these active principles of our nature is, we admit, the appropriate object of poetry; but it is not necessary that they should be idolized. Possibly it was this overweening attachment to the charms of poetic elevation which led a certain writer, whose productions have been celebrated, not more for their literary than for their evangelical character, to exclaim,

> "O speak no ill of poetry,
> For 'tis a HOLY THING."

There are certain affections which are the gift of nature,

and others which are the gift of grace. He who knows anything of that mysterious instinct which binds together kindred hearts, knows how easy it is to regard a sentiment so pure, as possessing the highest order of moral excellence, as the "sweet chord, which harmonizes all the harps of Paradise." So, the promptings of natural sympathy, bear a strong resemblance to the operations of that love which is divine. We cannot withhold our admiration from that man who hazards his own life to rescue another from impending danger. We feel that it is done in obedience to a beautiful impulse which God has implanted in the human breast; and when we consider the ten thousand ways in which it blesses man—the charm of sweetness which it sheds over life—we are not surprised that a poet has said,

> "God hath sown
> Sweet seeds within us, seeds of sympathy,
> Whose buds are virtues, SUCH AS BLOOM FOR HEAVEN."

Thus we are dazzled by what is beautiful, in the refined impulses of our nature, till we come to regard it as the "beauty of holiness." In minds of a poetic temperament this transition is easy.

The more refined and chastened the emotions become, the more liable are they to be mistaken for the fruits of piety. This remark will apply particularly to that morbid excitement of the sensibilities, which is produced by meditations on subjects which are commonly regarded as gloomy. By such meditations the mind is sometimes brought into a state bordering on misanthropy, but which assumes the name of religious elevation. He whose feelings have been soured by real or supposed injuries, and whose heart bowed with sorrows, is secretly murmuring against the allotments of providence, often looks forward to the grave as a place of rest, and falsely imagines that it is with as healthful moral feelings as the toil-worn soldier of Christ, takes off his armour, and lies down to die. The simple fact, that our bodies are tending to decay, is one

which will sometimes overpower the soul with emotion, which is purely poetic; and there is, if we may be allowed the expression, a sort of GRAVE-YARD piety, which may exist and come to maturity, where the heart is a stranger to that religion, which draws its aliment from the soul-refreshing doctrines of the cross. To promote such a morbid sentimentality, is the only use which is frequently made of all that is fearful in the judgments of Heaven, and of all that is tragical in the history, the condition, and the destinies of men.

We believe that the purity of religion is in much danger from those specious imitations of piety which consist in refinement of the poetic emotions, and which obtain, to so great an extent, in our imaginative literature. And it is for this reason, that we have insisted on the distinction between sentimental and evangelical piety. Let it be remembered that poetical refinement does not necessarily refine the soul, and that it is capable of combining with the greatest moral corruption. This observation will suggest examples sufficient to illustrate it.

Let us not be understood as saying aught against the beautiful emotions of our frame; we only contend that they have their place. And we assign them a high value. We conceive that a high poetical excitement, blended with pure devotional elevation, must constitute the highest bliss which God has reserved for man. In the kingdom of nature God has made provision for the poetic emotions, and in the kingdom of grace, for the religious affections, and it is the uniting and perfecting of these different elements of his nature, which is to produce that exquisite joy, which shall find utterance in the song, which the ransomed shall sing in the heights of Zion, "Great and marvellous are thy works, Lord God Almighty; just and true are thy ways, thou king of saints. We do not wish to "speak ill of poetry," but we cannot vindicate the purity and holiness of our religion, if we regard it simply as a sentiment, or a

refined instinct of humanity, and not rather as a higher excellence of the spirit of man, which the spirit of God alone can implant, and to which Poetry can never attain. We admire the productions of human taste and genius, but we would not take their fading flowers in exchange for those which have been gathered at the cross of Christ.

Original.

THE EXPERIENCE OF THE LATE REV. SAMUEL WHELPLEY, OF NEW-YORK.

The public have always manifested an interest in the early history of those who have been distinguished for their talents or virtues; who have exerted a good influence in their day, and left behind them enduring monuments of their fame. Among the men of genius and exalted character of which this country has reason to be proud, the name of Samuel Whelpley deservedly holds a conspicuous place. Although, perhaps, surpassed by few in native genius, intellectual attainments and moral worth, yet little comparatively is known of him, except what may be learned from the few works published during his life-time. His strong dislike of every thing like personal display, and his natural reserve, prevented him from entering the lists with those who were aspirants for literary fame, and he rarely entered the glittering exciting arena, except when urged by high considerations of public duty and a love of truth. He was passionately fond of the pursuits of literature, and dearly loved the Muses; hence he spent the principal part of his life exploring the fields of knowledge and "teaching the young idea how to shoot."

We give the following account of Mr. Whelpley's early religious experience, recorded in his own words, in his nineteenth year, under the following extraordinary caption.

FIRE POURED FROM HEAVEN.

The first distinct recollection I have in my mind of the work of the Lord upon my soul, was when I was about nine years of age, when I was overtaken by a sad accident. I received a fall upon my breast which caused a violent cough, attended with a hectic fever, and declining state of health. At this time my conscience roared against me with tormenting anguish; all the powers and faculties of my soul I poured out in prayer to God, but all my motives were fear of damnation. I hated sin because I feared the consequences of that deadly poison, not because it was dishonoring to his holy Law. I had no other sense of the evil nature of sin, only as it would prove destructive to my soul. At length my disease increased, and brought my soul to the very doors of the eternal world.

Before me, and on each hand, the vast and boundless ocean of eternity extended wide—below me rolled the the fiery lake; all was terror and confusion. At length my fever abated through the infinite mercies of God, and I saw myself upon the gaining hand; thereupon the burden left my soul, and I then felt some comfort. I thought if the Lord would spare my life, and restore me once more, I would devote my soul unto him; within three months I was perfectly recovered and well as usual, but few, very few days, did I keep my resolutions; my mind reverted back to its former state of insensibility, and as I grew in years I grew in immorality and vice, though at special times, when some imminent danger hung threatening over my head, my conscience awoke, and would strike a grievous blow at my very heart, while grim death, that gloomy tyrant, with his invulnerable dart seemed to shake terror to

my soul; but when the danger was past, these two dreadful and immortal enemies seemed to retire, the one to oblivion, and the other, at a vast distance, seemed to point his dart another way. Thus days, months and years almost insensibly rolled away, and I passed on through the flowery scenes of childhood, conducted safely through many dangers by that beneficent hand which I constantly sinned against, and which gave me my first existence, having no sense of his goodness, of his holiness, nor of his justice. My favorite study was natural history and romance, which was exceedingly suitable to my taste; but the main current of my mind was directly opposed to holiness, and I insensibly pursued objects less permanent than smoke or durable than vapor. In this manner I conducted, till I arrived at the age of fourteen, at which time the sphere of my acquaintance being something enlarged, I grew more profligate, and was exerting my invention to contrive new amusements and innumerable transgressions, when a dispensation of providence took place, that gave me a discovery of my danger. On the third of October, 1780, I was seized with a nervous fever, and in about eighteen days saw myself at the mouth of the gaping tomb; the torrent of time had now borne me to the edge of eternity. My friends mourned and prayed over me, but Heaven seemed deaf to their supplication. Now alas, my hope was gone; my foundation was like a torrent swiftly rolling from some giddy precipice. Death, which in former times seemed remote, now spreads his black pinions, and approaches as swift as lightning, his flaming dart extended in his right hand, ready to give me a convincing proof of his resistless power. A dark and gloomy veil spread over my soul; I expected in a few minutes to behold the frowns of God. But I prayed night and day, and the Lord heard me; my soul seemed to take some repose; I promised that if the Lord spared my life, that I would devote myself to his service. My pains abated, my fever left me; I soon found myself on the gaining hand. At last I recovered my former state of health,

and very few days passed over my guilty head, before I sunk into my former state of sin and rebellion, and grew more and more vicious. I took to gaming, swearing and wasting away my time in the most lavish and inconsiderate manner that I could invent, and in this way made up the most of my time until I was almost seventeen years of age, when the Lord was pleased to discover to my view something of the nature of my situation, which discovery was attended with the greatest anxiety of mind concerning the salvation of my poor soul. For some days I had been greatly impressed with a sense of making my peace with an angry God. When I was at a meeting of a Baptist church, the love that circulated amongst them, the charming union and fellowship, the sweet harmony and agreement that subsisted among them, seemed, as it were, to set me off at the left hand; the melting prayers and exhortations, pierced me to the soul; every object that presented itself to view seemed to read to me my awful sentence. Saints seemed to be on the wing, sailing with swift progress towards the fields of light; joy, glory and immortality seemed to be their darling motive.

All was peace, all was joy to them, but alas, to me all was anguish of soul; a frowning God, a burning hell, and a vast eternity presented themselves to my view. In this manner I spent my time, till Sabbath evening, September 8th, 1783, returning from meeting, a glimpse of light from Heaven seemed to penetrate my benighted mind; a veil to be drawn aside, and discover to my soul the excellency of a Saviour's merit, the inestimable riches of the blood of Christ; my very soul seemed to rest alone in God; all the charms of Jesus attracted my attention. I felt determined to live to his glory and to die at his feet, not ashamed to own his cause before a scoffing world.

Seldom those that are self-wise suffer themselves humbly to be governed by others.

SALUTARY POWER OF HOPE.

Governed, as mankind have always been, by a system of rewards and punishments, the feeling of Hope and Fear must hold mighty sway. It is with the former of these we at present have to do—the latter will be treated of in a subsequent paper. When the Creator of the universe placed man in paradise, these feelings were first called into action; on the one hand, there were held out to him a rich array of glories, as the reward of obedience; and, "thou shalt surely die," was the stern denunciation against the transgression of the command. But Adam fell, and when the fearful deed was done which let loose the multitude of evils, with death at their head, on mankind; in the promise that the "seed of woman should bruise the serpent's head," there was still a bright ray left, and Hope saw the ray and lit her lamp at it—a lamp whose shinings grew brighter as the time for accomplishment arrived. As the world travelled on, this was still the light to cheer the lone wanderer in his toilsome pilgrimage—this the beacon to guide him to the harbor of rest.

And fallen though mankind are, debased by passions, and degraded by crime, in no age, and among no people, whether savage or civilized, has Hope ever quenched the sparkings of its light; though too often has it been turned to show where the riches and honors of earth were to be found, instead of being uplifted to point to eternity.

But, however considered, very beautiful and consolatory is the power of Hope. It has a balm for every wound, an assuagement for every pain, a remedy for every disease. Take away this power, and you at once dry up the fountain of human happiness, and turn the stream down which consolation flowed. You make time a drear and lonely waste; Eternity, a blank. The foaming, frothing billows

of the great "sea of troubles," against which mankind now bear up so heroically, would break down every barrier, and overwhelm them in its rude and boisterous surges; and all the pantings for the future—that mighty chasm in which all thoughts of the present evils are engulfed, would be blasted and withered; and to-morrow—the grand soother of to-day's cares—since Hope whispers "trouble and sorrow like yours can never last," would be obliterated from memory; and, to-day—with its "mountain of miseries"—rise giant-like, to our view.

In all our worldly pursuits and plans—in all our joys and all our sorrows, Hope is ever present. We toil and labor, and why? We HOPE that our designs will be prosperous. Withdraw this power, and in an instant, an arrest would be put upon human strivings; every wheel in the human machinery would at once be clogged; every lever become powerless; our fields would remain untilled; our manufactories become deserted; and despair, like a dark and lowering cloud would hang gloomily around us. Take a case the most extreme, and Hope will still be found. In that darkened chamber, there is tossing to and fro upon his uneasy bed, a being in the extreme of human suffering; fever is parching his lips; pain, with rough and ruthless hand, is loosening one by one the fastenings which bind mind to matter; disease is making inroads in his frame, and silently and stealthily sucking up the oil which feeds the lamp of life. Can that man HOPE? yes, even then! He will hope that health will return, even when the hectic spot on his cheek grows brighter;—hope that death is yet far distant; even when his arm is uplifted, and his dart poised.

And if we carry our thoughts from time to eternity, the power of hope rises mightier still; and this is, after all, the true standard at which to try our powers. Man was formed for immortality, and shall his powers be confined to time?

What in the first days of Christianity supported the followers of that religion, under all the persecution they

suffered? What but Hope? which drew back the veil, and opened eternity to their view. What, in later times, supported martyrs at the stake and the scaffold? What, but Hope? which quenched the fury of the flames, and took the keenness from the axe!

Spirits of the sainted dead, bend down from your citadel of triumph, and cheer us as we pass through the world. Encouraged by your bright examples we will STRIVE to imitate you here, and HOPE hereafter to share your triumphs and your glories. C. B.

THE GOLDEN PAST.

OH! the past—the past! why has man so many artificial modes of tormenting his own heart? By what law of his moral nature is it, that that which is gone, seems ever brighter than that which is present? Why is it that, apart from all that which may have been won and lost in the meantime,—apart from all the hopes that made the past beautiful, and all the regrets that darken the present, the days that are gone seem ever to have been better than the days which are with us? It is with the ages of man as with the ages of the world,—the early scenes ever better than the succeeding ones, and the earliest the best. It is in this very distance itself, that consist the gold and silver of which, at our pleasure, we compose the ages that are past.

THE torrent and the blast can mar the loveliest scenes in nature. War, with his ruthless hand may rival the elements in their work of destruction; but it is passion alone that can lay waste the human heart; the whirlwind and the flood have duration in their existence, and have bounds for their fury, the earth recovers from the devastation of the conflict, with a fertility that seems enriched by the blood of its victims; but there are feelings that no human agency can limit, and mental wounds which are beyond the art of man to heal.

Original.

THE BLISS OF HEAVEN

BY REV. AUSTIN DICKINSON.

Beyond, beyond those orbs of light
  Are brighter worlds of boundless joy;
There ransomed ones at length unite
  With seraphs in their sweet employ.

Who that can wing that radiant sky,
  Would be enchained to this dark clod?
Who would not rather upward fly,
  To dwell with angels and with God?

O thou, whose grandeur fills all space,
  Infinite source of all that's good,
We may in heaven behold thy face—
  We may yet stand where Gabriel stood.

But still, how like to realms unknown,
  Might sometimes seem that world above,
If 'mid the splendors of its throne,
  We ne'er could greet the souls we love.

If kindred hearts no more entwined—
  If on those heights we ne'er should meet,
Not all angelic hosts combined
  Could make our heaven of bliss complete.

But O, there's One, the Saviour, God!—
  Allied to man by kindred ties;—
He can prepare us, through his blood,
  For perfect joy beyond the skies.

Then though these worlds be wrapt in flame,
  Though all the stars from heaven should fall,
We'll sing triumphant his great name,
  His love, our everlasting all.

WOMAN.

INTELLECTUAL ORNAMENT.

REV. D. S. DAGGETT, S.C.

The proper ornament of woman consists, first, in the furniture of the mind;—a well cultivated intellect. Of this, as knowledge is the proper aliment, so it is the brightest ornament. Omitting the consideration of that rich enjoyment which it affords, we will contemplate only the estimate in which its possessor must be held. There is nothing so great as mind. But its greatness is not seen in all. Cultivation must awaken, expand and polish it. It then appears; and when it does, so strong are its claims, and so undeniable its power, that with unanimous consent, both amongst the learned and unlearned, those who exhibit it are acknowledged as not only exalted by it, but an honor to the species.

An unfolded and vigorous mind is the most magnificent object in the creation. We are so constituted that we have no power to withhold our admiration of it. The very aspersions of envy arise from the conviction of its majesty. It confers more glory than all the aids of birth or fortune. As it makes the man, so it makes the woman. Knowledge is her province as well as his. No charter has given him the monopoly. They are joint holders by law; and the dowry adds splendor to both; not less to her. To behold her in the exercise of a well furnished mind, partaking of the enjoyments, and following the appropriate pursuits of life is a pleasing sight. Behold her with all the train of the feminine graces, conversant with the languages and the lore of antiquity, communing philosophically with the works of nature, able to commit her reflections to the press,

charming in poetry or instructing in prose ; freed by cultivation from vulgar prejudices, taking an enlightened and liberal view of men and things ; or peculiarly gifted, as she is, with speech, and sparkling with vivacity, entertaining the social circle with refined intelligence. I need not ask the difference between such an one, and her whose pretty face, and gay apparel, and empty gossip constitute the whole of her personal worth. I said it was a pleasing sight to see a cultivated mind in woman. More so, in fact, than in man, because it adds what is dignified in him to what is lovely in her. So great is the excellence of knowledge, that it imparts charms to those who do not possess them naturally, and gives a sort of beauty even to ungainly faces. The attractiveness of the one, by the law of association, is transferred to the repulsiveness of the other. How much more capable then is it of enhancing the influence of those who have been the previous favorites of nature or fortune! The lamented Lady Jane Grey, and the more lamented Princess of Wales, added lustre to their persons and stations by the extent and variety of their knowledge. Let then woman possess it, and it will make beauty more beautiful, and homeliness agreeable, and invest her with a commanding dignity which, while it will not impair the softer, will raise the higher emotions of the heart; and love and respect, hand in hand, will become suitors for her favor. Thus when we see the fairest creature in the world rich in the furniture of her mind, our admiration and our affections both pay tribute to her power. But when we behold a beautiful person, and upon acquaintance, find the want of intelligence, our disappointment is similar to that which a traveller feels, when from the highway he sees a stately mansion, approaches it, obtains admission, and to his surprise, no paintings embellish the walls, no figures adorn the ceiling, no carpet covers the floor, no table bears a book, and no sofas or chairs offer him a seat. The whole interior is a scene of distressing emptiness.

II.—THE CHRISTIAN VIRTUES.

The proper ornament of woman comprises, secondly, the Christian virtues. These are of more acknowledged value, and greater moral beauty than even the highest mental endowments. There is in the nature of them something much more attractive. They address themselves to the heart; and as they are inexpressibly desirable in themselves, so they render all who cultivate them proportionally pleasing. The perfect possession of them all, constitutes our highest conception of moral beauty, the only visible exemplification of which was in the Lord Jesus. These virtues assimilate all to him. Descended from heaven, they impress a heavenly character upon all who acquire them. They are the true ornament of the moral, as knowledge is of the mental nature, to be substituted or counterfeited by no other qualities whatever. Without any superior intellectual acquirements they elevate an individual to the highest and purest esteem of men, the approbation of God and of angels. As there is a peculiar susceptibility of them in woman, so she seems to possess a greater fitness for them. They appear more beautifully to accord with our ideas of her feelings and relations, and seem to find their designated place when illustrated in her life. Their names are sufficient to sustain this assertion; constant faith, cheerful hope, holy love, ardent devotion, immovable patience, unbroken fortitude, unaffected humility, pious resignation, heavenly gentleness, meekness and charity. These are her ornaments; richer than the gold of Ophir, the diamonds of Peru, or the pearls of Golconda. These shed a captivating loveliness over every other accomplishment. These clothe her with a celestial vesture. These put upon her, her jewels and her crown, and impersonate in her a full and blended display of Christian beauty, commending itself not only to the heart, but even impressing its inimitable graces upon the very features of the face.

Urging the acquisition of the highest ornaments upon woman, the Apostle says—"Whose adorning let it not be that outward adorning of plaiting the hair, and of wearing of gold, or of putting on of apparel, but let it be the hidden man of the heart, in that which is not corruptible, even the ornament of a meek and quiet spirit, which is, in the sight of God, of great price." To this let us add the testimony of another inspired author: "Favor is deceitful and beauty is vain, but a woman that feareth the Lord, she shall be praised." So suitable are the Christian virtues to woman, so accordant with her soft and tender nature, so beautiful in her, if one would personify them, he seeks to represent them in her person. He would exhibit Faith in the person of a female, with a subdued but fixed countenance, leaning her head upon her left hand, with her elbow upon an open Bible. Love would be a female figure standing weeping before the cross. Devotion kneeling with hands folded upon her bosom, eyes half closed, face raised toward Heaven, and a pearly tear-drop pausing on her cheek. Charity would be the same form attending at the couch of suffering poverty with a benignant eye; Resignation would be sweetly calm in a scene of sickness and death; and Hope would be reclining on an anchor, or sit smiling upon a tomb.

Light conceits, and flowers of rhetoric, wrong the word more than they can please the hearers; the weeds among the corn, make it look gay, but it were all the better were they not among it. Nor can those mixtures be pleasing to any but carnal minds. If any one's head or tongue should grow apace, and all the rest of the body not grow, it would certainly make him a monster; and they are no other, that are knowing and talkative Christians, and grow daily in these respects, but not all in holiness of heart and life which is the proper growth of the children of God.

Original.

THEMES OF SONG.

BY HENRY M. PARSONS.

Some strike the harp to lays of stirring thought—
The mighty works by early princes wrought—
The gorgeous tomb—the massy pyramid,
Whose towering summit in the clouds is hid—
The splendid ruins upon Egypt's soil,
Where superstitious Moors for tyrant's toil,
The sculptured pillar and the lofty dome,
Those classic monuments of Greece and Rome.
Others attune the lyre to nature's voice,
And in her sweet benignant smiles rejoice,
Portraying scenes where all her charms unite—
The vale, the hill in varied colors bright,
The pathless forest and the wild ravine,
Where waters foaming down the crags are seen,
The sun-lit drapery of summer's morn,
The richer hues by autumn's sunset worn,
The evening's landscape where the moon-beams break
With soft and mellow light on plain and lake—
The storm that gathers threateningly in sight,
But spends its fury on the mountain height,
The gentle breeze that rises in the grove
Like welcome whisperings of early love.
Again there are who weave the sacred song;
The matchless strains of Salem's King prolong;
Disclose the purposes of God to man;
His wisdom, goodness, power and justice scan;
Anon in hymns of lofty strain recite
The story of the Lamb enthroned in light;
Who stoop'd to bear the fallen to the sky,
And wrote our pardon when condemn'd to die.
Who will may wake Redeeming mercy's praise,
The noblest song—the sweetest earth can raise.

Original.

ELISHA MOCKED BY THE CHILDREN AT BETHEL.*

BY REV. W. B. SPRAGUE, D.D.

It was another ingredient in the impiety of these youths, that they mocked Elisha's PROPHETICAL CHARACTER, as well as his venerable age. As they hated Elijah for his oft-repeated faithful reproofs, so they insulted the man who was to succeed him in his public office. The report of Elijah's ascension into Heaven they treated with the utmost scorn, and wished his successor removed from the earth, that they might hear no more of the warnings with which Elijah had so long troubled them.

Nor are the feelings which they evinced on this occasion by any means peculiar to themselves; they are common to our fallen nature, and are acted out continually, and under every variety of circumstances. It always will be true, that he that doeth evil hateth the light. In the case of Ahab, what was it that led him to call Elijah his enemy, and to revile him as one that troubled Israel? It was his fidelity in reproving them for their sins. What was it that caused the resentment of the priests and rulers against our blessed Lord, and provoked them finally to put him to death? It was that he exposed and reproved their corruptions; that by his faithful and pungent addresses he took off the covering from their hearts, and showed them themselves in all their rottenness and hypocrisy. What was it that led some who enjoyed the ministrations of the great Apostle of the Gentiles to regard him as an enemy? It was simply because he told them the truth. And what is it that leads multitudes to find fault with God's ministers at this day? It is because they cannot endure the searching

* Concluded from page 17

truths they deliver; because they dread the sword of the Spirit, and have no complacency in them that wield it.

True, the sacredness of a public character can never consecrate error or evil; and the minister who is chargeable with either, is rendered even more abominable by the station which he occupies. But let no one confound the sacred office with the character of the man who holds it, and especially who abuses and perverts it. The office is always to be honored, because it is an appointment of God for the benefit of mankind; but the men who bear the office are to be "esteemed in love," to use the Apostle's language, only in proportion as their "works" correspond to it.

Who need be told that there are multitudes at this day, who indicate their contempt of this divine institution, as clearly as the young men did in their mockery of Elisha? What means the contemptuous sneer, the cutting sarcasm, that is so often heard, of which priest-craft is the subject? What means the mighty amount of criticism and cavil, that is frequently expended upon a sermon, in which God's truth has been plainly and faithfully exhibited? What means it that there are so many with churches on every side of them, who rarely, if ever, hear the gospel preached; and allege as a reason, that it can do them no good? Why it means in every case that God's ordinance is dishonored—his authority disregarded, if not absolutely contemned. If ministers are the immediate objects of this contempt, God himself is the ultimate object of it; it is not the ambassador so much as the King, whose honor is trifled with.

Be assured then, that you can scarcely do a more preposterous or dangerous act, than to trifle with the institution of the christian ministry. Let the intruders into it be as numerous as they may, let those by whom it is held act as unworthy a part as they may, the institution is sacred, and you lay a profane hand upon it at your peril. Have you already reached the point of being indifferent whether you attend upon it? Then I warn you that you have reached a point from which you must speedily retreat, if you would

not perish under an aggravated condemnation. Reflect upon your conduct, and you will find that it indicates substantially the same spirit with that of the young men who cried out to the prophet, "Go up thou bald head!

From the cruel and impious conduct of these youth, let us turn to the PUNISHMENT with which they were visited.

When it is said that the prophet "looked upon them and cursed them in the name of the Lord," we are not to understand that he uttered a revengeful wish or a passionate malediction against them, but only that, under a divine influence, he predicted their miserable doom. And in the same light we are to understand most of the curses recorded in scripture, as having been uttered by prophets and holy men against the wicked; not as indicating any uncharitable or malignant wish on the part of those who uttered them, but simply as prophetic denunciations of God's wrath against his enemies.

In contemplating the punishment with which God visited the conduct of these young men, it is easy to resist the impression that there was a striking analogy between their punishment and their sin. Their brutal fury against the man of God, brought upon them the fury of the bears of the wood; and it was manifestly proper that they should be delivered over to the rage of a creature whom they too nearly resembled. Their punishment too was SUDDEN; the bears seem to have come upon them while yet they had scarcely done mocking the prophet; so that destruction followed close in the footsteps of their triumph. One reason, doubtless, why God was pleased to cause their punishment so immediately to follow the prophet's prediction, was, that he might thereby establish his character on his first entrance on his public office.

It must be acknowledged that the impiety of sinners at the present day is not usually followed with such immediate expressions of divine wrath as were exhibited in the case we are contemplating; but it is a mistake to suppose that the impiety of sinners now is less offensive to God than

it has been in any preceding age. This destruction of the ungodly youth at Bethel, is a standing warning against every species of profaneness; it charges every young man to beware how he enters this path of the wicked. There are various ways, remember, in which you may incur substantially their guilt, without doing the very deed which was the occasion of their destruction. If you ridicule others for their natural infirmities or providential allotments; if you insult the aged whom you ought to honor and revere; if you wantonly trifle with the sacred scriptures in general, or with any of the truths revealed in them; if you scoff at religion, or the exemplary conversation of those who possess it, you are guilty of much the same impiety with those whom the prophet cursed in the name of the Lord; and the curses of God in his word are as plainly pointed against you, as that uttered by the prophet was against the children of Bethel. What then, though God may not commission wild beasts to come out of the wood for your destruction, yet you may rest assured that destruction lies in your path, and it would be entirely in accordance with the analogies of his providence, if, as in the case referred to, it should be a sudden destruction, and marked by some peculiar expression of the wrath of God. But suppose you go on even to old age, in this course, you only go on treasuring up wrath against the day of wrath, and when the period of retribution shall arrive, the measure of God's righteous indignation will be proportioned to the measure of his present forbearance. Wherefore turn away from this path of the destroyer. Reverence that glorious Being in whose hand your breath is. Bind God's testimonies to your heart, and they will serve you as a guide in difficulty, a shield in danger, an antidote to temptation. Whatsoever things are true, honest, pure, lovely, virtuous and of good report, think of these things,—practice these things.

Thomson

THREE SHINING ONES.

PRUDENCE, PIETY AND CHARITY.

BY REV. GEO. B. CHEEVER.

With a Steel Engraving.

According to the rules of the house, Watchful, the porter, rings the bell and commends Christian to the interogatories of a grave and beautiful damsel, called Discretion. A number of questions were put to him, and sincerely answered, and so much affectionate kindness and sympathy were manifested on the part of Discretion, that Christian had nothing to fear as to his reception. Then Discretion called for Prudence, Piety, and Charity, and after this convertion, they welcomed him into the household of Faith. There, during his delightful abode with its happy inmates, he was entertained, as the Lord of the way had provided that all pilgrims should be in his house, with the most cordial hospitality and love. He was instructed with much godly conversation, and with many edifying sights, and he was clad in a complete suit of armor, to prepare him against the dangers of the future way. On his part, he entertained the household as much as they did him, by the account he gave of his own experience thus far. Piety made him tell all that had happened in his pilgrimage from his first setting out to his arrival at the House Beautiful. Prudence asked him about his feelings now in reference to the land of his nativity, and the habits he used to be in at the City of Destruction.

And here Bunyan has left us in no doubt as to his own views in the exposition of the controverted passage in the seventh of Romans. He shows clearly that he regards

the experience there recorded as a description of the conflict between good and evil still going forward in the Christian's soul. "Do you not," asked Piety, "still bear with you some of those things that you were conversant withal in the City of Destruction?" "Might I but choose mine own things," answered Christian, "I would choose never to think of those things more; but when I would do good, evil is present with me." Bunyan was too deeply experienced in the evils of the human heart, too severely had been disciplined with the fiery darts of the Wicked One, to suffer his Christian to make any pretence whatever to perfection. Too sadly did Christian find within himself the struggle between nature and grace, to suffer him to fall into any such dream or delusion. He made no pretence to have conquered all sin, or got superior to it; but his trust was in Christ; and his supreme desire was after holiness. "But do you not find sometimes," said Prudence, "as if those things were vanquished, which at other times are your perplexity?" "Yes," said Christian, "but that is but seldom; but they are to me golden hours, in which such things happen to me." Prudence then asked him how it was, by what means he ever succeeded in vanquishing his enemies and getting free from the disturbers of his peace?

Chistian's answer is very beautiful. "When I think what I saw at the cross, that will do it; and when I look upon my broidered coat, that will do it; and when I look at my roll that I carry in my bosom, that will do it; and when my thoughts wax warm about whither I am going, that will do it." Ah yes, it is the cross, by which we conquer sin; it is the remembrance of Him who hung upon it. And he that hath this hope in him, purifieth himself as he is pure. And having these evidences and these promises, faith gets the better of inward corruptions, and overcomes also the world. Nor, lastly, is there any thing more powerful to give us the victory over sin, than a clear view of heavenly realities, warm thoughts about the heaven to which we are going, visions of Mount Zion above, and the

innumerable company of angels, and Jesus the Mediator, and the assurance that we shall be like him, for we shall see him as he is. There is no death there, nor sin, nor weariness, nor disorder; and the Christian is weary of his inward sickness, and would fain be where he shall sin no more, and with the company that shall continually cry, Holy, Holy, Holy!

After this, Charity in like manner conversed with Christian, and all the while they were at table their talk was only of the Lord of the Hill, and all his grace and glory, and what he had done and suffered for them, and all his amazing endless love to poor pilgrims, and his tender care in building that house for them; and so they discoursed even till late at night, for how could they ever be wearied with such a theme! And how did Christian's heart burn within him as they spake of his Saviour's love, and suffering, and glory!

You will observe that this house is put quite far on the way; it is obvious that Bunyan would not have his pilgrims enter the House Beautiful so soon as they get within the Wicket Gate; between the Wicket Gate and the House Beautiful, between the cross of Christ and the visible communion of saints, there was much experience, much instruction, much discipline, much difficulty, much grace.

The communion of saints was never more sweetly depicted, than in Christian's sojourning in the House Beautiful. But he staid not there for pleasure; that was not the end of his journey, nor the object of it; nor did he there, as in the Arbor, use for an indulgence to the flesh what was meant for the encouragement and refreshment of the spirit. He was up by day-break singing and praying, and then they had him into the study, to show him the rarities of the place; and the next day into the armory, to show him all manner of warlike furniture, which the Lord of the way had provided for pilgrims, where also he was made to see ancient things, which, if Bunyan could be here to interpret, he would doubtless tell us were intended to symbolize that divine grace by which the servants of the

Lord have done so many wonderful things, that grace which, though to the world and the Goliahs in it, it looks as foolish as David's sling and pebble stones against a giant in full armor, is yet stronger than death, and shall overcome every thing; for the foolishness of God is wiser than men, and the weakness of God is stronger than men. And the next day they showed him from the top of the house a far off view of the Delectable Mountain's, Immanuel's land, woods, vineyards, fruits, flowers, springs and fountains, where from the mountain summits they told him he should see the gate of the Celestial City. Faith, said they to Christian, is the substance of things hoped for, the evidence of things not seen; and the afflictions you meet with by the way will be but light things to you, if you keep the glories of heaven in your mind's eye, and the thoughts of what you are to meet with there warm in your heart.

So when they had had much pleasant and profitable discourse with him, as Christian was eager to go on, they would detain him no longer, but had him again into the armory, where they clothed him from head to foot in the armor of righteousness on the right hand and on the left, sword, shield, helmet, breastplate, ALL-PRAYER, and shoes that would not wear out, according to faithful Paul's directions. "Put on the whole armor of God, that ye may be able to stand against the wiles of the devil. For we wrestle not against flesh and blood, but against principalitiés, against powers, against the rulers of the darkness of this world, against spiritual wickedness in high places. Wherefore, take unto you the whole armor of God, that ye may be able to withstand in the evil day, and having done all, to stand. Stand therefore, having your loins girt about with truth, and having on the breastplate of righteousness, and your feet shod with the preparation of the gospel of peace; above all, taking the shield of faith, wherewith ye shall be able to quench the fiery darts of the Wicked One; and take the helmet of salvation, and the sword of the Spirit, which is the word of God, praying always and watching with all prayer and supplication in the Spirit."

Original.

ROSLIN CASTLE.

BY MISS E. A. COMSTOCK, N. Y.

"From Roslin Castle's echoing walls,
Resound my shepherd's ardent calls, etc."

Who has not heard or sung the beautiful song of Roslin Castle? What heart has not thrilled in the heyday of youth, as the witching notes have flowed from the lips of some sweet friend, mayhap the chosen of its holiest affections. Roslin Castle, which I may call the birth-place of this tender and never-wearying melody, is in the parish of Lasswade, a few miles south from Edinburgh, and stands on a rock that rises rather abruptly from the north bank of the river Esk. The river runs rapidly and noisily around its base, forming a fine accompaniment to the voices of the maidens that stroll by moonlight on its banks; or wash by daylight the linen of the neighboring gentry in its sparkling waters, gaily singing at their task, those national melodies that have interwoven themselves in the tendrils of the peasant's heart, and are as enduring and immortal as their native crags. The castle derives its name from the word Roskelyn, which meaneth Rock in the Glen. As the castle is surrounded by hills, and nestles on a rock in the bosom of a valley, the name is most appropriate. Its location is highly picturesque and romantic. The wood which surrounds it, stretches to the margin of the river, dipping its many fingers in its waves, and toying with the foam that its cataract-like movement is constantly forming. The summits of the encircling hills are fringed with the most luxuriant foliage. Seldom has the sky been so truly blue as on the day we rambled under the shade of the ever

fresh and noble trees, or beneath the damp coolness of the ivied walls. The castle is in ruins, but lovely in its desolation and decay. The roof that echoed with noisy joy is gone. The chimneys that reeked with hospitality have fallen. The wassail bowl is broken, the harp is mute, and the harper moulders with his patron. The once warm hearthstone that welcomed gay bevies of beautiful ones, and in their midst some hoary-headed chronicler of superstitious lore, no longer reflects the dancing fire flames; weeds grow beneath the once highly polished tiles, and the fox-glove laughs and flaunts above its chilly neighbor. The Forget-me-not, sweet, delicate mourner, lays its modest cheek on the brow of the cold deserted family altar. Amid the wrecks of time that start up before me like grim spectres of the past, nothing speaks so tender a plaint to my soul's ear, as a bare and desolate hearthstone. Its mute language is full of unutterable symphonies. There is a deep hush around these holy spots, a calm stillness in the air, as if the very zephyrs held their breath in awe. It is here the Holly tree doth love to grow. Its shining dark leaves edged with silver, beautify the scene, and armed with prickly thorns, stand like staunch old warriors, guarding the aged ruins, and causing old Time himself to stand at bay. In and out of the large stone casement, hard by, a train of giddy insects swim in the air, the only moving things in the deathly quiet of the place. They come a moment, and are gone; their place is soon supplied by kindred ones, who frightened at the solemn grandeur of the scene, soon disappear. So do the gay children of the world fly from the deep hush of their own bosoms, until driven there, by the bitter storms without.

The pale Pimpenella, awakened by the sun, opens its sleepy eyes to gaze upon us; languidly as a young beauty after a ball, it reclines upon its feather-like foliage. It has found a chalky bed such as it loves best, and in return gratefully puts forth its choicest blossoms to atone for the desolation it adorns. I have a message for her from her

sisters on the chilly Alps. I saw them with their budding families, frolicking in the Alpine winds, with larger hearts* and ruddier hues. I met them in the warm, cheerful vales of France, admiring themselves in the rustic streams, far from the heated cities; and on the green knolls of Switzerland. Their saffron cousins, who love the shady woods the best, expand their bright petals in the groves of England, from which they seldom emigrate. But best of all do I love the pale, sallow sister of Roslyn, as she nestles close to the flowers of memory; her cheek befits the place; she is no rosy, gay, worldly mourner in sackcloth. See that bright dewdrop, which the sun has not yet kissed away, how like a tear it glistens in her eye! And here, by the ruined gate-way springs up to meet us the omnipresent Crow-foot. He does not venture in; he has no sympathy for falling greatness. He likes the SUNNY places, the city is as dear to him as the country. He is a democrat, and speaks to us of politics, and the rise and fall of stocks. He holds his head loftily, and is not overawed by the loyal holly or aristocratic ivy. The Pimpinella and Forget-me-not speak another language, he understands them not. He is a secret friend to selfish monopoly, and far under ground he tightly grasps the land of others. He stretches out his avaricious fingers and clutches all that he can get, sapping the life-blood of the older tenants of the place, and, undermining their foothold quietly, with inward glee, and over all holding up his brazen face with counterfeit innocence.

It is said that the Lords of Roslin have lived on this spot since the eleventh century, but the original castle was burned by the English in an early era. A small cottage has been erected near the ruins, and is occupied by the cicerone, who has converted the grounds into a vast strawberry bed, to which the citizens of Edinburgh resort during the season. I know of no place better adapted to spiritual and bodily comfort than the quiet vale in which the berries are the most abundant.

* The corella of this flower is heart-shaped.

William St. Clair appears to have been the most magnificent of the Barons of Roslin. The glitter of royalty was pale in comparison. Noblemen were his attendants, and his gold and silver plate were the wonder of the age. He lived in the reign of James the First of Scotland. His pomp and wealth have passed away, his vices sleep with him. His stately walls are no longer covered with richly embroidered hangings, but the ever-green ivy like a good friend, conceals many a breach and crack, and is indeed beautiful tapestry of nature's own weaving. The very bats can find no lodging where an hundred guests have slept. The good he has done, has a noble monument in the partially ruined, but elegant Chapel. This exquisite Gothic building looks down upon the castle from a neighboring eminence. The arched roof is supported by two rows of massive pillars; one of these pillars is adorned with four spiral wreaths of foliage of different patterns, and so delicately chiselled as to resemble the finest paper cuttings. The capital is in bass-relief, representing the story of Isaac and Abraham. The author of this fine piece of sculpture, fell a sacrifice to the jealousy of his master, who, after travelling to improve himself in the best schools of architecture, returned to find himself out done. Few have not read of the tragical death of the apprentice.

It is pleasant to think that unlike Melrose, this fine building was not destroyed by the mad zeal of the Scotch reformers. That Time's footsteps alone have trodden down the floor, clothed the walls with damp moss, and levelled the altar. From the western door of the Chapel the view is unrivalled by any of the beautiful scenes of this lovely world. The roaring of the Esk mounts upwards to the ear, softened by the distance into dulcet melody. The sloping banks of the Glen are covered with trees of variegated hues. The sun shining on the mist rising slowly from the foaming river, converts it into a hundred minikin rainbows

THE MOTHER'S INFLUENCE IN

THE FAMILY CIRCLE.

BY THE EDITOR.

We rejoice that thousands begin to awake to the importance of maternal influence in the family circle. Mothers under God, you are emphatically the KEEPERS of your children—your offspring are your prisoners of hope; it is your influence which touches all the deep well-springs of action, that are felt alike in the smallest circle, and in the largest Empire. And hence, that appropriate adage, "they that rock the cradle, RULE the world."

The solicitous mother, like the skillful culturist who anxiously watches the first mellowing rays of spring, that open the soil for the precious seed, EAGERLY seizes the first ten years of childhood and improves them as the golden seed time of life to her child.

Let the heart of the faithful mother leap for joy when she considers, that the fruits of her anxiety shall not stand merely as a rich monument of admiration, like the statuary of Phidias or Praxiteles, a form of beauty, without a spirit; and be left to crumble down by the waste of time and one day be cast among the rubbish of the universe! No, the traces of her skill and labor SHALL last when adamant shall cease to crumble and the paltry glory of mortal greatness shall be shrouded in oblivion. The traces of her influence upon that young mind; the thoughts that she now causes to glow and burn in that young soul, shall one day light up a world of emotion and energy in the bosom of others; and these in their turn shall rouse and stimulate and strengthen others to acts of noble daring, until her single influence,

like the power that moves the first wave and this in its turn a second and third and the last, shall reach the utmost boundary of time!

There is no resisting the well directed influence of a godly mother. Her sweetness of temper will soften the manners of her children; her courtesy will render them respectful and polite; her tenderness will make them mild and affectionate, and her religion by the Divine benediction will render them holy and fit for Heaven.

"Train up a child in the way he should go, and when he is old he will not depart from it," is not only a rich promise of inspired faithfulness, but is one which daily observation abundantly confirms. In one of our Theological Seminaries it was ascertained, that out of a hundred and twenty students, more than a hundred were born of praying mothers and were pointed by maternal faithfulness to the Lamb of God that taketh away the sins of the world.

Said that great statesman, John Randolph, of Roanoke, "But for my mother's influence I should have been an infidel."

It is a remarkable fact that most great and good men have had extraordinary mothers. Who does not know the value of early impressions and habits. Grecian mothers were accustomed to take their infant boys, at their annual festivals to the Olympic fields of glory, and while they stretched, forth their hands towards the successful combatant, until the tears gushed from their little eyes, they cried aloud, "THERE—THERE IS THE VICTOR;" and while their hearts throbbed with emotion an impression was made on their minds as lasting as life. And what was the result? when the child grew up to manhood he resolved to be a CONQUEROR

Even to this day it is the custom of Hindoo mothers to carry their babes to the shrine of their IDOL GODS, that they may make them familiar with every thing around their sacred grounds, long before they can speak a word! And can christian mothers do less? Oh, how heathen mothers

teach us to be wise! Let mothers never fail to make their offspring familiar with sacred things at the earliest dawn of reason; and be assured they will receive impressions that will last forever.

Little did the mother of Edwards, or Whitfield, or Washington, know what a treasure heaven had entrusted to them, while like guardian angels they watched the infant cradle of those who were so soon to be pronounced immortal, and whose illustrious names shall outlive the world. Mother, young mother, little may you think what God will yet do through the influence of that prattling child whom you have taught to lay his little hands in yours, and lisp the prayer—"Our Father who art in Heaven,"—before his head shall be laid in the grave.

What then should be the character of the mother to fill the important, the responsible place allotted to her. Strike from the Galaxy a thousand stars, that sprinkle at dead of night that belt of Heaven, and to an ordinary observer not one would be missed, but a spot on the sun is viewed by the world with thrilling emotion. So a blemish on the female character, especially on the character of a mother, is a spectacle to men and angels. Let our country have the enlightened, sanctified influence of parents, and especially of mothers, and by the grace of God the church is safe and our Free Institutions are safe. We hail the increasing maternal solicitude of this age, as a glorious precursor of that day which the wrapt prophet saw when the heart of parents shall be turned to their children, and the hearts of children shall be turned to their parents.

American Mothers are the educators of the people! We may think much of the benign and salutary influence of our hundred Colleges and Seminaries of learning; of the mighty results of the hundred thousand teachers in our primary schools, but depend upon it, the mothers of this republic are to mould and sway the destinies of this country in no ordinary degree.

What the dressers of the soil, the ploughmen and seedsmen are to the harvest, mothers are to the next

age. Like the husbandman, they must open the soil and intrust the precious seed, which shall spring up and wave in a harvest of golden plenty!

Mothers of my country, if you are not called to the Presidential chair, or the Senate Chamber, you have a voice that shall reach where the tongue of the statesman and orator cannot be heard; where the combined energies of Congress cannot be felt, and the counsels and Commentaries of Blackstone would be idle—you are to inculcate the first principles of knowledge and virtue, of order and justice; without which a despot's sway and a rod of iron cannot control the mighty destinies of this nation.

If you are not called to engage in the strife of arms and din of battle, you are to build fortifications in the principles and high purposes of your sons, that will, most effectually, defy the assaults of the boldest invader.

We justly feel alarmed at the increase of robbers and incendiaries, forgers and murderers—but when the books shall be opened, at the great day of assize, it will, in too many instances be found, that the first principles of vice and crime were taught in the school of HOME, and that the mother was the TEACHER, and when it shall be asked who slew all these? a voice in tones of thunder will answer, MOTHERS!

In our next we shall describe the disobedient and ill-fated child!

LAKE GEORGE.

BY E. F. E.

With a Steel Engraving.

Not in the bannered castle—
  Beside the gilded throne—
On fields where knightly ranks have strode—
  In feudal halls—alone—
The spirit of the stately mien,
  Whose presence flings a spell
Fadeless, on all around her,
  In empire loves to dwell!

LAKE GEORGE.

Gray piles, and moss-grown cloisters
  Call up the shadows vast,
That linger in their dim domain—
  Dreams of the visioned past!
As sweep the gorgeous pageants by,
  We watch the pictured train,
And sigh that aught so glorious
  Should be so brief and vain.

But here a spell yet deeper,
  Breathes from the woods, the sky;
Prouder these rocks and waters speak
  Of hoar antiquity.
Here nature built her ancient realm,
  While yet the world was young;
Her monuments of grandeur
  Unshaken stand, and strong.

Here shines the sun of Freedom
  Forever o'er the deep
Where Freedom's heroes, by the shore,
  In peaceful glory sleep.
And deeds of high and proud emprize
  In every breeze are told—
The everlasting tribute
  To hearts that now are cold!

Farewell, then, scenes so lovely!
  If sunset gild your rest,
Or the pale starlight gleam upon
  The water's silvery breast—
Or morning on these glad green isles
  In trembling splendor glows,—
A holier spell than beauty
  Hallows your pure repose!

It is the unfortunate tendency of literary habits to enamour the studious of the seclusion of the closet, and to render them more conversant with the philosophy and erudition of bygone times, than with the sentiments and feelings of their fellow-men.

Original.

THE WISE DECISION.

THE WAY AND THE END

BY MRS. S. T. MARTYN,

"So live, that when thy summons comes to join
Th' innumerable caravan that moves
To the pale realms of shade, where each must take
His chamber in the silent halls of death;
Thou go not, like the quarry slave at night,
Scourged to his dungeon; but sustain'd and sooth'd,
By an unfaltering trust, approach thy grave,
Like one who wraps the drapery of his couch
About him, and lies down to pleasant dreams."

On a cold evening in January, 183—, a small, but cheerful circle were assembled in the elegant drawing-room of Mrs. S. apparently in expectation of some interesting event. Many an eager glance was turned toward the door, as the company awaited the entrance of the bridal party, and when at length they made their appearance, a low murmur ran round the room, "How beautiful Amelia S. is to-night;" and beautiful indeed was that young girl who was about to pronounce the solemn vow that bound her forever to the chosen of her heart, the excellent and high-minded William Ellery. Pure and fair as a snow-drop, there was a delicacy about her beauty, which, while it charmed the beholder, brought also to the mind images of premature decay and death. But no such images disturbed the enjoyment of those who looked on the lovely Amelia on this, her bridal eve. The deep happiness of her heart had given unusual brilliancy to her eye, and bloom to her

cheek, and as she received with her own peculiar grace, the congratulations of the circle of friends by whom she was surrounded, her fond mother almost forgot that this, her idol, was mortal, and might be taken in a moment from her sight.

For four years from that evening, Mr. and Mrs. Ellery seemed to move in a charmed circle, from which sorrow and care were excluded. Possessed of youth, health, affluence, and above all, deep and consistent piety; devotedly attached to each other, and blest with two sweet children, whose infantile charms were a constant source of delight to the fond parents, their cup of felicity was full to overflowing. Nor was their happiness a selfish one. They loved to impart of their abundance to others, and no one was ever domesticated, even for a few days, in their well ordered family, without feeling that the crowning excellence of Mrs. Ellery's character was her untiring and truly christian benevolence. But death, who loves a shining mark, had selected the youthful wife and mother as his prey. He came in that fatal disguise he so often wears when the best and fairest are his victims, and disease had fastened on her vitals, long ere the mother and husband of Amelia were aware of her danger. It was the anniversary of her wedding night, a stormy and cold evening in January, and many of the same friends were again assembled beneath that hospitable roof, but how changed was the scene! She who was then a blooming and joyous bride, with the fairest prospects of long life and enjoyment, was now lying, pale and emaciated, on the bed of death, while at her side, those who were dearest to her wept, refusing to be comforted. But the blessed Saviour, to whom she had given her young heart in its morning freshness, was with his suffering child in the dark valley, and his rod, "his staff supported and comforted her." "Mother," she said "come near to me, and let me lay my head on your breast, as I used to do when I was a little child. Do not weep for me, I die happy. I am not tired of the world, for it has

been full of enjoyment to me, and I have never known any thing but love and kindness from my earliest remembrance. But my Father calls, and I willingly leave my mother and husband and children, to see him, who is dearer to me than even these beloved ones. Think of me when I am gone, not as in the grave, not as afar off, but as a free and happy spirit, perhaps, hovering about you, and permitted to minister to you where no earthly friend is near." These were nearly her last words, for in a few hours after, her gentle spirit was released, and admitted to the society of the just made perfect.

"How enviable was the lot of our beloved Amelia," said a friend to the weeping mother, as they stood together over the lifeless remains on which death had set his icy signet. "Young, lovely and beloved, surrounded with every comfort that wealth and affection could command, life was to her a long, bright, summer's day, and before one shadow had fallen across her path, she was taken away from the evil which might have been her lot, and safely housed where sorrow and parting never come."

"I weep not for her," was the reply of the widowed and now childless mother; "I know my blessed child is happy in the presence of the Redeemer, to whom, when an infant, she was consecrated, and to whom her youthful affections were given. But when I think of all I have lost, my tears will flow, though from the heart I am enabled to say, "thy will be done."

A few weeks after the death of Mrs. Ellery, when the first wild burst of anguish had passed away, the same friend, in conversation with Mrs. S. referred to the married life of her lamented Amelia, as a rare instance of perfect conjugal felicity and confidence, adding, that she had never known, though on terms of the closest intimacy, an unkind word or look to mar the happiness of the youthful pair.

"The blessing of God did indeed rest on their union," replied Mrs. S. "and the promise was strikingly verified in the case of my Amelia, "Those that honor me, I will

honor." You have never known the circumstances of her marriage, and will I am sure, be interested in what I am about to relate. I fear but few young ladies of her age, would manifest the strength of principle and the moral courage exhibited by my beloved child, in this, as in every other action of her life.

At the age of sixteen, my dear Amelia left school and returned to gladden a home rendered desolate by the death of a beloved companion in the prime of life, and a son just entering manhood, who were both taken from me in the short space of one year. She was all, both in person and mind that a fond mother could desire, so far as this world was concerned, but I had known the vanity of earthly enjoyment, and felt that my child must have a better portion. With strong crying and tears, I went to the mercy seat day by day for her precious soul, and the God of love graciously answered my petition. When I heard her anxiously inquiring the way to salvation, and above all, when I listened to the outpourings of her joy as a new-born soul, I said inwardly, "it is enough, I can ask for nothing more."

Some time previous to her conversion, Amelia had become acquainted with William Ellery, and this acquaintance had resulted in a mutual attachment, though no formal declaration had taken place. It was, in a worldly point of view, a most eligible choice, and was considered by the friends on both sides, as a settled affair. It was not, however, until after Amelia had made a public profession of religion, that young Ellery came to me, for permission to pay his addresses to my daughter. I was agitated and distressed, for I knew the state of her affections, and trembled for the consequences; still I could not consistently with my duty as a Christian mother, sanction her union with an unbeliever. I frankly told him my difficulties, and while I referred him to my daughter for an answer, to his proposal, I assured him my influence would all be on the other side. He joyfully accepted the reference, and I saw from his manner, he had little fear as to the result. As for

me, I went to my closet, with an aching heart, for I feared lest the voice of love should prove too powerful for the principles of my child. But I knew not the strength of purpose concealed beneath that calm and gentle exterior. Without one moment's hesitation, she decidedly refused the offered heart and hand of him she loved, assuring him that though her own heart might break in the struggle, she could never marry a man who was an enemy to her Saviour and Redeemer. In vain he plead his morality and respect for religion, and promised her every indulgence she could desire in her own chosen pursuits. "I know something of the deceitfulness of my own heart," was the firm reply, "and dare not trust myself in such a situation. I need every assistance to help me onward to heaven, and your influence, while you remain impenitent, would only drag me down." She was true to her determination, in spite of all his eloquence, and of the more dangerous pleading of her own heart, though how much it cost her, might easily be seen in her pale cheek and altered demeanor. He left the place, and went into business at a distance, with the vain hope, as he afterwards said, of forgetting her. During the two years that followed, Amelia had several unexceptionable offers, which were promptly refused, on the plea of her extreme youth, and unwillingness to leave me. At the end of that time, we were surprised by a visit from the brother of Mr. Ellery, who gave us the joyful intelligence that the dead in sin had been made alive, the lost, found. God had graciously met the wanderer, during a season of revival in the city where he resided, and he was now on his way home, a new creature in Christ. He had expected to find his Amelia married to another, and entreated his brother to ascertain the fact, previous to his return. I need not dwell on the scenes that followed, or describe even if I could, the joy of a meeting under such circumstances. Theirs was a long tried affection, and now that it had the approval of heaven, there was nothing to delay the union, which was followed by as

much of domestic happiness as usually falls to the lot of mortals. Often, during her last illness, and in view of death, my beloved child expressed to me her entire approval of the course she was then led to pursue, and her thankfulness that grace was given her to pursue it. Now that the grave has set an eternal seal on those virtues that during her life were veiled by her humility, I feel that the example of my Amelia should be made known for the benefit of others, who may be hesitating between the dictates of duty and affection."

Reader, this is not a story of the imagination. It is simple, unvarnished truth, and the course pursued by Mrs. Ellery was the right one, sanctioned both by reason and religion. You have seen the WAY in which she walked, and the END to which it led. If you would have a death-bed like hers, you must like her, choose God for your portion, and hold everything worthless that comes in competition with him. Such a choice will ensure a life of usefulness and happiness, and at death, a triumphant entrance into that heavenly kingdom prepared for the righteous from the foundation of the world.

Original.

THE DEATH OF THE WICKED INVOLUNTARY.

BY REV. WILLIAM MARSHALL.

By the dispensation of God, the world is wholly subjected to the reign of death. Throughout the vegetable and the animal kingdom and the human race, there is not one exception. Plants and flowers in countless millions, come forth, at the call of spring, to enrich and adorn the earth a few

months and then die. The glory of summer is soon wasted by its own profusion and succeeded by the brown mantle of autumn and the icy covering of winter. The trees of the forest may stand for a few centuries, but even they, by their dying foliage, are annually reminding us of mortality, that we all do fade as a leaf, the whole animal creation too is dying around us and telling us our own destiny. In respect to natural decay and death, they are under the same laws with ourselves. We also are subject to the great tyrant, death, and in so far, have no pre-eminence over the beasts which perish. In this view, the whole human race are alike. "There is one event to the righteous and to the wicked." It is a solemn thought, that we are part of a dying world—a race that is sentenced to death, and that the executors of the sentence is proceeding every hour. The impression is deepened when we think of ages past—of great and mighty nations with their countless millions of people—of many generations all gone to the great assembly of the dead. In history we have a few names which seem to be imperishable, but the men who bare them are gone. The trumpet of their fame may sound over the extent of the earth through all ages, but their ears are deaf to the sound. Their material frame is no better now than that of the beast which has perished, or the dust (if any can be found) which never has been alive. The sameness of the condition to which the king of terrors reduces all his subjects, relates to nothing but the physical effects of his agency—the destruction of natural life.

When by the light of revelation we look beyond this present life, the effects of death present a scene that is infinitely diversified. Man is brought nearer, as it were, to the Deity, and aroused from the dream of life to sustain his part in scenes in which there is no illusion. In that state the difference between the good and bad is great beyond all that is now conceivable. But we are taught by the unerring Word, and in many cases by the state of the dying, that between the good and the bad there is a great differ-

ence, even before they clearly pass the boundaries of time. "The wicked is driven away in his wickedness, but the righteous hath hope in his death." We understand these two classes to include the whole human race, and our limits will not admit of words to prove what probably not one in a hundred will deny. From the language of Scripture we are led to the conclusion that no wicked man dies with the hope of a blessed immortality, and that no righteous man dies without it. In the last moments the one may be unable to express his hopes and the other to express his fears, but that avails nothing against the testimony of God. The cases where the wicked die in despair are perhaps not very many, and yet they might not appear to be few if care were not taken to conceal them.

The wicked are driven away, but they may on some occasions make up their minds for an evil which cannot be avoided; or they may be under such suffering, bodily or mental, that they may prefer death to life—the suffering which is future and of which they have no distinct conception, to that which is present and severely felt. We have read of armies, or at least parts of armies, being driven by their enemies into seas, lakes or rivers. In those cases we do not understand that they were seized and thrown into the water, but that they went into it by their own strength and of their own choice, preferring a watery grave to the death which they would suffer from their infuriated foes. A man with two evils in his option will choose what he thinks the least, but he is driven to that choice by his dread of worse. The poor slaves, who are chained and driven towards the market, exert their own muscles and go forward, for they know it is unavoidable, and that to hold back would subject them to greater suffering. They may desire to be at the end of the journey, whatever may be the result, because their present sufferings are intolerable; and men will prefer any other evil to the one which they presently feel, at least if it is a severe affliction. These cases serve to illustrate this truth, that the wicked may choose

death, but it is a choice to which they are driven, and so their death is involuntary. This holds true in the case of the man who takes his own life. His sufferings drive him to the horrid deed. It is true that they cannot excuse it in any case, and in most cases they consist of his own sinful passions, which cannot be even a palliative for any wicked deed. If the poor suicide is totally deprived of reason, his case cannot be subjected to our rules of judgment, and we leave it to God alone, as respects criminality, but we cannot doubt that he is driven to it by his sufferings. These may be only in his immagination, but they are sufferings still.

Since the wicked die involuntarily, being driven away, must we infer that none of those who die with expressions of triumph can belong to that class? The case of some who use such expressions, when they seem to be at the gates of death, but when recovered return to their course of sin, raises dreadful apprehensions that some who seem to die triumphant are under a delusion which the awful realities of eternity will dispel. When the dying man is compelled to relinquish his hope of recovery and begins to dread the woes of the unknown state into which he very soon must enter, he eagerly seeks relief from his fears, and if he succeeds in persuading himself that he shall go to a place of refuge from all evil, no wonder that he rejoices; and yet he may have been driven into his present condition without the hope which arises from faith in the Saviour of men. Even he is not an exception to the rule, "that the wicked is driven away," or that his death is involuntary.

The scripture declaration that "The wicked is driven away in his wickedness, but the righteous hath hope in his death," presents the two characters in contrast, and to make the contrast complete, we must understand that the death of the wicked is involuntary, that he dies in sin and dies without hope, and that the righteous dies willingly, dies in holiness and in christian hope. Here it may be objected that the righteous are often afraid to die. It is often so in

the course of their lives, but their fears depart when they come to the banks of Jordan; or if in some cases their fears remain to the end, at least they are mingled with hope which shall not be disappointed. They are not driven away in wickedness, but are prepared for the fruition of their hope. Observe the contrast. The wicked, whether he die in despair or in delusive hope, dies in his wickedness. If he knew his moral condition, he would have no hope whatever, but in respect of that he is very liable to be deceived. Perhaps he considered sin as consisting only in sinful acts, and he knows that he is not committing them now; or if he understood that the purpose to commit them was wicked, he is sure that now he has no such purpose, even the desire of them probably is gone, and conscious of freedom from all sinful acts, purposes and desires, he may draw the conclusion that his nature is pure and prepared for heaven. In the case of the libertine and the drunkard, there can be no doubt that disease which prevents their sinful acts prevents also the desire of them. Even the thief may have lost his desire to steal, and the fraudulent man to overreach his neighbor, but there may still remain in the heart that wickedness which would soon burst out in open vice if health and strength were restored. If these were not in man, a wickedness which lies back of purpose and desire, it appears that very few could be said to die in sin. Disease will remove everything of sin but the plague of the heart. In that the wicked die, and so dying, they cannot depart in christian hope.

Reader, you may learn from these remarks, that if you would die the death of the righteous, you must live his life. Let sin be forsaken without delay, or there is infinite danger that it shall remain through life and through the whole of your existence. Disease and death will not remove it. They may stop the streams for a little time, but the polluted fountains will remain. It is to the atonement of Christ and the purifying influence of the spirit, and not to disease and death that ye must look for your deliverance from all iniquity and your final salvation.

Original.

AN AUTUMNAL SUNSET.

BY REV. R. H. SEELY, CT.

We were without the city gate—within
Were life and joyousness, sorrow and care—
The great with wrinkling brow, and lips compress'd,
In some lone chamber self-immured, away
From all of kind list'ning ambition's voice ;
The merchant, telling o'er his honest gains :
The miser gazing on his hoarded gold—
The laborer, in the near approach of sweet
Release from toil ; of evening's home delights,
Full gaily pass'd the lively jest, or ply'd
With vigor unrelax'd hammer and helve.
And Beauty—like some conqueror, in his tent,
Planning the lengthen'd siege or open fray,
For conquest burning, or, the battle o'er,
Disposal making of the captured foe—
Was dreaming on successes ; or perchance,
Like conque'or conquer'd, pining, sat in chains.
And gleesome childhood, with its sunny smiles,
And youth, careering mid its pastimes gay,
In Age awaken'd memory's pow'r—the sigh,
And almost wish to be the child again.

The Sun was hast'ning to his western home ;
The golded clouds, like moving mountains, there
Were gath'ring pile on pile, in order rude,
And forms fantastic, beautiful sublime !
Back from their toppling peaks and jaggy sides
Fell Autumn's mellow light on glit'ring spire,
On tow'r and cottage, hill and vale, tinging
The grape with purple, and the pouting peach
With gold and crimson ; rejoicing all things ;
Soothing the air, which even now began
The tale to tell of winter's stern approach.

ISABELLA GRAPES.

If forced when the sun of the summer is high,
The vine-covered arbor, a season to fly,
We forget the repulse, in a thought of the hour,
When rich clusters of purple, the spot will embower.
Why then, if oppressed, should we not struggle on,
Assured of reward, when our labor is done.

The neighboring church-yard also wore a smile,
Its weeping-willows, bending gracefully,
Threw out their foliage to the passing breeze
Like child-hood's floating locks and, yielding, too,
To nature's harmonies, the warblers seemed
To wear the smile of Hope, to echo forth
The voice of prophecy, and say, Thus shall
It be when He shall come in clouds, and they
Who sleep beneath shall, joyful, rise to meet
Him in the air.

Sweet was the hour of that
Blest eventide!
So may we pass our days
That when our own autumnal season comes,
And on our frame its kindly pow'r exerts,
Until, like autumn's rich and mellow fruits,
They ripen, ready from the stem of life
To fall, we may, in some good hour like this,
Trustfully yield our dust to kindred dust,
While borne on Angel's wings each ransomed soul
Is gathered to the garner of her God.

HASTY BURIALS.

BY MRS. CHILDS.

The yellow fever raged fearfully in Boston, the last part of the seventeenth century. The panic was so universal, that wives forsook their dying husbands, in some cases, and mothers their children, to escape the contagious atmosphere of the city. Funeral rites were generally omitted. The "death-carts," sent into every part of the town, were so arranged as to pass through each street every half hour. At each house known to contain a victim of the fever, they rang a bell, and called, "Bring out your dead." When the lifeless forms were brought out, they were wrapped in

tarred sheets, put into the cart and carried to the burial-place, unaccompanied by relatives. In most instances, in fact, relatives had fled before the first approach of this fatal disease.

One of my father's brothers, residing in Boston at that time, became a victim to the pestilence. When the first symptoms appeared, his wife sent the children into the country, and herself remained to attend upon him. Her friends warned her against such rashness. They told her it would be death to her, and no benefit to him; for he would soon be too ill to know who attended him. These arguments made no impression on her affectionate heart. She felt that it would be a life-long satisfaction to HER to know who attended upon him, if HE did not. She accordingly staid and watched him with unremitting care. This however, did not avail to save him. He grew worse and worse, and finally died. Those who went round with the death-carts, had visited the chamber, and seen that the end was near. They now came to take the body. His wife refused to let it go. She told me that she never knew how to account for it, but though he was perfectly cold and rigid, and to every appearance, quite dead, there was a powerful impression on her mind that life was not extinct. The men were overborne by the strength of her conviction, though their own reason was opposed to it. The half hour again came round, and again was heard the solemn words, "Bring out the dead."

The wife again resisted their importunities; but this time the men were more resolute. They said the duty assigned them was a painful one; but the health of the city required punctual obedience to the order they received; if they ever expected the pestilence to abate, it must be by a prompt removal of the dead, and immediate fumigation of the infected apartments. She pleaded and pleaded, and even knelt to them in an agony of tears; continually saying, "I am sure he is not dead." The men represented the utter absurdity of such an idea; but finally overcome

by her tears, again departed. With trembling haste she renewed her efforts to restore life. She raised his head, rolled his limbs in hot flannel, and placed hot onions on his feet. The dreadful half hour again came round, and found him as cold and rigid as ever. She renewed her entreaties so desperately, that the messengers begun to think a little gentle force would be necessary. They accordingly attempted to remove the body against her will; but she threw herself upon it, and clung to it with such frantic strength that they could not easily loosen her grasp. Impressed by the remarkable strength of her will, they relaxed their efforts. To all their remonstrances she answered, "If you burry him, you shall burry me with him." At last, by dint of reasoning on the necessity of the case, they obtained from her a promise, that if he showed no signs of life before they again came round, she would make no further opposition to the removal.

Having gained this respite, she hung the watch up on the bed-post, and renewed her efforts with redoubled zeal. She placed kegs of hot water about him, forced brandy between his teeth, breathed into his nostrils, held hartshorn to his nose; but still the body lay motionless and cold. She looked anxiously at the watch; in five minutes the promised half hour would expire, and those dreadful voices would be heard passing through the street. Hopelessness came over her; she dropped the head she had been sustaining; her hand trembled violently; and the hartshorn she had been holding was spilled on the pallid face. Accidentally, the position of the head had become slightly tipped backwards, and the powerful liquid flowed into his nostrils. Instantly there was a short quick gasp—a struggle—his eyes opened; and when the death-men again came, they found him sitting up in bed. He is still alive and has enjoyed unusually good health.

I should be sorry to awaken any fears, or excite unpleasant impressions, by the recital of this story; but I have ever thought that funerals were too much hurried in this

country; particularly in the newly settled parts of it. It seems to me there ought to be as much delay as possible; especially in cases of sudden death. I believe no nation buries with such haste as the Americans. The ancients took many precautions. They washed and anointed the body many successive times before it was carried to the burial. The Romans cut off a joint of the finger to make sure that life was extinct, before they lighted the funeral pile. Doubtless, it is very unusual for the body to remain apparently lifeless for several hours, unless it be really dead; but the mere possibility of such cases should make friends careful to observe undoubted symptoms of dissolution before interment.

ANECDOTE.

Nothing in this world, should deter us from the daily and hourly discharge of duty.—Ed.

When a supernatural darkness shrouded the face of nature, and predictions had been made that the Day of Judgment was about to dawn, petitions were sent to Sir Matthew Hale, to adjourn the court. "No," said he, with great emphasis, "if this is the end of the world, I wish to be found doing my duty."

Praise.—Praise is usually exaggerated where it is least deserved and there only. The Greeks allowed him who had conquered once at the Olympic games to have his statue made of colossal dimensions; and it was necessary to win three prizes, before being allowed to have the statue made of the size of life. If a man does anything remarkable once, it excites notice; if he repeats it, we soon grow indifferent.

Original.

AN ARGUMENT FOR THE TRUTH OF CHRISTIANITY.

BY REV. W. B. SPRAGUE, D. D. ALBANY.

Who that ever contemplated with a serious and docile mind the conversion of Saul of Tarsus, could resist the impression that Christianity is what she professes to be—a religion from Heaven? Let it be remembered that he had had a strictly Jewish education, and had imbibed the strongest prejudices against Christianity, and at the very time when his conversion occurred, was out on an errand of persecution against the church. If any man ever gave evidence of cordially hating the gospel of Christ, surely it was Saul, breathing out threatenings and slaughter on his way to Damascus. In addition to this, he was a man of bold and powerful intellect, and of the finest literary accomplishments, having enjoyed some of the best advantages for education which the age afforded. And in proportion to his hatred of Christianity, he was attached to the principles and rites of the Jewish religion, and was ready, as his conduct evinced, to make any sacrifices for its advancement. In such circumstances this bold and determined character was arrested on the plains of Damascus; and from that hour his proud spirit was brought down, his opposition to the gospel ceased, and he became the humble and devoted follower of that same Saviour whose cause he had done his utmost to trample in the dust. Such are the facts. Let us see whether they can be satisfactorily accounted for without the admission of the truth of Christianity.

If the gospel be not true, Paul in all this must have been a dupe, or he must have been a deceiver.

Is it possible then that he was the former? Will the

infidel tell me at the outset, that what is related of him on this occasion, was the effect of mere physical derangement, and that supposed visions and trances have always been incident to men of an ardent temperament as he was? But will the infidel point to an instance in which the wild reveries of an enthusiast were followed by such permanent and beneficial effects as resulted in the case of Paul? Is it probable, in the first place, from his previous habits, and circumstances, and predilections, and prejudices, that if he were to be deceived at all, it would be in such a way as this, that he would be cheated instantly, and without any apparent human cause into an impression that the religion to which he had been so zealously devoted, was no longer the true religion. If it be said that he was in no condition to judge while he was thus overwhelmed with amazement, the question arises, whence the occasion of this amazement, if it were not a supernatural attestation to the truth which Paul was required to believe? And then again, would such a man as he be likely to yield to such a wonderful charge as was implied in embracing christianity, without knowing well what he was doing, without evidence the most conclusive that the gospel was of divine authority? No man was ever better qualified to judge of the claims of christianity than Paul; and no one had ever better advantages for doing it, and to suppose that he was deceived, were to attribute to him a degree of weakness which his whole character contradicts, and to take for granted that the most violent prejudices could be yielded up merely in consequence of a feverish impulse of the imagination.

Let it be borne in mind, that the supposition that Paul was deceived, takes for granted that he was an enthusiast. But where is the man who values his character for discernment, that will venture to say, after reading Paul's writings, that he has discovered a trace of enthusiasm? Will the infidel himself dare to say that history is not full of forethought, and calculation, and decision, and dignity, however much of ardor he may find in it? If Paul was

an enthusiast, we may safely challenge all history to furnish an example of a sober minded man.

Paul was not an enthusiast. He was not lacking in discernment, or lacking in opportunity or disposition to know whether the religion he embraced were true or false ; and there was nothing in his subsequent conduct to show that he considered himself as having been deluded, but much, everything, to show the contrary. There is evidence then that he was not deceived. But the other side of the alternative is, may he not have been a deceiver ?

It may be replied to this, in the first place, that the circumstances in which the event occurred, forbid such a suspicion, up to the hour of his conversion, his whole conduct has been of a piece—all went to show that he was a bitter enemy of the gospel of Christ, and that the ruling passion of his soul, was for its destruction. We find nothing recorded of him that looks as if he were hesitating about the course he should adopt, or as if he were laying some plan which would by and by disclose itself to the confusion of his friends and associates ; on the contrary, his whole course was laid in full daylight, and the only plot of which there is the shadow of evidence was a plot for spreading desolation and havoc through the church. If he were a deceiver, was not the development of his treachery unrivalled in the annals of deception ? On what principle, is it to be accounted for, that up to the moment when the wonderful scene of his professed conversion took place, he had been an infuriated persecutor of the cause to which he then so suddenly feigned himself to be devoted ?

But if Paul had been a deceiver, what object could he have expected to gain by a false profession of christianity ?

That men sometimes now assume such a profession from mere worldly considerations, there can be no doubt ; but it is to be remembered that the state of things in relation to this subject, has mightily changed since the days of Paul Then to become a christian was scarcely less than to sacri-

fice everything, and finally to be put on the list of martyrs. No man enters upon any great enterprise without proposing to effect some purpose by it. Let us see then what end Paul could have proposed to himself, provided he had assumed a profession of Christianity without believing it. His object must have been the advancement of his own happiness in some way or other; and his views in this respect must certainly have been limited to the present world, for imposture surely cannot look for happiness as its reward in a future one. Suppose then that the love of ease had been the Apostle's ruling passion. In coming over to the side of Christianity, he bade adieu to every thing like ease for his whole life, and entered upon a course of labor, and conflict and trial, which lasted to his dying hour; and he could have anticipated nothing less than this from the beginning. Was his eye fixed upon the riches of the world? But in becoming a Christian he abandoned every prospect of having more of this world's goods than would barely sustain him; and his whole subsequent course shows that he cared for nothing more. Was he attracted by the hope of sharing largely in the honors of the world? But in taking upon himself a Christian profession; he consented to have his name cast out as worthless among his own countrymen, and to espouse a cause which was identified, both in the estimation of Jews and Heathen, with ignorance and weakness and disgrace. Did he think to become the illustrious leader of a new sect; and to have his name emblazoned as such on the page of history? But this supposes that he was firmly persuaded that that sect would triumph—a conviction which it was impossible that such a man as he, had he been a deceiver, could have ever had. In short, had Paul been governed by any of the various motives by which a bad man must have been influenced, it is certain that he never could have shown himself an advocate for Christianity.

But let the life of Paul subsequently to his conversion, be the refutation of the slanderous suspicion that he was

insincere. Point to a single act of his which looked as if he was aiming to advance his own selfish interests, or have any other object in view than the glory of his great master, and the salvation of his fellow-men. Where shall we find more noble sacrifices, more of a generous and disinterested spirit, than are exhibited in every part of his history, subsequent to the scene which we are contemplating? If the history of Paul be the history of an impostor, then it must be confessed that Paul furnished an exhibition of human nature to which there has been no parallel in the history of the world. The very supposition involves the infidel in a maze of contradiction from which he can never extricate himself.

Paul then in the account which he has given of his conversion, was neither a deceiver, nor was he deceived. The circumstances of the case utterly forbid either. Of course the statement he has given is true; and of course the gospel is true; and if true, of course it is divine.

And this is a conclusion in which the Christian has a right to triumph; because the gospel is the foundation of all his hopes. Let him hold this gospel to his heart then, with stronger confidence and more devout affection. Let him live more under its purifying influence. Let him meditate more on its precious truths. Let him think of no other solace in adversity, and desire no other refuge in death than the gospel, and that glorious Redeemer whom it reveals. But let the sinner, while he contemplates the authority and divinity of the gospel, tremble; for it confirms all the fears of an awakened conscience; and while it declares that "he that believeth on the Son hath life," it also declares with no less certainty, that "He that believeth not shall not see life, but the wrath of God abideth on him."

Aphorisms.—Avoid a slanderer as you would a scorpion. Thou shalt govern many, if reason govern thee.

MRS. WESLEY'S METHOD IN HER FAMILY.

Mrs. Wesley, the mother of the immortal John Wesley was assiduous in teaching her children their duty to God and to their parents. She had nineteen children, most of whom lived to be educated. All these were educated by herself. Their times of going to bed, rising in the morning, dressing, eating, learning, and exercise, she managed by rule; which was never suffered to be broken, unless in case of sickness. From her, Mr. John Wesley derived all that knowledge in the education of children, which he has detailed so simply, and so successfully enforced. It has been wondered that a man who has no children of his own, could have known so well how they should be managed and educated; but that wonder will at once cease, when it is recollected who was his instructress in all things, during his infancy and youth. Mrs. Wesley had little difficulty in breaking the wills of her children. They were early brought by rational means under a mild yoke; they were perfectly obsequious to their parents; and were taught to wait their decision in every thing they were to have, and in every thing they were to perform. They were taught also to ask a blessing upon their food, to behave quietly at family prayers, and to reverence the Sabbath. They were never permitted to command the servants, or to use any words of authority in their addresses to them. Mrs. Wesley charged the servants to do nothing for any of the children unless they asked it with humility and respect; and the children were duly informed that the servants had such orders. "Molly, Robert, be pleased to do so and so," was the usual method of request both from the sons and daughters; and because the children behaved thus decently, the domestics reverenced and loved them; were strictly attentive to, and felt it a privilege to serve them. They were never permitted to contend with each other; whatever differences arose, the parents decided, and their decision was

never disputed. The consequence was, there were few misunderstandings among them, and no unbrotherly or vindictive passions; and they had the common fame of being the most lovely family in the county of Lincoln!

How much evil may be prevented, and how much good may be done, by judicious management in the education of children! We here give Mrs. Wesley's own views and conduct.

"In order to form the minds of the children, the first thing to be done is to conquer their will, and bring them to an obedient temper. To inform the understanding is a work of time, and must with children proceed by slow degrees, as they are able to bear it; but the subjecting of the will is a thing that must be done at once, and the sooner the better; for by neglecting timely correction, they will contract a stubbornness and obstinacy which are hardly ever after conquered, and never without using such severity as would be as painful to me as to the child. In the esteem of the world they pass for kind and indulgent, whom I call cruel parents; who permit their children to get habits which they know must be afterwards broken. Nay, some are so stupidly fond, as in sport to teach their children to do things, which in a while after they have severely beaten them for doing. When a child is corrected it must be CONQUERED, and this will be no hard matter to do, if it be not grown headstrong by too much indulgence. And when the will of a child is totally subdued, and it is brought to revere and stand in awe of its parents, then a great many childish follies and inadvertencies must be passed by. Some should be overlooked and taken no notice of, and others mildly reproved; but no wilful transgression ought ever to be forgiven children, without chastisement, less or more, as the nature and circumstances of the offense may require. I insist upon CONQUERING the will of children betimes, because this is the only strong and rational foundation of a religious education, without which both precept and example will be ineffectual. But when this is

THOROUGHLY done, then a child is capable of being governed by the reason and piety of its parents, till its own understanding comes to maturity, and the principles of religion have taken root in the mind. As self-will is the root of all sin and misery, so whatever cherishes this in children, insures their after wretchedness and irreligion; whatever checks and mortifies it, promotes their future happiness and piety. This is still more evident, if we farther consider, that religion is nothing else than the doing the will of GOD, and not our own; that the one grand impediment to our temporal and eternal happiness being this self-will, no indulgences of it can be trivial, no denial unprofitable; so that the parent who studies to subdue it in his child, works together with God in renewing and saving a soul. The parent who indulges it does the devil's work; makes religion impracticable; salvation unattainable; and does all that in him lies to destroy his child, soul and body, for ever."

HINTS TO FARMERS.

As thousands of our readers are settled amidst rural walks, I shall occasionally give some HINTS, from the most valuable authorities, on the subjects of agriculture, horticulture, etc.

It is much to be wished that our farmers were more desirous to possess good, fertile, productive farms than large farms. If farmers, instead of increasing the number of their acres, would bestow more care and expense in cultivating, in the best possible manner, every acre they already possess, they would live easier, and become richer and happier. It has often been remarked, especially by those who have travelled abroad, that the great fault of American farmers lies in their eager desire to add field to field,

which often impoverishes them, keeps them in doubt, and renders them unable to bring any of their land into the highest and most profitable state of cultivation.

The advice of Dean Swift should be treasured up by every good farmer. This distinguished man said, "Whatever can make two ears of corn or two blades of grass grow upon a spot of ground where only one grew before, deserves better of mankind, and does more essential service to his country, than the whole race of politicians put together."

The editor of the Maine Cultivator tills but a single acre of land; but this he does in such a manner as to obtain from it an astonishing amount of produce.

One third of an acre he devotes annually to corn—the long-eared, large kerneled, eight rowed yellow corn, that is not very early and not very late. With him, it had ripened every year for the last ten years that he has cultivated it. The soil he makes rich. He applies to it, before ploughing, at the rate of eighteen or twenty cords of long manure to the acre, (or six to the third of an acre) and turns it under by the plough. He plants the hills three feet and a half apart one way, and three feet the other, EXACTLY, by measurement with a line. In each hill he deposits either a shovelful of old, rotten, hog manure, or as much light manure as will not over-stimulate the crop. From this third of an acre he has realized, on an average, for years, over thirty bushels of sound corn for grinding, besides a little gig corn for hogs in the fall of the year. This is as much corn as he needs in his family, beside a sufficient surplus for fattening one large or two small hogs. From the same land, he ordinarily obtains some two or three hundred pumpions, which serve important purposes in the family, besides being an excellent article for boiling up with the hogs potatoes, giving a cow, etc. From the some land, too, he has generally obtained all the dry white beans he has needed in his family to go with his pork, which he raises by the avails of his land, without purchas-

ing of others. The corn fodder is carefully cut and cured, and helps as a subsistence for the cows. So much for ONE THIRD of an acre.

A small portion of land is set apart for the culture of onions. Ordinarily he raises from fifty to seventy bushels on a bed, say half a dozen rods square. These he sells on the average at one dollar per bushel—say for sixty dollars per year. This purchases his flour and rye, at common prices. So that from the first third of an acre, and an onion bed, he raises all his bread—brown and white.

On two other large beds, he grows generally about fifty bushels of mangel-wartzel and carrots. These are for the cow's winter provender. They more than pay for themselves in the milk and butter—to say nothing of the saving of hay and other provender. With a very little hay, together with the corn fodder and roots, a good cow, and he finds it economy always to keep the BEST, may be kept through the winter.

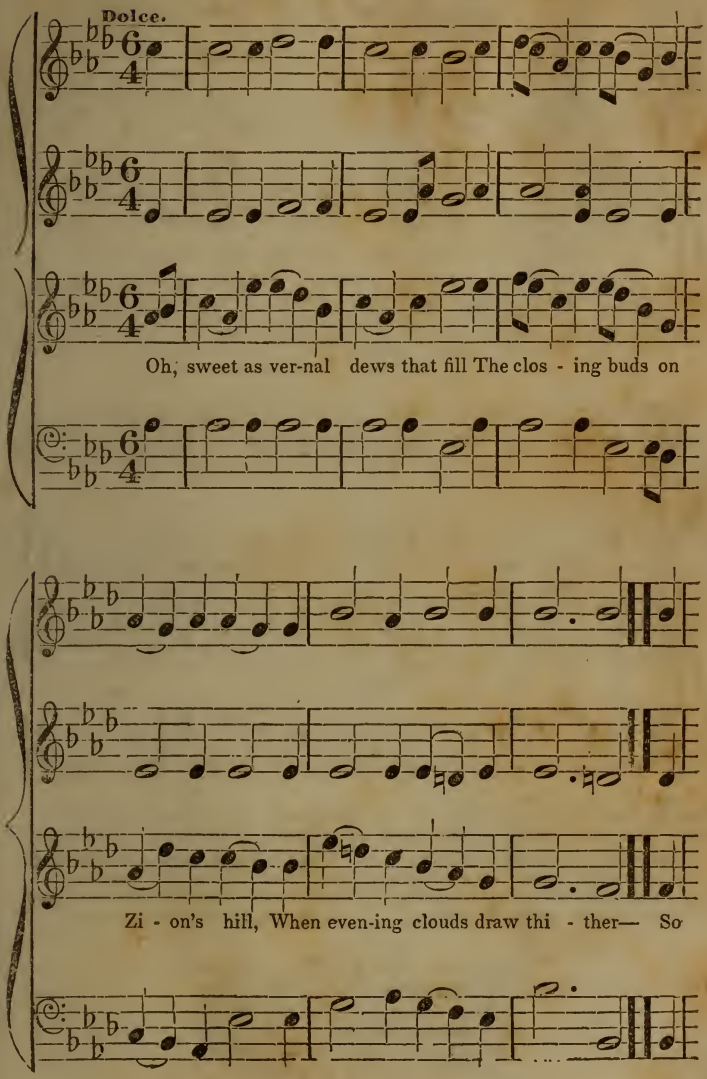
Potatoes, for summer and autumn use, are planted on the margins, and wherever there is a vacant chance for a hill; and a department is expressly devoted to them, large enough to raise all that are wanted for the table, and enough to spare for the hogs, etc.

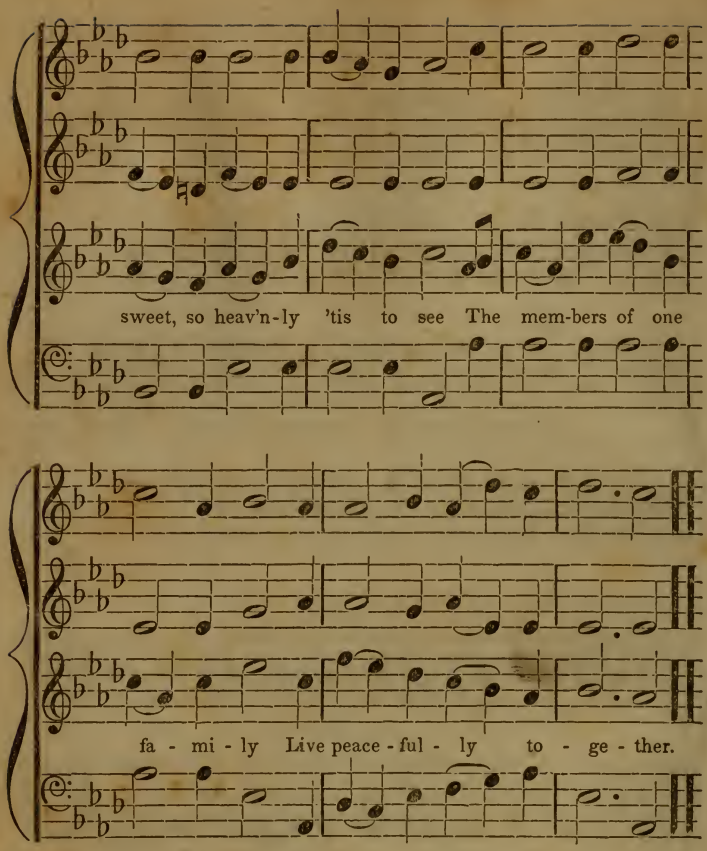
So far relates to bread, butter, pork—and we might add, poultry.

Then the rest of the land is devoted to—too many things to mention here; beets, parsnips, cabbages, turnips, green-beans, peas, green corn, cucumbers, melons, squashes—summer and winter sorts, etc., etc. besides fruits and flowers of various kinds; grapes, Antwerp raspberries, black do.; currants—white, red, black, and yellow; English and common gooseberries; and a few choice apple, pear, plum, cherry, peach, and quince trees. All this from a SINGLE ACRE, which he cultivates mostly with his own hand.

Original.

ORFORD. T. Hastings.





2

The children like the lily flow'rs,
On which descend the sun and show'rs,
Their hues of beauty blending;
The parents like the willow boughs
On which the lovely foliage grows,
Their friendly shade extending.

3

But leaves, the greenest, will decay,
And flow'rs, the brightest, fade away,
When autumn winds are sweeping;
And be the household e'er so fair,
The hand of death will soon be there,
And turn the scene to weeping.

4

Yet leaves again will clothe the trees,
And lilies wave beneath the breeze,
When spring comes smiling hither;
And friends who parted at the tomb,
May yet renew their loveliest bloom,
And meet in heav'n together.

GEMS.

CENTURY PLANT.

THE PARK,

AND CITY HALL, NEW YORK.

BY THE EDITOR.

With a steel Engraving.

The New York Park is a triangular enclosure of eleven acres, in the southern section of the city, and is a point of more beauty and attraction than any other in America.

"Broadway, the much crowded and much praised Broadway, pours its tide of population past the western side of the verdant triangle, and, just at the park, its crowd and its bustle are thickest. Broadway is a noble street, and on its side-walks may be seen every thing that walks the world in the shape of a foreigner, or a fashion—beauties by the score, and men of business by the thousand.

It would be difficult to describe the prevailing style of dress in Broadway, for fashions have become unfashionable, and each man and woman dresses as fortune pleases."

The City Hall was erected in 1803 at an expense of five hundred thousand dollars. It is an elegant structure principally of white marble, and is two hundred and sixteen feet long and a hundred and five feet broad. Upon this building hangs an immense bell, which never rings but to give alarm of fire.

Near the centre of the Park is a circular fountain of water three hundred feet in circumference; from the centre of which rise splendid jets to a height of from forty to sixty feet, and at times covering the whole surface of the fountain with spray.

The Croton Water Works may be numbered among the most noble monuments recorded in the history of this city

or State ; and cost the Corporation, already, more than thirteen millions of dollars.

The water is conveyed from Croton River to the city in an acqueduct nine feet deep and forty miles long. The Reservoirs contain a hundred and seventy millions of gallons ; and the pipes which conduct the water to every part of the city measure two hundred miles—the main pipes are three feet in diameter.

Bordering on the Park are several beautiful public buildings. St. Paul's Church, the Brick Presbyterian Church, etc. The Astor House, the American Hotel, and Clinton Hotel, are houses of public entertainment of the first class ; each are filled with all that can make a pilgrims life a happy home. The Astor House is the largest, most superb Hotel in America, and cost more than half a million of dollars.

The American Museum stands near the lower end of the Park and Broadway, and is, by far, the most valuable institution of the kind in this country ; containing, it is said, more than five hundred thousand curiosities of Nature and Art.

In the Mineralogical Department may be seen a mammoth Quartz Crystal, measuring thrity-seven inches in circumference and twenty eight inches in length, weighing two hundred and twenty pounds. The Cosmorama of this Museum is one of great beauty and attraction.

The New York Museum fronting on the Park and opposite the City Hall, is an old and most respectable institution, and is crowded with choice curiosities, from almost every part of the world—its picture gallery is of the first order.

"The first State House in this city was constructed of stone, and stood originally at the head of Coenties Slip, facing on Pearl Street, towards the East river. It was built early in the Dutch dynasty in 1642, and became so weakened and impaired in half a century afterwards, that the court sitting there recommended it to be sold, and anoth-

er to be constructed. In 1699, they sold the old building for nine hundred and twenty pounds, "reserving only the bell, the king's arms, and iron works belonging to the prison." By the agreement, leave was granted "that the cage, pillory, and stocks, before the same, be removed any time within one year, and the prisoners in the City Hall to remain one month." "In front of all these, on the river, was placed the RONDEAL, or Half-Moon Fort, where it probably assisted the party sheltered in the City Hall, while the civil war prevailed."

The new building must have been finished in 1700. It stood at the head of Broad Street, fronting on Wall Street; and its lower story formed an open arcade over the foot pavement. It was also the proper prison of the city, and had before it, on Broad Street, a whipping-post, pillory, etc. There were also held the Provincial Assembly, the Supreme Court, and the Mayor and the Admiralty Courts. It was finally altered to suit Congress; and at that time the prisoners were moved to the new jail in the Park; but Congress removing to Philadelphia, it was again altered to receive the courts and State Assembly.

"It was in the gallery of the City Hall, on Wall Street, says Watson in his Annals, that General Washington was inaugurated the first President of the United States. The oath of office was taken in the open gallery in front of the Senate Chamber, in the view of an immense concourse of citizens. There this nobleman of nature, with his noble height and port, in a suit of dark silk velvet of the old cut, steel-hilted small sword by his side, hair in bag and full powdered, in black silk hose, and shoes with silver buckles, made his pledge on a quarto Bible, still preserved in St. John's Lodge. How uprightly, intelligently, and disinterestedly, he executed his task, history will never cease to tell to his fame and glory."

We refer the reader to Watson's Annals for many curious particulars touching the apparel and habits of the New Yorkers in the early part of the last century.

TO THE CENTURY PLANT.

BY MISS ANN C. LYNCH.

With a Colored Engraving.

PLANT of a hundred years! destroying Time,
  Passeth thy gentle race with hurrying tread,
Leaves these thy petals colorless and dim,
  Strews with their wither'd leaves the mossy bed,
  And sweeps them onward with the countless dead,
Ere the swift passing of the summer hour—
  But, beautious flower! above thy towering head
An age hath pass'd and left no trace of power,
Plant of a hundred years! thou seem'st Time's favorite flower!

I would that he had pass'd less lightly o'er thee
  And on thy polish'd leaves some record made
Of all the scenes that long since pass'd before thee,
  When round thee waved a forest, in whose shade
  The Indian lover woo'd his dusky maid.
When the red warriors lit their council fire,
  As peal'd the war-cry over hill and glade,
And then in triumph raised the funeral pyre
  Of the ill-fated captive, bride, or son, or sire.

Alas! fair flower! they've vanish'd from the earth,
  That wrong'd and injured race, and none are here
Of all the friends that knew thee at thy birth,
  No longer near thee rest the wearied deer,
  Thy sister flowers have faded with each year,
Still thou remainest, though they all have flown,
  Like some strange being from another sphere,
Or like some aged man, sad and alone,
May I not linger here, when those I love are gone!

Original,

THE SCRIPTURE RECONCILER.

BY REV. PROF. BUSH, N. Y.

COMMON readers of the Bible are frequently stumbled at meeting with passages apparently contradictory to each other, a feature of Revelation which skeptics have aimed to turn to their account by way of disparagement to the sacred volume. As truth, however, must always be consistent with itself, it is impossible that there should be any REAL conflict in the divine testimony embodied in the Scriptures. Such seeming discrepancies always exist in the LETTER, and not in the SENSE, and a word of explanation will frequently bring them into a perfect tally. In the present paper we propose to exhibit specimens of the manner in which such LITERAL contradictions are to be reconciled.

GEN. i. 31. And God saw every thing that he had made, and behold it was very good.

ECCL. i. 2. Vanity of vanities, all is vanity.

All the creatures of God are good considered in themselves, and as proceeding from God the Creator. But they became corrupted by the fall, and thenceforward ceased to sustain the same relation to their end that they did previously. That becomes VAIN which is perverted from its original design; and that may be good in itself which is rendered vain by reason of the vanity of the user.

GEN. ii. 2. God rested from all his works that he had made.

JOHN, v. 17. My Father worketh hitherto.

God rested on the seventh day from the work of CREA-

TION, but not from the work of PROVIDENCE in upholding and governing all that he had made. It is in this latter sense that our Saviour ascribes continued working to his Father.

GEN. vi. 6. It repented the Lord that he had made man.

1. SAM. xv. 29. God is not a man that he should repent.

Repentance is taken in Scripture both for a change of mind and a change of conduct. In the former sense it cannot be affirmed of God, "for he is of one mind, and who can turn him?" But in the latter sense it may. God may change his dispensations towards men in view of a change in their conduct towards him. In this case he is said to act as men would act if they changed their minds. It is merely speaking of God after the manner of men.

GEN. vi. 9. Noah was a just man and perfect.

PSAL. xiii. 3. There is none that doeth good, no, not one.

Perfection in Scripture implies perfection of parts rather than of degrees. Noah was perfect in the sense of upright, sincere, and having all the traits of the renewed nature clearly and harmoniously developed. In this sense many of the saints in all ages have been perfect, but not in the sense of being entirely free from sin. There is such a thing as a perfect Christian, but no such thing as a perfect heart.

GEN. iv. 16. And Cain went out from the presence of the Lord.

PS. cxxxix. 7. Whither shall I go from thy spirit, or whither shall I flee from thy presence.

The "presence of the Lord," from which Cain fled was the manifested token of his presence in the place where his worship was performed, the visible Shekinah. From this he could flee; but the Psalmist's words express the impossibility of fleeing from the omnipresent spirit of Jehovah.

Original.

GUIDE TO THE HEAVENLY COUNTRY.

BY REV. WM. SPRAGUE, D.D. ALBANY.

We propose to suggest some directions for the benefit of those who aspire to obtain the heavenly country.

It must be with you an object of strong desire. We are never likely to accomplish any object which we regard with a state of feeling approaching to indifference, and especially if the object be one of weighty magnitude. We are sure, under the influence of such a spirit, not to compass it—for it requires vigorous and continued effort, and that is not likely to be called forth, unless there is a corresponding interest felt in it—unless there is a corresponding desire to obtain it. What was it at the commencement of our revolutionary struggle that made an impression upon the minds of so many, that notwithstanding the inequality of the contest, our cause would finally come off victorious? It was that there was a spirit in favor of liberty, mounting up to enthusiasm on every side. The American people were determined that they would be free, and though there were found enough who were willing to bare their bosoms to the sword, yet there were few who were ready to yield their necks to the yoke, and the consequence was that the American cause succeeded, and the tree of liberty was planted here; whereas, if there had been little fervor of spirit, there would have been little efficiency of action, and America might have remained in thraldom to this day. Just so it is in seeking the heavenly country—if you have only some feeble and general desires for it—if it occupies few of your thoughts, and calls forth little of your resolution, you may rely on it

that you will make no efforts to gain it that will be effectual. It is not till you are brought to the point of valuing and desiring it above all things else, and of resolving that, by God's grace, you will obtain it, though it should be at the expense of every earthly good, that you will even begin to seek it in a proper manner. Hence the language of the Saviour, "If any man will be my disciple, let him deny himself, and take up his cross and follow me."

If you would seek that country successfully, YOU MUST ENDEAVOUR TO GAIN ALL THE INFORMATION YOU CAN RESPECTING IT. If you were looking toward some other earthly country as a home, which you had never had an opportunity of exploring for yourself, it would be quite natural to cast about you for all the information you could gain respecting it. You would not only inquire of those who had actually been there, but you would carefully examine whatever might have been written concerning the country by intelligent travellers, that you might gain as accurate an idea of it as possible. And the same thing you will do if you are really in earnest in seeking the heavenly country; and happily there are sources of information within your reach, the most authentic and the most complete. There is the testimony of at least two credible witnesses respecting it, who had been translated thither in vision, and had been permitted to listen to its melody and gaze upon its glory; and what is infinitely more important, there is a minute description of it given by the Lord of the country himself, who left it for a season and became an inhabitant of this earth, and who has told us as much about it as we have capacities to comprehend. Now, I say, if you are really in earnest in your efforts to reach that country, you will be eager to examine every credible account of it that is extant, and you will not rest with mere general impressions, but will endeavor to make your knowledge as distinct and as minute as possible. In other words, if you are really seeking Heaven, you will be a diligent student of the Bible; not only because it marks out the path to Hea-

ven, but because it gives you, so far as any thing on earth CAN give you, a view of its glories.

If you will seek effectually the heavenly country, YOU MUST SECURE AN INTEREST THERE BEFORE YOU ARRIVE IN IT. It sometimes happens that persons who are about to emigrate to another country take the precaution to secure a residence in it before they leave the place in which they have been accustomed to reside, though it is perhaps more common to defer the ultimate arrangement, especially where the country to which they are bound is very distant, until they actually reach it. The christian always gains an interest in the heavenly country before he becomes an inhabitant of it. He does this, not by purchase, for that was effected by his Redeemer before he had a being, and the price paid for it was blood; what he has to do is to enter into covenant with this Redeemer—the great condition of which, on his part, is living faith, and on performing this condition he becomes as truly entitled by the constitution of divine grace to a place in the heavenly country, as if he had actually paid an equivalent for it, and it was made over to him on the ground of strict justice. Such an arrangement as this is made and completed in every case, and in most cases the title is in some good degree ascertained before the christian emigrates to his heavenly home. When he contemplates the fact that he is but a pilgrim and stranger here, it is his privilege to reflect that the future is definitely provided for; that though he may have no earthly possessions, and no place on earth that he can call his home, yet in Heaven he HAS an inheritance secured to him by a Redeemer's blood and a Redeemer's promise, which is incorruptible, undefiled, and fadeth not away. There are those who imagine that it is safe to defer making any arrangement in respect to an interest in the heavenly country till they are actually on the line that separates this world from the next. What God in his adorable sovereignty may do on a death-bed, in some rare cases, it is not for us to decide; but if we can rely on

the divine testimony, or learn anything on this subject by observation, we must believe that, in all ordinary cases, he who has no interest in the heavenly country till the last hour of his existence, finds his everlasting portion in that world where hope never comes.

If you will seek the heavenly country successfully, YOU MUST AVAIL YOURSELVES, AS FAR AS POSSIBLE, OF THE COMPANY OF OTHER PILGRIMS WHO ARE TRAVELLING IN THE SAME DIRECTION. In some of the eastern countries where there are not only ravenous beasts, but man prowls about to destroy his fellow man, it is common for large numbers to travel in a body, with a view to mutual security, and in this way they pass along with comparative safety, when. if they were to travel in a more scattered or isolated way, it would be at the imminent hazard of life. And if you were contemplating a remove only to a very distant part of our own country, especially if there were large tracts of wilderness to be passed over before your destined home could be reached, you would gladly join yourselves to a party of emigrants to the same region, rather than travel the long distance solitary and single handed. Now there is a much stronger reason why you, who have your faces set toward the heavenly land, should avail yourselves of the company of your fellow emigrants, for the whole region that lies between you and the country to which you are looking is wilderness, and it is infested with hostile tribes who are always on the alert to annoy the christian traveller, and you will need each others' counsels, and prayers, and efforts continually, for the purposes of defence and protection. I call upon you, then, ye pilgrims, who are bound to the heavenly country, to band yourselves together, so far as possible, that the enemies who are lying in wait for you, may look upon you as a mighty host, and be afraid to encounter so much strength. And it is not merely for purposes of DEFENCE that you are to be united, but for purposes of mutual sympathy, and counsel, and co-operation in all the difficulties and trials and duties, connected with your journey. When you

are faint and weary, lean upon each other's arms. When you are half discouraged by the greatness of the way, encourage each other by pointing to the mountains of Canaan which lift their heads in the distant clouds. When corrupt nature for a moment gets the better of you, and the thought comes into your mind, and possibly the sentiment escapes your lips, that you have sacrificed too much for the sake of a future and distant good, be willing that such a sentiment should instantly meet with a rebuke; and count it a privilege that you have a brother at your side, who stands ready to perform the monitory office. In short, this associating together will make your journey in every respect more easy and pleasant; and it is a delightful thought, that you who will have been fellow-travellers together in the way to Heaven, will be fellow-sharers together in the glories of Heaven.

And finally, you cannot expect to seek the heavenly country to any good purpose, unless you put yourself under the direction of an all wise and all gracious Guide. Suppose you were travelling through an earthly wilderness in which you had never been before, and there were paths leading in every direction, all of which, except one, were beset with snares and pitfalls, and you knew not which was the path of safety—the path for you; would you not think it extremely desirable that you should have an experienced guide? Would you even think it prudent to venture into the wilderness without one? And, think you, do you need a guide less in the perilous journey which you are making through the wilderness of sin? Methinks, I hear you say, that you dare not take a step without one, lest that step should be down a precipice, where the plunge might be fatal. And blessed be God, you know who your guide is. His name is Jesus—he knows every inch of the ground that you have to pass over. No part of the wilderness is so thick or dark that he will be liable to be lost in it; for his eyes are like a flame of fire; he knows where all the enemies lurk, and where all the snares are spread, and

where all the narrow passes are, at which your safety will be peculiarly jeoparded. And he offers to go before you continually; and he has given you a chart of the wilderness through which you are passing, and a chart of the country toward which you are travelling; and he bids you think of the light that will shine upon the future amidst all the darkness that hangs over the present; and he assures you that if you keep your eye steadily upon him, you shall neither grow weary nor lose your way. As you desire, christian pilgrim, to move forward with perfect security let me counsel you to look unto Jesus. Walking in his foot-steps, nothing shall harm, nothing shall retard you. In every trial you will be sustained; in every conflict, victorious; and at no distant period you will have proved the skill and faithfulness of your Guide, in having reached safely, joyfully, victoriously, that country toward which your eye and your heart are directed.

Blessed be God, there are pilgrims all over this wilderness who are making their way towards the heavenly country. Fix your eye now upon any one of these travellers, and mark his progress, and follow him till his journey ends. He resolves while he is yet young, that he will emigrate to the heavenly country; and with earnest desire and strong resolution, he sets his face thitherward. His Bible is the man of his counsel, here he finds a description of the country on which his heart is fixed, and there too the path is marked out which conducts him to it, and all the directions are given which are necessary to a safe and certain passage. But scarcely has he entered the wilderness, before he is vigorously assaulted by spiritual enemies. The blandishments and gaieties of the world, make their appeal to him, with a view to urge him out of his path; the soft voice of flattery, the withering look of disdain, the sneering smile of contempt, the reiterated charge of superstition, are all faithfully employed to induce him to turn out of his course. But looking unto Jesus, he gathers strength to resist them all, and hold on his way. Further

onward, in his journey, he has to encounter a different set of enemies—the bustle of the world, the vexation of business, the desire of worldly gain—each in turn intrudes, and would fain arrest him in his pilgrimage, and carry him back to the world. But He who enabled him to triumph over the enemies in his youth, enables him now to triumph over the enemies of his manhood; or if he falls temporarily into their power, it is only that the higher power of his Redeemer's grace may be manifested in his deliverance. He is not alone, but he is moving onward with a great company; and they beguile the hours of their pilgrimage and the horrors of the wilderness by joining together in their songs of praise. At length he becomes old and grey-headed, and his eyes grow dim, and his limbs totter. But as a traveller towards Heaven, he is constantly renewing his strength, and his vision becomes stronger and his progress more rapid. But now there are indications that nearly the whole of the wilderness is behind him, and lo! as he ascends the mount of privileges, he looks off upon the promised land. And while his spirit is enhanced with the beauty of the prospect, suddenly there is a cold, dark stream rolling at his feet. He reaches out the hand of faith, and his all-precious guide takes him and bears him over. The waves dash, the storm beats, the clouds look black and angry, but amidst all this war of elements he sinks not—shudders not—for he knows what arm is beneath him. Listen, and you will hear from the other side of Jordan the songs of angels rising to a loftier note—It is because the old pilgrim is safe on the heavenly shore.

An excellent rule for living happy in society, is, never to concern one's self with the affairs of others unless they desire it. Under pretence of being useful, people often show more curiosity than affection. When tempted to meddle with our neighbors, let the question be first asked, How stand our own souls in the sight of God?

Original.

THE CLOSE OF DAY

BY J. E. D. COMSTOCK.

Lo! the day in twilight hushes,
  Lone repose sits on the hill;
The tired stream in mellowed gushes
  Falls beside the distant mill;
Like a bride the white cloud blushes,—
  Heaven is saying, "Peace—be still."

Mark the forest dark and pensive,
  And the flowers that meekly grow;
Are THEY ever apprehensive,
  Heaven will not its dews bestow?
Man, doubt not His love extensive
  Dew-like shed on all below.

Star by star from heaven sallies—
  Day before the night retreats;
Softly in the cultured valleys,
  Zephyr kisses all she meets;
Scorns the city's reeking alleys,
  And its hot and crowded streets.

O, those hours, when, gentle hearted
  Lone at eve a boy I strayed!—
Then I thought the soul departed
  Dwelling where the eye surveyed!
In my heart strange feelings started
  Of all things which God had made.

Passions high, and wild and vicious,
  Rage not at this peaceful hour;
Come, O spell of love delicious,
  Make this heart thy happy bower;
Drive away each thought pernicious,—
  Let it own thy tranquil power.

Lo! the day in twilight hushes—
  Notes of peace our borders fill;
By the stream where shoot the rushes
  Hear the lonely warbler's trill;
Sweetly now the landscape flushes,
  Heaven is saying, "Peace—be still."

Original.

SALVATION ONLY IN CHRIST.

ILLUSTRATED IN THE NARRATIVE OF SARAH LUCRETIA PUDNEY, LATE OF FISHKILL, N. Y.

BY REV. R. G. ARMSTRONG.

HERE is Sarah's grave. Here is the plain marble slab which surviving affection erected to her memory. This is the grave-yard where I have seen her so often pensively leaning upon the tombstones, and treasuring up many a useful lesson from the mementoes of mortality around her; and this is the spot in which she and so many of her kindred lie buried. This is the church, where she and they first gave themselves in covenant to God, and enjoyed so many sweet and refreshing seasons under his ordinances; for they loved the house of God, and worshipped there in the beauty of holiness. There I spent the happiest years of my ministry, and labored the most pleasantly in my master's vineyard; for God was with us, of a truth, and in that sanctuary, many a thanksgiving has gone up from new-born souls for the riches of redeeming mercy.

Years have passed away since Sarah went to her rest; but the lessons which her history impressed upon me are fresh as ever in my mind, and their fragrance is yet around my heart.

In that broad expanse of open country to the eastward at the distance of three miles stood her father's dwelling. But this rich and beautiful plain, which spread its enchantments around the place of her birth, was fruitful, as every thing on earth is, in the seeds of suffering and sorrow; for there consumption whetted its dart, and many a lovely victim fell before it as she did.

Sarah was the first born of eleven children. The father

was a lively, kind-hearted man; and the mother, of a more sedate and quiet turn, was a sweet-tempered and excellent woman. Sarah was amiable and interesting. She had tasted already deeply of life's bitterness, without the supports of religion to comfort her; for she had buried the husband of her youth, and felt herself wretched. Soon after her first-born son died, a second son was spared to engross her affections and keep fresh before her the remembrance of his orphanage.

Even in a state of nature she was one of whom the world could say no wrong. She was obliging, even when it called for self-denial to be so; and, from a warm and feeling heart, gushed, as from an overflowing fountain, streams which gladdened the needy; while she sincerely sympathized with woes which she could not relieve.

Had Jesus met her as he did the young man, mentioned in the gospel, he would have loved her amiable character, for she too, could have said, "ALL THESE HAVE I KEPT FROM MY YOUTH UP." But when told that ONE THING SHE LACKED, she did not go away in sorrow, as he did, and neglect the great salvation. The truth convinced her she was a sinner; that she hated God, had rebelled against him, and was ruined. It startled her. She listened in painful agitation, to the charge, as to a voice which came upon her from another world. She listened—as if to catch the import of some distant note of warning, till it came fresh and full upon her ear, and sunk deep into her heart. Her eyes were opened—she felt herself to be a sinner; that she had robbed God of the service which she owed him. She had lived for herself—neglected his calls of mercy, and, stubborn and rebellious, had refused to humble herself before Him. She had resisted the strivings of his spirit, and would not bow to the command, to come as a lost sinner to the Saviour's feet, and cry for mercy there.

The struggle was long and painful. She felt that God was right, and that she deserved the vengeance of eternal fire. Grace conquered; she bowed, and wept, and prayed, and—was forgiven.

Here let us pause to learn a lesson deeply important; NOTHING BUT THE HOPE OF THE GOSPEL WILL SAVE THE SOUL. There are none without some kind of hope of the soul's salvation, even while yet in their sins.

Some say that because they are upright in all their dealings—kind and affectionate and faithful in the social relations, and amiable and tender in their feelings, and do no harm to others, that God will not punish them forever; He is too merciful.

Others think there are many worse than themselves and though walking in the broad way they hope not to perish.

Others make so light of sin, that, in their view God will never visit their TRIFLING delinquency with eternal banishment from his presence.

And others still, if conscience, vigilant and faithful, tells them all these hopes are vain, attempt to silence its upbraidings by the purpose of repenting at some future period; while they say, "Go thy way for this time, when I have a convenient season I will call for thee."

O, how many are lost forever—how many thousands, by trusting to such vain hopes—such strong, but ruinous delusions! They will cling to them, though the word of eternal truth assures them that they MUST be born again—"that there is no peace to the wicked—that there is no other name under heaven, by which men can be saved but that of Jesus Christ." Yes! thousands cling to these delusive hopes, though the truth be written as in sun-beams before them, "Except ye repent, ye shall all likewise perish."

I never meet with such a case as this but I think of Sarah. Could there be hope in native loveliness of character, surely she might lay as good a claim as any to exemption from the retributions of eternal justice and the possession of heaven. Her case illustrates the fallacy of such hopes better than reasoning can do it.

Are any of my readers indulging expectations so vain—hopes, founded in such strange delusions, pause, I beseech

you, and think of Sarah's history. Come now; ye that rest upon such hopes as these, come and stand with me by her grave, and over her mouldering ashes tell me, are these hopes safe? Are you presuming upon the unpromised mercy of God, when she in all her loveliness felt herself so vile, and dare not run the hazard? Do you make light of sin, when in all her external propriety of deportment, it filled her with such agony and remorse to think that she had broken God's law, so good, so righteous, so holy? Can you risk the plea that you are as good as others, when she found no refuge there? Will you trust to your own merit, your honesty, your fidelity in the social relations when she so kind, so ready to relieve the wants of others, cried out for mercy because she felt herself to be the chief of sinners? Dare you trust your eternal all to the purpose of future repentance, when she trembled lest the next moment might be too late?

Fly, fly! to the cross as she did, and like her you may find a refuge. Your hearts are as full of sin, as desperately wicked as she found hers to be. She knew that with such a heart she could not be happy even in heaven, and you would have no relish for its pure joys or holy employments. In heaven you must be wretched. You could not look upon the Lamb in his brightness, nor mingle with holy beings in their songs of praise around his throne. Repent then, as she repented; pray as she prayed, for a heart created anew in Christ Jesus, and like her you can possess a blessed hope that anchors the soul forever.

I will only add that Sarah became the wife of Cornelius T. Pudney, one of the elders of the church of Fishkill, of which I was pastor, and her life as a christian was one of unusual devotedness; and when she was dying, even when the death struggle was hard upon her, as if some sudden thought had struck her, she opened her eyes and said to a friend standing at the bedside, "O, I had almost forgotten it; You will find five dollars in my pocket-book, give it to the cause of missions," and the next moment her spirit took its flight to heaven.

THE WANDERER BROUGHT BACK.

BY REV. SAMUEL T. PRIME, NEW YORK.

A son of pious parents was educated from infancy for the service of God and the work of the holy ministry. He was early taught the great truths of the Bible; and by all the means that God gives to parents to prepare their children for usefulness here, and glory hereafter, he was trained up in the nurture and admonition of the Lord. His early years gave bright promise, that his future life would yield the fruit of parental watchfulness, and that a father's counsels and a mother's prayers would not be lost. And when he left his father's house to complete his education abroad, there was scarce a fear that the tender-hearted boy who could not hear of a Saviour's love without a tear, would ever become a prodigal. Parental confidence was strong that their early instruction would exert an appropriate and restraining power. Christian confidence in God assured those anxious parents that their child would be saved from destruction though he was going into danger. He went abroad. New scenes opened upon him. He was young and ardent, and gay companions welcomed him to their circle, and spread before him the allurements of pleasure and sin. He struggled for a while, against the tempter. But one barrier of virtue after another yielded to the assault, till he fell. The conquest was not easy, but it was at last achieved: and he plunged headlong into the vortex that has swallowed thousands, and from which few have ever been rescued.

There were those who saw his danger, and who desired to deliver him as a bird out of the hand of the fowler. They called him to their company. They set before him the joys of religion, but they had no attractions for his corrupted heart. They spoke of heaven, but his heaven had been already gained. They spoke of hell, but he feared it not; of Jesus and his dying love, but his eye was tearless, and his heart unmoved. Arguments, motives, entreaties were equally vain. The once tender-hearted boy now became hardened in sin. A coat of mail covered his soul.

"How would your parents feel, should they hear that you had become a Christian?" said a pious friend to him, one day, as they

were for a moment together. It was an arrow that found its way to his heart. The rock was smitten and the waters gushed. The fountains of the great deep were broken up. He fell on his knees and besought his friend to pray. Aye, he thought of home; of a parent's prayers and tears; and as early recollections thronged upon his mind, he resolved to return. He did turn to God. He renounced the ways of sin, and consecrated himself to the Saviour; and often have those parents been filled with joy, as they have heard the gospel preached by him whom they had in infancy dedicated to the ministry. Every tie but their love was sundered, and that tie drew him back. Parental faithfulness saved him in the hour of peril.

This language is not too strong. God employs means to accomplish his purposes. In this case, he caused the early instructions of those pious parents to spring up like long-buried seed, in the heart of that wayward youth. And such impressions are the most powerful that human instrumentality can make on the soul. The ties that entwine around the heart, and bind it to the scenes of early life, are the strongest that man can throw around his fellow man. And when the sinner leaves the path of virtue and wanders into the ways of the transgressor, those impressions grow fainter and fainter; those ties weaker and weaker; but as long as they are not wholly broken, there is hope.

O yes! there is hope for the vilest prodigal who has not yet forgotten his father's counsels and his mother's prayers. He may be a thief, a robber, a murderer; he may be a wild, lawless, reckless rover on the seas; his hand against every man, and every man's hand against him; sailing under the black flag of piracy, he may riot like an incarnate demon, in scenes at whose recital the world turns pale; he may strew the decks of his prize with the mangled corpses of his victims, and dance in their warm blood; or slake his foul lust on innocence and beauty that have fallen into a pirate's power! He may be all this; he may do all this; but if that monster, I will not call him a man, when the day's work of butchery is done, and he slings himself into his hammock to find repose, then feels the thoughts of home stealing over him; if the memory of a deserted mother who prayed for him in infancy calls a tear unbidden to his eye "unused to weep," there is hope even

for him. He is not altogether lost. That thought may prove a beacon light in the darkness of his heart. He is a wanderer on the broad ocean, tossed by the tempests of heaven, and driven by fiercer tempests in his own soul; but that thought of a mother's prayer and a mother's love, THAT THOUGHT, that last expiring ray of hope, may be the polar star that shall lead him back to virtue, home and God.

The return would be more natural than the departure. He would follow the guidance of an impression which, it may be, the Holy Spirit made on his heart when he sat on his father's knee, or bowed by his mother's side to repeat his evening prayer.

Parents! your power is next to Omnipotent over the children that God has given you. The cords you fasten on their hearts, are the strongest that human power can furnish to hold them back from ruin. Follow them with the ceaseless influence of parental love, from infancy onward to the grave. Make home sweet to your child. Throw around his heart a thousand tender associations that will bind him, as with links of iron, to the home of his childhood; to the parents that nurtured and sheltered him, and wept and prayed for him long ere he knew the meaning of prayers or tears. Impress on his heart your tenderness, your deep anxieties for his everlasting weal; and when he breaks away from your arms, and rushes on in the ways of death, it may be, yes, it may be, that he who would trample on a Saviour's blood, and despise the grace of God, and break his laws and reject his proffered love may pause, before he crushes beneath his feet his MOTHER'S HEART.

A MOTHER'S LOVE.

OH the fulness of a mother's love. Time, nor change, distance, disease, wrong, unkindness, cannot exhaust it. It lives a fountain of undying waters, where the outcast, the wanderer may return, and the same hand that wiped away the tears of childhood, will be put forth, to cool the fevered brow, and the parched lips of the world's rejected victim.

Original.

BELSHAZZAR'S FEAST.

BY E. G. LITTLE, PRINCETON THEOLOGICAL SEMINARY.

The last rays of the setting sun were gleaming with resplendid effulgence upon the gilded spires and domes; when the melodious strains of sweet music echoing through the spacious vaults of the imperial palace, announced that, a night of festivity and mirth had at length arrived, which in anticipation had absorbed every thought, both of the young and beautiful, as well as of the wise and great. All the expense, taste, and labor, that a rich and lavish monarch could bestow was expended in preparation for the sumptuous banquet. Suspended from the walls of the spacious saloon, hung chandeliers of massive gold, reflecting their bright rays from chains of sparkling crystals; through the rich mosaic spring, jets of crystal water sporting in the light and reflecting all the various hues of the rainbow; festoons of the choicest flowers, curiously wrought crown the walls; and sweet fumes of the burning sandalwood, and of the spicy reed, fill the long corridor. In the midst of the banquet hall tables and side-boards are spread with the richest viands and the rarest delicacies with every thing that could gratify the taste or please and delight the eye, soon all that is great and noble, all that is fair and beautiful in the vast city, is assembled in the magnificent palace of the king; who arrayed in royal purple is seated upon his throne of ivory, and as he looks around upon his counselors of state and his men of war reclining upon their golden couches, and contemplates the young and beautiful joined in the giddy dance and lightly tripping to the merry notes of the viol and sackbut a secret pride fills his heart, and he begins to say within himself, "What more do I want

but to display my power and wealth?" Immediately he calls for the spoils of war, and soon the sacred vessels are brought, which as yet had never been profaned or devoted to scenes of dissipation, but consecrated to the service of God's HOUSE. The sparkling wine fills the sacred cups, as they drink they praise the god's of gold, of brass, of iron, and of stone.

But soon the voice of mirth and revelry is hushed, and a dread silence pervades the hall. Lo! the cup has fallen from the hand of the king, and the mighty monarch trembles like the aspen leaf. Whence that fear? Why does the haughty prince thus quake with horror? Ah, it is that unearthly hand-writing upon the wall before the king, the mysterious words "MENE MENE TEKEL UPHARSIN." What anxious thought now fills the breast of the terrified man? His joy, his pride, and his happiness, have all forsaken him in a moment, and his only inquiry is, what mean these words, and who can explain them? All are silent, the learned and the wise, the astrologers and magicians, stand in mute suspense. The anxiety of the king increases, and despair is depicted upon his countenance as he casts an imploring look around. But at length the name of Daniel is announced to the King, as of a man endowed with wisdom. In a moment the meek and humble man stands before the mighty king, and fears not to rebuke him for his impiety, and interprets the inscription. "God hath numbered thy kingdom and finished it; thou art weighed in a balance, and art found wanting; thy kingdom is divided, and given to the Medes and Persians." But soon the solemn admonition is forgotten; charmed by the syren voice of pleasure, the words interpreted by the man of God seem like an idle tale. Again their cups are filled and the voice of mirth is heard, once more the monarch smiles, and the hearts of the young and gay beat true to the merry strains of the viol, their joy is complete and the vaulted roof echoes with the sound of revelry. But the mer-

ry sound of the viol is soon lost amid the clamorous war-shout. Confusion now reigns in the midst, and the piercing shrieks of the fainting females, echoing through the spacious vaults, form a dreadful contrast with those joyful sounds, that but a moment before met the ear; the men of war grasp their arms and rush to the conflict. But alas! ruin has unnerved their mighty arms, and the often repeated blows of the sword fall harmless upon the brazen armor of the advancing foe. The king falls bleeding upon the threshold, and his mangled body is trampled under the feet of the conquering enemy. They rush in, and now the floor of that magnificent hall runs with blood, and the soft and melodious strains of music are changed for the mournful groans of the wounded and dying. The work of destruction is now commenced and quickly it is completed. Babylon is no more; its brazen gates and lofty towers have crumbled to the dust. Its mighty wall that once seemed to bid defiance, even to heaven itself, have fallen; by the avenging hand of God, and have become a den for wild beasts, and a habitation for serpents—such is sensual pleasure—such is human greatness. How soon the one is turned into the sorrows of death, and the other buried in Oblivion.

PARENTAL AFFECTION.

THE BEAR.

While the Carcase frigate, which went out some years ago to make discoveries toward the North Pole, was locked in the ice, the man at the mast-head gave notice, early one morning, that three bears were directing their course toward the ship. They had no doubt been invited by the scent of the blubber of a sea-horse that the crew had kill-

ed a few days before, which had been set on fire, and was burning on the ice at the time of their approach. They proved to be a she-bear and her two cubs; but the cubs were nearly as large as the dam. They ran eagerly to the fire, and drew out of the flames part of the flesh of the sea-horse that remained unconsumed, and ate it voraciously. The crew threw great lumps of the flesh of the sea-horse, which they had still remaining, on the ice. These the old bear fetched away singly, laid each lump before her cubs as she brought it, and dividing it, gave to each a share, reserving for herself but a small portion. As she was taking away the last piece, the sailors levelled their muskets at the cubs, and shot them both dead; and in her retreat they wounded the dam, but not mortally. It would have drawn tears of pity from any but the most unfeeling, to have marked the affectionate concern expressed by this poor beast in the last moments of her expiring young. Though she was herself dreadfully wounded, and could but crawl to the place where they lay, she carried the lump of flesh she had fetched away, as she had done others before, tore it in pieces, and laid it before them; and, when she saw that they refused to eat, she laid her paws first upon one, and then upon the other, and endeavored to raise them up, all the while moaning most piteously. When she found she could not stir them, she went off; and when she had got at some distance, looked back and moaned; and that not availing her to entice them away, she returned, and smelling round them, began to lick their wounds. She went off a second time as before; and having crawled a few paces, looked again behind her, and for some time stood moaning. But still her cubs not rising to follow her, she returned to them again, and with signs of inexpressible fondness, went round pawing them and moaning. Finding at last that they were cold and lifeless, she raised her head toward the ship and uttered a growl of despair, which the crew returned in a volley of musket balls. She fell between her cubs, and died licking their wounds!

Original.

THE LIVING PICTURE.

BY MISS E. A. COMSTOCK, NEW YORK.

'Twas long past midnight, the silence was unbroken save by the passing footfall of some late wanderer. Cagliosto, a famous artist sat alone in his studio. The rays of the lamp beside him met to a focus on his face and from that sent a dim uncertain light on all around. His was a countenance on which few could look without pity or awe. His broad pale forehead and emaciated cheeks bespoke mental activity and bodily weakness. His glowing dark eyes, large but deep set, evinced a spirit restless and perturbed as a pent up bird ever chafing against its prison wires. He leaned, pale and exhausted against his high-backed chair, with his eyes rivetted on a painting stretched on the easel before him. It was a portrait, but of no living being, it was an embodiment of the shadow of his spirit. He gave it no name, but on his heart was written, The Invisible. It was an altarpiece for the shrine he had raised to the unknown. Days, nights, years had been consumed in the vain task of giving lineaments to the shadow that never left him. Neither moon nor sun gave it birth. Did he wander in the philosophic grove it was there. Did he stoop to pluck a flower the shadow bent with him. And now almost fainting he gazes at the dark mysterious countenance before him and was satisfied. Unknown being, he cried, who art thou, that thus ever haunts me, whether it be alone in this place, or amid the great, the gay, and the reckless? Why art thou never still? Why dost thou draw me from all around to walk sadly with thee? Why 'mid the banquet and the dance do I ever turn away to commune with thee,

oh mysterious and beautiful? A low faint murmur filled the room, the canvass fell to the floor, leaving the picture alone revealed against the darkness of the room. It stood motionless, its eyes fixed sadly on the painter. Who art thou, he asked. Child of earth, I am Thought! I am everywhere throughout all space, but I walk with few, for few are worthy of me. 'Mid the banquet and the dance, I am more lonely than thou, for the beings that revel there are strangers to me, but thou alone, and spiritual, hast invoked my aid, and I follow thy footsteps. Thou canst not resist me, the sensual are not of thee, and thus unwittingly dost thou yield to my power, and art ever alone amid the multitude. I am wedded to thy spirit for I am its first love. Look around on the works of thy hand that held hundreds entranced, who know not that the offspring of Spirit and Thought, is The Ideal.

Oh, thought, cried the painter, then thou knowest the longings of this spirit, its insaciable thirst for the achievement of some good for its race. Canst thou not aid me in this aspiration? The wretched meet me at every step, but the painter is poor, he can only turn aside and weep. Cagliosto, there is nothing hidden from me. I have searched the chambers of thy soul and read the inscriptions on every wall. I have seen thy ardent thirst for the attainment of some great good for thy race. Thou wouldst live or die for the happiness of thy fellow man. Short sighted being, why wilt thou grasp at a shadow and lose the reality. God hath not made thee a victim for sacrifice save in the martyrdom of thy selfish passions. Thou wouldst live for thy race. Behold thou ART living for it. Hast thou given a look of pity on the mourner? Hast thou given a simple flower to the lover of the beautiful, then hast thou not lived in vain? Your dying Saviour on thy easel, destined for a ducal palace, shall go forth an embassador of love. The mechanic worn with daily toil, or a mourner for some form under the sod, shall forget his weariness and his tears to gaze upon it, and it shall tell

him of a better land where liveth the Lamb of God, till the wings of his soul are raised from the earth and are cleansed of its dust, and I shall be with him. He shall have a glimpse of heaven through the ideal, and shall lie down at night contented with his hard lot. The gentle pressure of the hand, the tear of pity seen but by one sad eye, a pure tone of music falling on a home-sick ear, are often ministers of good, less noted but as powerful and beneficent as the works of a Howard. In the silent recesses of the boudoir, where wealth has heaped its luxuries, are hearts withering, gasping for sympathy, more valuable to them than the mines of Golconda, yet they have it not. They have banished me from their presence with drugs and exhilarating draughts, they have no Lethe, so they drink of the present, and revel in its maddest joys, hiding trusting hearts under a mask of happiness. Arouse thee, slumberer, waste not thy midnight oil, in dreaming of some fancied good. This be thy talisman. The shade bent forward, and placed upon the painter's hand a slender ring. A tiny stone of a deep dove color glistened in its centre, the room was gradually filled with its pale light. The painter's heart yielded to its influence. A gentle tenderness stole over it. His eyes softened and pitifully gazed on the stone until it suddenly expanded, and upon it he saw engraved, The Real. Go forth, said the shade, enter the palace and the hovel, and forsake not the revel. No longer devote thy whole spirit to its lovelier offspring. When the bright lips of beauty utter the jest and giddy laugh, look on thy ring, if it grow dim and contract, then hath she need of thee, if not, let her go down to the dust from which she will never return. Grasp the hand of the wily statesman, hath its pressure left no stain on the talisman? His heart is harder than the nether mill-stone, let him sink with its weight. Doth it grow dim as though steeped in tear-drops? Then art thou a herald to him of a happier day. Thou shalt speak sadly and low in his ear, and the stern man shall weep, the prayer of his childhood shall come back on his heart, and his mo-

ther's kiss shall be remembered. Then, oh, Cagliosto shalt thou and I exert our influence, and thy name shall be blessed in prayer and hallowed in memory. Go to the cottage whose inmate is longing for a higher destiny. Where the sparrow is wishing for the eagle's flight, let her look on the tallisman, and like the dove, learn to love the nest that cherished her infancy. The world hath its happy ones, these have need of thee, though they know it not. The maiden with a gentle smile on her lips, needs the answering smile, the appreciating look, and it is the possession of these that constitute her happiness. These gifts are thine, henceforth Cagliosto and sympathy are one.

Original.

GAMBLING AND INTEMPERANCE.

Spite of the excitement which the important subject of temperance has occasioned, spite of the eloquent appeals of the orator in its favor, and the humane exertions of the philanthropist, to stay the hand of the destroyer of our peace, the demon of intemperance still stalks unmolested amongst us, and is secretly but indissolubly winding his serpent-like form around the delicate tendrils of many a youthful heart. Ere we are aware, some tender and affectionate mother, whose only hope was centered in the prosperity of a beloved son, will go down to the tomb, heart-broken, mourning over the melancholy fate of her intemperate child; some lovely sister, whose haggard, care-worn cheek, will tell more eloquently than the orator's appeal, that anguish disappointment and grief, have marked her for their

prey, and will prove but too fearfully the story of a brother's ruin, while the burning tears of some deceived and injured wife, will speak the anguish of her soul, and call down curses on the head of him whose unholy traffic laid the foundation of her ruin, and caused her misery and disgrace. It is sickening to the heart to behold men, who have enrolled themselves under the banner of the meek and lowly Saviour of the world, engaged in the disgraceful traffic of selling rum! They grasp at the gains of iniquity with as much eagerness as if they could purchase Heaven with dross. Is there nothing to stimulate such men to deeds more congenial with their PROFESSIONS? Professions made too at the altar of the Almighty.

Is there nothing to induce them to lay aside such inhuman traffic, for the sake of enriching themselves! I would ask such a professor of religion to go to his store, in the morning, deal out throughout the day to his numerous customers the intoxicating draught, and on the approach of evening, select one of those misguided men, who has, perhaps, expended his last shilling with him for his favorite beverage, follow him to his home—view THERE the want, the misery and the degradation which is displayed, listen, if he can, without a shudder, to the heart-rending cries of helpless infancy asking their cruel father for bread he has not to give them, and then turn a deaf ear, if he dare, to the supplications of the wife and mother, when with soul-stirring eloquence of despair she entreats him by all that is sacred in religion, never again to present to her husband the intoxicating bowl. Go, I ask him, from that scene of wretchedness and misery; go to his own hall of luxury, to his own comfortable fire-side, call around the family altar the wife of his bosom, the children of his affection, and on bended knees ask the God of mercy, of love, and of justice, to bless the labors of the day! Christian! canst thou do so? No, my life upon it, if thou art a true and worthy disciple of the meek and lowly Jesus, those holy words would falter on thy tongue. Thou canst not do it. Give

up then, thy unholy trade. Leave it to him who has no God to worship, no soul to save. Leave it, and on thy death-bed, when scenes of past existence are conjured up, memory will cling to it as one of the noblest sacrifices of thy life.

Ye, too, who indulge in the dangerous amusement of gambling, pause in your mad career. I was lately told an affecting story of a youth, ignorant of the wiles and temptations of this city, who was induced to play, and won! Pleased with the excitement, and having little else to employ his time, he went again to the fascinating scene. He played—and lost; again he hazarded a large sum and lost it all.

It is needless to trace, step by step his path to ruin, suffice it to say, he left the room one night, a BEGGAR. In the frenzy of remorse and madness, he loaded a pistol, and repaired to the abode of the gentleman, who had first induced him to pursue his evil course. Wild, horror-stricken, he stood before him with the fatal weapon in his hand. "Villain," said he, "You are the cause of my ruin and death. My father—my poor dear mother! Oh, could you witness the ruin of your unworthy son! But for one false step, I might have been an honor to your name, now my blood falls upon YOUR soul," he continued, turning to the gambler, and before he could be prevented, he shot himself. This is but one among a thousand, and all, though they may not terminate thus fatally, yet, with name blighted, hopes crushed, reputation gone, and poverty staring the unfortunate wretch in the face, what remains of life to make it desirable? How often have I heard a ruined man remark that he rued the day he ever touched a card! Many will answer, "What harm is there in playing, if it is not for money?" I will tell you. You commence a HARMLESS game of cards; you play again and again. Soon the amusement ceases to charm, because there is no variety in it, there is nothing to be GAINED, nothing to look forward to. Then you stake a trifle, we will say a pound of sugar plums, a

bottle of champagne, etc. for, though you may laugh at this, I have seen some very wise people play cards for such trifles, then you stake a LITTLE money, then a little more, and so on, till it arrives to gambling in its strictest sense at last.

I once heard a minister say, in a sermon to the young, that his first great step in wickedness was a visit to a billiard-room. He only went to LOOK ON! He never thought of joining in the amusement; but it was not long before he wished to try his skill and bet upon it too.

I have been much surprised to see even professors of religion playing cards in this city; and some too, who would not for worlds join in the more harmless exercise of dancing, who look with pious horror at the young and lively partaking in this enjoyment. Pray what possible reason can they give for drawing such a line of demarcation? But we do not wish to be too censorious. Our object is merely to expose the evils attending those two terrible scourges of the human race, namely Intemperance and Gambling, for they are too often attendants upon each other.

THIS IS LIFE

Like to the falling of a star
Or as the flights of eagles are,
Or like the fresh springs gaudy hue,
Or silver drops of morning dew;
Or like a wind that chafes the flood,
Or bubbles which on water stood;
Even such is man, whose borrowed light
Is straight called in, and paid to-night.

The wind blows out, the bubble dies,
The spring entomb'd in autumn lies,
The dew dries up, the star is shot,
The flight is past,—and man forgot,

CROWN IMPERIAL.

PENALTY OF CURIOSITY.

A PARABLE.

BY THE EDITOR.

In a barbarous age, when intellectual and moral darkness covered the world, a war of extermination was mutually waged between two powerful Emperors of the East. Immense forces were collected from all parts of the opposing kingdoms, and preparation was made to render the contemplated encounter one of the most frightful and sanguinary the world ever saw. The revolution was to commence at the city of Bagdad, on the first day of Autumn. The Emperors, as Generals, were to take the head of their respective armies. The day prior to the engagement, at the going down of the sun, the signal notes of the bugle and shouts of the multitude, like the voice of many waters, indicating high and inflexible purpose, filled the air, and went up to heaven.

On that eventful morning which decided the fate of two nations, one of the kings with a battalion of chosen troops surrounded the tent of the Royal family, in the absence of the opposing king, and demanded a full disclosure of the order of battle and mode of attack of her sovereign's army. This demand was peremptorily made with javelins pointed at the heart of the Queen, and the menace of instant death, should she refuse to make the disclosure, while a promise of protection and of the honors of the kingdom was given, should victory be achieved. The Queen, after a few moments consultation with her nobles, made a revelation of the strength of her sovereign's army, and the

contemplated plan of battle. The result was, the king marched his legions into the heart of the opposing forces, took the royal guards by surprise, compelled their commander to surrender his coronet, and led his legions captive almost without the loss of blood. The Emperor and his lords were bound in chains and sent into perpetual exile. The Queen was elevated to the throne, not only of the regions which her sovereign had possessed, but of the dominions of the successful monarch.

Years fled rapidly away, and the Emperor was summoned to the bed of his last sickness. Stung with remorse on account of the injustice he had done the exiled king, he issued a decree just before his death, that he should be raised, as his successor to the throne. After his burial, a corps of knights was despatched to take off the chains of the exiled monarch, and conduct him to the royal seat. On receiving the sceptre a question of all-absorbing interest was presented, as to the disposition to be made of the Queen, whose perfidy had rendered him an exile for twenty years. After much deliberation he resolved to spare her life and confirm to her the honors of his throne. She was ordered privately to be brought into his presence chamber, bound in chains, and clad in rags. She bowed at his feet under the most terrible excitement, to await the sentence of justice which the king might pronounce against her.

The Emperor, in the most touching manner, reverted to the fulness of his early love, which he had not ceased to cherish to the hour of her cruel treachery. He related the tale of his tears and woes, through the years of his ignominious bondage, and then in a stentorian voice ordered the Queen to be taken to the castle and placed in irons. On the next day she was clad in the richest habiliments of royalty, a new coronet was wrought, and placed upon her brow, and as a token of his restored favor, the choicest gem of his own crown was set in her breast-plate, and the Queen summoned into his presence. She obeyed the mandate, and was directed to kneel before him, and make

a full confession of her deed of blood. This she did in the most eloquent language, and with tears. The King rose in the presence of the royal family, fell upon her neck, kissed her passionately and gave her assurances not only of a full absolution, but a free admission to all the riches of his kingdom, with a single exception. In his private chamber was placed a golden goblet, as a token of her covenant, and an oath of fidelity, which she was forbidden to touch on pain of death. All else of his possessions, the King declared were hers, while she kept her vow.

Months, years passed, and numberless expressions of his restored love and affection were manifested towards the Queen. Indeed, more than the former favor of the King was shown to her, for nothing in the range of enjoyment was withheld, that could contribute to her happiness, except the object concealed beneath the cover of the forbidden chalice. After years had elapsed, the King was called into a distant principality. During his absence the Queen became increasingly desirous to know what the prohibited cup contained. So great in a few weeks became her anxiety, that she resolved to gratify her curiosity. Feigning herself sick, she ordered the court, and even her maids of honor not to appear in her presence that morning. She pondered the fearful consequences that might result from her breach of trust; and placed her hands upon the cover, resolved to raise it; but her heart sunk at the thought, for on it was inscribed, FIDELITY OR DEATH. After self-reproaches for her weakness, and indecision, she said to herself, "who is the king, that he should make such a decree, and render me a slave on the throne—is he a god, has he the power of ubiquity, that he should take cognizance of my actions? This vessel, perchance, may contain my death-warrant! I am resolved, pains and penalties notwithstanding, to relieve my intolerable solicitude," and with nervous excitement she wrenched the cover from the fatal cup, and as quick as thought the exiled bird took

its flight from the window into the boundless fields of space!

Loud wails rung in the ears of the life-guards, who rushed to the bolted door, and forcing it open, found the Queen agitated with indescribable agony, her garments rent, and her hair dishevelled. Rumor, with her thousand tongues, spread the intelligence like electric fire, through the kingdom. The throne was ordered to be clothed in sackcloth, and the royal family and court in mourning; while the Queen took her place in solitude to await the penalty of her disobedience, the wrath of the King. Messengers were hastily despatched to the Emperor, who returned with his head shaven and covered with ashes, and his garments dyed in blood. The Queen was sent to the castle, and in the presence of the Court, cut to pieces by the royal guards!!

We have drawn this picture not because we countenance scenes of cruelty and bloodshed; but to educe from it a lesson of moral instruction that our readers may, perhaps, contemplate with profit.

Could the history of idle, inordinate curiosity be written out, could the voice of the fallen thousands be heard, who, by giving reins to idle curiosity, have come to a disgraced or to an inglorious end, this subject would appear of no small importance.

Enough has been recorded on the historic page, if not on the tablets of memory, to awaken all, particularly the young, to reflect upon this subject.

The exercise of curiosity is one of nature's most valuable gifts, but like all others, it may be abused and become an engine of destruction. All nature is full of penalties. If we open the jugular artery, or throw ourselves over a precipice, or drink deadly poison, the penalty must be executed. We may repent and weep tears of blood, but injured nature will not heed our cry for pardon or avert the stroke of justice for the infraction of her laws. In the social and moral world also, there are penalties.

Why did Eve, our first mother, pluck the forbidden fruit? Was it because there was not an overflowing of the riches of God's bounty in the garden, paradise; or because there was any dearth in the boundless field of nature? and, though this was the first sin, of that holy family, did a sin-avenging God avert the penalty? And who can tell the consequences of this single, overt transgression? What mind, what angel, can measure the dire consequences of that breach of the divine law.

> "She plucked, she ate,
> Earth felt the wound, and Nature from her seat,
> Sighing through all her works, gave signs of woe,
> That all was lost."

The heart sickens as we look back upon the history of the apostacy, for six thousand years—as we lift the veil and look through the mighty vista to the end of time—as the mind runs onward through immensity and eternity. And who, for a moment can doubt that inordinate curiosity was the first step that led to the apostasy of man.

Let bounds be set to curiosity that cannot be passed. Let us remember that we must shun the very APPEARANCE of evil. "The very thought of foolishness," says the unerring word of inspiration "is sin." Instances of unrestrained curiosity may have fallen under our own observation, which resulted in mischief or absolute disgrace. Not unfrequently has idle curiosity led youth to break the seal of a letter, or perhaps pick a lock, to their regret, if not to their injury through life.

We give a solitary instance in illustration of this subject.

Edward —— was one of the most amiable, gifted, high-minded youth of our country. He was the pride of the village, the charm of every circle in which he moved, and the fond hope of his parents. He had been early devoted to the cause of Christ, had been taught that the Bible was the only standard of faith and practice; the key of all knowledge.

In his junior year in College, at the interesting, critical age of eighteen, his principles were brought to a most severe ordeal. A strong temptation was presented to his pure mind to depart from that strict propriety of conduct, which from a child, had most singularly characterized him. Although the bait presented by the great adversary was indeed a guilded one, he firmly resisted it; the second and third temptations were resisted with less firmness than the first, until, in an evil hour, he yielded and fell—fell from that pure elevated state of soul which he had maintained from the day he entered the church. His sin was not one of malignant character; it cannot be classed among those of deep moral turpitude, which would blast his reputation and cloud his mortality with gloom; indeed his wrong was what many would call a mere departure from the strictest rules of propriety—but Edward judged not so. His exalted views of propriety and of duty, caused him to feel a keen sense of guilt. What grieved him most was, that by idle curiosity, he had been led, most deliberately to do wrong, after he had been enabled, by the grace of God, once and again to resist the temptation. True, he had injured no one; and no law but the law of God could take cognizance of the deed. Had Edward not been within the pale of the visible church; had he entertained no expectation of entering the holy ministry, he said, "if he had evidence that God, for Chrst's sake, had absolved him, he could forgive himself, but now he could neither forget or forgive." Although he often wept, fasted and prayed, and no doubt obtained that fulness of pardon he needed, yet at intervals, to the bed of his last sickness, he feared that he had committed that sin unto death, which shall never be forgiven!

When disease had wasted to a skeleton his fragile frame, his friend received a letter summoning him to his dying couch. Said Edward, "My good friend —— I have long anxiously desired to see you, to unbosom the sorrows of my inmost soul." At intervals of tears and silence he dis-

closed the subject of his unhappy mis-step, or as he called it, "his apostacy." He said from the hour of this wrong he had not only lost that richest of all earthly boons, a conscience void of offence toward God and toward men," but he had renounced all hope of prosecuting his studies with a view of entering the sacred office; and had retired from the world to the shades of comparative solitude.

Edward's friends saw him daily wasting away under the influence of disease, but knew nothing of the canker that preyed secretly at his heart. Men of the healing art prescribed various antidotes—voyages, tours abroad, etc. were named to him by his solicitous friends; while Edward felt that there was no healing balm for his wounded spirit, on this side of the grave; and no physician who could understand his case, but the great Physician of the soul. He gradually pined away like Summer fading into Autumn—in the midst of youth he fell calmly asleep in Jesus.

Oh, could we open the records of the last day, we might perchance, be able to point to thousands, who by vain curiosity took the first fatal step that led to their disgrace and final ruin.

Respected reader, as you value your purity of mind, as you value your character, as you value your soul, set bounds to curiosity that cannot be passed; avoid all impure conversation, pictures, books—"evil communications corrupt good manners." "Let him that thinketh he standeth, take heed, lest he fall"—lest he fall lower than did the Empress in the parable—lower than the ill-fated, but repentant youth, in the narrative,

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The pleasure of a religious man, is an easy and a portable pleasure, such an one as he carries about in his bosom, without alarming either the eye or the envy of the world. A man, putting all his pleasures into this one, is like a traveller putting all his goods into one jewel—the value is the same, and the convenience greater.

Original.

DESCRIPTION OF THE HEAVENLY COUNTRY.

BY REV. W. B. SPRAGUE, D. D. ALBANY.

It is a characteristic of all good men that they have here no continuing city, no abiding place. They are subject to the inconveniences of travellers, who, as they pass onward from place to place, meet with various accommodations, and sometimes are scarcely accommodated at all, but yet they regard it as comparatively a matter of little moment, as they always have the comfort of reflecting that this is not their home. They have another and better country in view; and the thought that they are soon to come in possession of it, sustains them amidst the weary hours of their pilgrimage. Let me attempt a brief description of it.

It is a LARGE and POPULOUS country. Its oldest inhabitants are the angels who "kept their first estate," and who have been trained through an indefinite number of ages to the service and worship of God. Of these we may suppose that there is a multitude which no man can number, of different orders of intelligence and occupying different stations of dignity. And then this earth has been supplying it with inhabitants, from the death of righteous Abel down to the present hour; and it will continue its contributions down to the last day. The Scripture speaks of the NATIONS of those "that shall be saved." It tells us that they shall come from "the east and the west, from the north and the south, and shall sit down in the kingdom of God." The Apostle John saw "a hundred and forty-four thousand sealed out of the twelve tribes of Israel," and beside these, "great multitude, which no man could number, out of every nation under Heaven." And when we remember that the world has already stood several thousand years, and that

religion at various periods, has been extensively prevalent, and great multitudes have died in the faith, when we consider that it is destined to continue for a long period yet to come, and to contain an incomparably greater population than it has yet had, owing to the cessation of wars and the general prevalence of temperance and industry, especially when we consider that the millenial ages are yet to pass over it—that long anticipated season of jubilee, in which truth shall spring out of the earth, and righteousness shall look down from Heaven; when we consider all this, can we doubt whether the Heavenly country is destined to contain a vast population? And must we not suppose that those passages of Scripture which represent the number of the saved as comparatively small, are designed to refer not to the ultimate number of the ransomed, but to the state of religion at particular times and place?

Yes, the Heavenly country is already populous beyond our conceptions; but every day is adding to the number of its inhabitants. We miss from time to time some from our own immediate circle, who have lived and died in faith; and we are constantly hearing of the departure of those whom we have not known, but who have left behind them a good report; and there are thousands of the same character dying all over the world, whose names have never reached us, but there is not one among them all but has passed into the Heavenly country, and contributed to swell the community of the saved. But notwithstanding these daily emigrations, there is room in that blessed country for more; for the fields of immortality stretch through an immeasurable space, and are adapted to accommodate an inconceivably numerous population. If we were about to emigrate to another country on earth, would it not be a desirable consideration with us that it should be so extensive as to admit large numbers of inhabitants? And may not the same circumstance very reasonably invest the heavenly country with additional attractions to the CHRISTIAN emigrant?

It is a RICH and PLENTIFUL country. It is natural for a person who thinks of removing his residence to a country which he has never visited, to inquire not only whether there is room for inhabitants, but whether there are adequate means for sustaining them. Happily, such an inquiry can be answered in respect to the Heavenly country to the christian's entire satisfaction.

Hear what has been said of it by one who had the privilege, in a sublime vision, of entering it, and making observations for himself. THERE flows "a pure river of water of life, clear as crystal, proceeding out of the throne of God and the Lamb." There grows "the tree of life, which bears twelve manner of fruits, and yields her fruit every month." And of the inhabitants, he declares that they "shall hunger no more, neither thirst any more, neither shall the sun light on them, nor any heat; for the Lamb which is in the midst of the throne shall feed them, and shall lead them unto living fountains of waters; and God shall wipe away all tears from their eyes. By these sublime metaphors are represented the rich variety and abundance in which the Heavenly country furnishes the means of true happiness. Man will not be there, as he is here, grovelling, sensual, polluted; on the contrary, he will be renovated and glorified in his whole nature—his desires will all be spiritual and heavenly; but not one of them shall fail of being gratified. Whatever his immortal spirit would have to meet its lofty aspirings, it is able to command from the endlessly diversified means of happiness which are within its reach; and these means, instead of being exhausted by being enjoyed, will be perpetually accumulating through eternal ages.

But it is a healthful as well as plentiful country. To refer again to the testimony of an eye-witness—John says that in the New Jerusalem, "there shall be no more death, nor sorrow, nor crying, neither shall there be any more pain, for the former things are passed away;" and as a reason for this he observes that "in the midst of

the street is the tree of life, the leaves of which are for the healing of the nations; and there shall be no more curse."

Sin brought a curse not upon man only, but for his sake upon the very earth which he inhabits, so that, in the sweat of his brow, he is compelled to eat his bread. And while sin has introduced darkness into man's understanding and disorder among his affections, it has left its gloomy impress even upon his physical constitution, and made him an heir to disease, infirmity and death. So long as he continues in this world, he is always liable to be enfeebled and even agonized; and the last thing he does here is to die—the very thing which nature shudders at beyond any other earthly calamity. But in the heavenly country, he will be exempt from all these evils. The glorified body will not have in it the seeds of infirmity or mortality, because it will not contain the seeds of sin; and there will be nothing in the atmosphere of the Heavenly paradise to generate disease; every countenance will glow with immortal health, and every eye will beam forth living beauty; for all shall walk in the light of the Lamb, and drink of the waters of life, and partake of the fruits of immortality. Would you think it a great thing, if you were about to change your residence, that you should plant yourself down in some healthful region, where your chance for living, humanly speaking, would be the greatest? How happy is the christian then, in being able to anticipate a permanent residence in a country where all live forever, and all bloom in everlasting health.

The inhabitants of the heavenly country live under a PERFECT GOVERNMENT. It is perfect in its form; in its laws; in its administration. God rules there, not by the agency of such imperfect and erring creatures as men are, but by his own immediate influence, or by such subordinate agents as strictly conform to his sovereign pleasure. His laws, unlike the laws which men too frequently enact, are the very image of his own character, perfectly holy, just and good;

and they are executed with perfect justice and impartiality. Human governments being imperfect, and designed for imperfect beings, are in their nature mutable; the various circumstances, interests, humors and opinions of mankind, introduce frequent changes into the best models that have ever been devised by human wisdom; and not unfrequently internal discontents or foreign invasions, have wholly subverted one form, and made way for another, perhaps in no respect better than that for which it was substituted. But the kingdom of Heaven is a kingdom that cannot be moved. There are no internal disquietudes or foreign invasions to disturb the general harmony. The government needs no amendment, and the subjects desire none, because it is absolutely perfect. All are satisfied of the reasonableness and equity of the laws, and of the wisdom and goodness, and faithfulness of the administration. Here men complain of the folly and injustice of their rulers and rulers complain of the unreasonable restlessness of their subjects, sometimes with, and sometimes without, any just occasion; but in Heaven not a whisper of disapprobation from any quarter will ever be heard. The great Ruler will witness an universal, cordial, cheerful recognition of his authority and obedience to his will, while each one of his heavenly subjects, will rejoice in the benignity, the efficacy, the glory of his reign.

To be concluded.

The mite has eyes, and turns aside if it meet with such objects as may be hurtful to it; place it in any thing that is black, for the help of your observation, and if, whilst it is walking, you lay but the least bit of straw in its way, you will see it alter its course immediately; and can you think that the crystalline humor, the retina, and the optic nerve, all which convey sight to this little animal, are the product of chance?

THE POWER OF FEAR.

The power of Fear may be called the counter power to that of Hope, acting as a check upon its lofty aspirings, and chaining it down when it would stretch its pinions, and mount beyond the limits of reason or of prudence.

We speak not of Guilty Fear, that cowering, quailing frenzied thing, which starts along with the hagard look and the hurried step; dreading, lest every fleeting form should be that of an avenger, and every passing breath the stern voice of condemnation.

Indeed, guilty fear cannot properly be considered an inherent power of our nature. Fear is that faculty which forbids the action by showing the disastrous result, and not the dread of punishment after the action is performed.

If mankind originally existed in a state of happiness and innocence; if, when the young creation, teeming with new races of sportive creatures, produced spontaneously all the rich fruits and glorious flowers, without being marred with the thorn and the thistle, our first parents in Eden, knew not even vice by name, or guilt in imagination, could guilty Fear have dwelt in their minds? To have felt its sting, they must have sinned; but guilt had not as yet disfigured the "very good" of the Creator, or left its foul stain on the earth. Yet they feared—but it was the fear of what should come. "Thou shalt die," had been threatened, should they prove disobedient; and they feared death, though as yet the sightless eye and the stiffened limbs had never been seen by them.

Fear, then, is not, in its legitimate sense, that dreadful thing poetry has painted it. It is rather a kind friend, who tells of the punishment which would follow transgression, resist it as a friend; do what it tells you should not, and then indeed, it is turned to an enemy, and leaves its own

rejected counsel a sting for ever. And if this be true, why should Fear be always painted in such dark colours? Why give her that hideous look? Why wreathe the deadly nightshade as a circlet for her brow, and give a dagger for her sceptre? Why set her dwelling-place in the recesses of the gloomy cavern, where murder, with blood-stained hands presides as chief, and all the lesser crimes which humanity commits stand as ministers around.

Fear, thus considered, cannot be regarded as a dread power, whose tone is threatning, and whose sway is harsh; but is rather the kind friend, who preserves us from many deeds of vice which, were its whisperings silenced, would be committed with impunity; for how many would fain raise their hand and grasp the forbidden things, did not Fear prevent them!

Nor does this power operate less in affairs of daily life than of those momentous ones which concern eternity. What a check does Fear give to underhand dealing, lest detection should follow the use of the scant measure, or the uneven balance. In this busy bustling world, the business of every man seems to be to overreach his fellow; what a mask must cunning wear—what hypocrisy must she be guilty of! and all, not because they would feel compunction for the action, but, simply because Fear is whispering, that detection often happens to the best laid schemes; and, perhaps, that which they imagine a shrewd device and a lucky hit may, after all, bring them far more injury than benefit. And, for it is to take a cursory view to bound man by time, then think of eternity. That there is a God, all nature witnesses—the heavens above seem but the throne of His glory; the deep sea beneath, the mirror in which His majesty is reflected.

That this mighty Being has ordained laws and statutes for the guidance of the human family is plain. What! shall the mighty sun perform his never-ending journey in the pathway in which he first trod? Shall the countless throng of stars and systems which spangle the high dome

of heaven all move in stately march, each in its allotted orbit ?—shall day and night alternately succeed each other ? shall the fathomless waters of the mighty ocean ebb and flow at stated intervals ?—shall all ?—ay, every thing above, and every thing around, and every thing beneath, be ruled and governed by laws, and man be left a wandering, guideless thing ? impossible !

But what then has man to do ? the laws of his Maker are two-fold ; he has been allotted duties to perform, and commanded to shun certain evil actions. And that he might not strive without a motive, there have, on the one hand, been held out joys the most blissful, as the reward of obedience ; and, on the other, a doom the most dreadful, as the punishment of vice. And just as Hope on the one hand mounts on eagle's wings, and almost anticipates the happiness of the blessed, so does Fear, by showing the consequence of crime, prevent its commission.

If there were no hereafter, with its terrors and its wonders—if death were annihilation, so that man perished like the brute—why, then Fear would be divested of all its power, and men might live, reckless of everything but that which constituted their present enjoyment. But there is something abhorrent to our very nature in death—death, if we may so speak, though the lot of all, is unnatural ; how much more, then, must be annihilation ? Man was formed immortal, and can shroud and sepulchre his greatness, that he would wish to die ? But herein he has no choice ; the edict has gone forth, and whatsoever is human must sleep that "sleep of sleeps." Yet if there be truth in the Bible, yet a little while, and that sleep shall be broken. The shrill blast of the trumpet shall rend the earth, and the dust of the countless myriads of our race shall be revivified ; the cold grave shall resign its tenants, and man shall appear with human flesh and human bone, a creature of immortality.

But from the slumber of death man is summoned to judgment, summoned to give an account of his actions

while on earth, and then to receive his reward or punishment, according to the good or evil he has wrought; and his doom, oh! what is it! There is a hell with a fire and a worm to perpetually torment!

To save from such a lot, Fear remonstrates against the performance of evil. Better, far better, not to have been born, than to live with the wicked now, and share their doom hereafter.

Original.

THOUGHTS ON HOLINESS.

BY WM. P. LYON, A.M. IRVING INSTITUTE.

WHAT is it to be holy? It is to be conformed to the WILL and IMAGE of God. Adam was created in this state; but by transgression he fell and lost the image of his Maker; so his posterity, inheriting his fallen nature, are far removed from original righteousness by wicked works.

The heart is deceitful above all things, and desperately wicked; it is corrupt—prone to evil as the sparks are to fly upward, and under the dominion of the flesh.

To be holy is to be delivered from this state, and restored to the lost image of God; to have the flesh crucified with its affections and lusts, and the will entirely subjected to the Divine will; to be cleansed from all filthiness and all idols; to have a new heart, and also a new spirit, whose fruit is love, joy, peace, long suffering, gentleness, goodness, faith, meekness, temperance; it is TO LIVE in the Spirit, to walk in the Spirit, to be led by the Spirit. In this state there is no doubt, fear, gloom, despair, or misery, but love, joy and peace, etc.

What state can be so desirable? Ought it not to be the

very summit of human wishes? Ought not a desire for its attainment to excite the most ardent emotions, and totally eclipse the transient pleasures and fading glories of this vain world?

If we look at its prospects and promises, our hearts are animated with the assurance that this only is the beginning, is but a foretaste of a rich inheritance; that these delectable fruits, though increasing continually here, will be enjoyed beyond the bounds of time, when the soul shall be ravished with eternal delight, and overwhelming views of glory and of God. "Eye hath not seen, nor ear heard, neither have entered into the heart of man, the things which God hath prepared for them that love him." Oh, the unutterable glory, the inconceivable felicity of that heavenly state!

> "The city SO HOLY and CLEAN,
> No SORROW can breathe in the air;
> No GLOOM of affliction or sin;
> No SHADOW OF EVIL IS THERE."

Let the reader ask himself, "is it God's will that I should be holy?" Our answer is "CERTAINLY," because God has commanded it, and in such a state I should be most useful and most glorify him. "I am the Almighty God; walk before me and BE THOU PERFECT."—"Ye shall therefore sanctify yourselves, and ye shall be holy, for I am holy—"Be ye therefore PERFECT even as your Father in heaven is perfect"—"Present your bodies a living sacrifice, holy, acceptable unto God, which is your reasonable service"—"But as he which hath called you is holy so be ye holy in all manner of conversation"—"Follow peace with all men and holiness, without which no man shall see the Lord."

Whoever feels an anxiety on this subject and desires to have the mind that was in Christ, to be conformed to his will, to walk in his steps, will doubtless search the scriptures for himself, and thus beholding as in a glass the glory of the Lord, be changed into the same image from glory to glory."

Original.

LETTERS FROM HOME.

MOUNT AUBURN CEMETERY.

BY MRS. C. H. PUTNAM, N. Y.

My Dear H——

My visit to Mount Auburn, will form the subject of my present letter. You have no doubt heard of this consecrated spot. Yet, although you never yet have visited it. It is situated in the town of Cambridge, and near Harvard University. Nothing in the vicinity of New-York can compare with the beautiful scenery around this place. Splendid country seats, which seem but a continued series of palaces, meet the view on every side. The streets of the town are very wide, bordered with large old trees, whose spreading branches afford a delightful shade. But I must hasten to describe to you the lovely spot hallowed by the ashes of the dead; affording a solemn lesson to human greatness—reminding us, that, while pursuing the various avocations of life, we are likely any moment to be snatched away, and mingle with the dust beneath our feet.

The entrance to this consecrated spot, is by a gate-way of wood, but made to resemble granite. It is large and handsome, consisting of an opening for carriages in the centre, and one on each side for foot passengers. Attached to these on the inside, is the lodge of the keeper, who, at the ringing of the bell, opens the gate to the carriages of proprietors—those only being admitted. On entering this gate, three gravelled paths or avenues present themselves, one on each side, and one in front; but their circuitous

course is entirely hid by the shrubbery. About twenty yards from the gate in the front or middle avenue, stands the monument of Spurzheim. It is of white marble. A regular description of Mt. Auburn, is wholly put at defiance by the magic wildness of its beautiful and almost endless variety. You are not only lost in astonishment at what you see, but are in danger of losing yourself among its mazes, through which you might wander for hours without finding any clue to an escape. The shrubbery is thick but not tangled, leaving a good proportion of grass of the deepest verdure, out of which rise at intervals of one or two feet, except in the regular monumental squares, the finest forest trees of almost every variety, though not as yet of very large growth. There are already seventy or eighty avenues, which are named and numbered upon little white boards erected at their entrance. Such avenues are suggested by the nature of the foliage which happens to abound on the spot, such as " Pine avenue," " Beech avenue," " Mertle avenue," " Willow path, " Rose path," etc. At one moment you are led up a precipitous height of fifty or sixty feet, and the next into a deep glen where it seems as if no ray of light could penetrate, and upon both descent and ascent, hill and dale, on the sides, on the top and at the base, are seen the small regular green squares of about twenty feet, in the centre of which stands an elegant white marble monument. These squares are differently ornamented, according to the taste or wealth of the owner; some with flowers only, some with weeping willows; some are enclosed with a verdant hedge, others with elegant iron railing; but all have flowers and trees arranged in some form. One or two, instead of monuments, were laid out with beds of rarest flowers, interspersed with the graves of the dead, and even growing directly upon them. A penalty of fifty dollars is attached to the plucking of one of these flowers in any part of the grounds. Nearly in the centre of the place, we ascend a precipitous elevation, fifty feet above all the rest. The level on the top is laid out in several of

these squares, one of which contains a monument which cost ten thousand dollars. From this height we have a view of the surrounding country to the distance of twenty or thirty miles. Boston, Charlestown, Roxbury, Dorchester, with many others, all lie in beautiful perspective through the green trees in which the beholder is completely enveloped. But amid the clustering trees and verdant squares, with their monuments of every size and description, shining with dazzling whiteness through the green foliage, wherever the eye can turn, there remains one beauty to be described, which perhaps, exceeds all the rest; or, at least, adds the finishing stroke to the general charm. It is the unexpected appearance through the thick shrubbery, of a beautiful lake of water, which lies wholly concealed till you come suddenly upon it in descending from the elevation just mentioned. The water has been walled round with a granite margin, of a foot wide, but without destroying the natural form of the lake, which is an irregular oval, larger at one end with a bend in the sides. Round the stone margin is a gravel walk, about a yard in width, directly from which rises on every side the green sloping banks, shelved at intervals into consecrated squares, with their white monuments. Standing at the larger end of this lake, and looking towards the other which seems to be thus thrown into perspective, nothing can be conceived more exquisitely picturesque. In different parts of the grounds, are two smaller ponds of water, but not as yet artificially improved. Among the monuments we find one inscribed to Miss Hannah Adams, the first tenant of the place; another to Zerah Colburn. The last is of dark stone engraved with gilt letters. We had but one hour to spend in this enchanting spot, and therefore could see but a small part of its beauties. How delightful are the associations connected with this sweet resting place of friends and kindred! Here they lie amid the green hills and vallies they loved in life, and their last pillow is strewn with flowers by the careful hands of those who must soon

follow them, to meet with like remembrance and affection from the surviving.

"As the long train
Of ages glide away, the sons of men,
The youth in life's green spring, and he who goes
In the full strength of years, matron and maid,
And the sweet babe, and the grey headed man,
Shall one by one be gathered to their side,
By those who in their turn shall follow them."

Original.

DEVOTION.

BY THE AUTHOR OF CONQUEST AND SELF-CONQUEST.

With a steel Engraving.

I.

YOUNG JULIET stole, for lonely thought,
From gorgeous halls and festive throng,
And though the fitful breezes brought,
Now faint—now full—the sounds of song,
They floated by her all unheard,
While thoughts like these her spirit stirred:

II.

"Home of my childhood, lone and far!
Though dark my life, yet o'er its night
Thy memory rises, like yon star,
Shedding a soft and trembling light;

III.

"Thy jasmine bower, thy orange grove,
The music of thy dashing wave,
And dearer yet, the band of love,
Whose voices richer music gave.

IV.

"Again—upon thy balmy air
My mother's tones are softly stealing,
In holy hymn and holier prayer,
With all her loved ones round her kneeling.

V.

"Voiceless and hushed in dreamless sleep,
They lie thy flow'ry sod beneath;
O'er their low graves thy breezes sweep,
Thy waves their ceaseless requiem breathe.

VI.

"And here, in darkness and alone,
The list'ning ear I vainly strain
To catch some fond familiar tone;
Oh! memory, give them me again!"

VII.

A distant clock, the passing time,
Tells with a faint and ling'ring chime,
And though the nearer dance and song
Unheeded by her swept along;
O'er Juliet's heart that chime had power
For that had been a holy hour,
The hour when childhood's sport and glee
Were hush'd, and at her mother's knee,
In love and faith her heart had given
Its first best offering to Heaven.

VIII.

And now scarce ceased those tones to thrill
Upon the evening air,
Ere with a spirit awed and still,
Young Juliet knelt in prayer,
And as her childhood's faith and love,
Within her bosom spring,
Her childhood's peace—a heavenly dove—
Folds there its downy wing.

Original.

THE CHANGES OF THE YEAR.

BY REV. W. W. NEWELL, N. Y.

"I HAVE every thing to make me happy," exclaimed a young and accomplished wife, as she sat conversing with her husband, by a bright coal fire, one severe winter evening; "I have every thing to make me happy. The situation of our home is delightful; our house is furnished exactly to suit my taste; we are so near the city that I can every week spend a day with our dear parents, and more than all, you are mine.

"I have everything to make me happy, and yet I am sad. I feel that I am soon to die; but how can I leave you? Here is my trouble; I often fear that my earthly ties are stronger than my attachment to Jesus."

"But why," said the husband, "these presentiments? You were never sick. Few women have brighter prospects of a long life than yourself."

Here the conversation closed. The wife, as usual, seated herself at the piano, and led the song of praise at their evening devotion, and the husband, with an unusual solemnity and feeling of dependence on God, bent the knee at the family altar.

A few weeks after this, the wife was taken suddenly ill. From the commencement of her illness, her mind seemed bent on another world, and she expressed her full conviction that she should never recover.

But her husband would not harbor the thought. The best medical advice was secured, and it was soon hoped that she was convalescent.

One night after he had retired to rest in an adjoining room, he was suddenly summoned to the bed-side of his wife.

He rushed into the room, but he found her senseless, and dying; and the agonized husband, after laboring in vain to draw forth from her one more sign of recognition, one more token of love, knelt in despair over her lifeless frame.

Her funeral was on a bright day in spring. The church was thronged with sincere mourners. As the coffin, followed by the friends was borne up the aisle, one low, solemn tone vibrated on the organ, and the whole assembly was in tears.

After the funeral services she was conveyed to her long rest at Mount Auburn, while her husband returned to his desolate and deserted home.

This was but the beginning of his trials. Before he had begun to recover from the shock, he was summoned to the dying bed of his mother. Then, he was called to see an only brother die, from whom he had just parted at his mother's grave. And then, another and another friend, until in eight months God had called him seven times to weep in unavailing sorrow over the fresh grave of a departed relative.

In describing these scenes, soon after, he said, "Last New Year's day, I felt myself happy in the warm embrace of most ardently devoted friends, but now I am alone. God has torn them from my arms, and while they sleep in death, I walk in a solitary path. Last New Year's day, and how delightful was my cheerful home; now every article is removed, and those halls are bending to the tread of other feet and echoing the sound of other voices. When in my childhood I heard the aged tell of the sad and sudden changes of life, I thought they had grown old and disconsolate. When I heard them tell how many had dropped upon their right and their left; that ALL with whom they had started in life had fallen, I thought them unheard of exceptions, and I hurried on my course as sure of life and joy and friends as ever.

But God has taught me that it was all true; I have bent

over so many beds of anguish, I have grasped so many feeble dying hands, I have heard so many faltering adieus, I have sunk in despair over so many lifeless friends; I have followed the bodies of so many to the grave, and the spirits of so many into Eternity, that I seem to be almost there. I seem to hear God saying to me, "not this year, but this month, this week, this HOUR, thou mayest die."

Such are the changes of one short year.

Is my reader now happy amid a joyous circle of friends? That circle will be broken—its brightest ornament will die.

Are parents and children now depending on life, and gazing onward to scenes of pleasure and gain? Stop and prepare! you are in a world of death, you are in the path to the grave. This year, friends in agony may gather around your bed, and the last farewell may falter on your tongue.

Original.

MATERNAL INFLUENCE.

BY HENRY M. PARSONS, A. M.

IN perusing the biography of any eminent man I find a peculiar pleasure in sketching for myself the character of his mother; and it invariably happens that she is invested in the portrayal with the same distinctive elements of greatness or goodness which have secured the intellectual or moral elevation of her son. So strongly have I become attached to this habit of association that I do not hear an individual commended for superior talents or worth without involuntarily desiring to know something of his mother,

partly from a wish to satisfy myself how much of a man he will be, and partly to ascertain the kind of discipline to which his youth was subject. I no more believe that a remarkable man had not a remarkable mother, than that nature, instead of continuing her laws by which the mollusca constructs its own abode, shoots a lapidific juice into the form of a shell to accommodate rejectors of a divine revelation who would account for the existence of shells on lofty mountains without reference to a deluge.

Another pleasure in which I indulge while reading the life of a distinguished person, is tracing early developements of his maturer characteristics and the influence of the mother in eliciting them. It is indeed true that taste, genius or moral greatness is sometimes, not exhibited until a late period of life. I knew a man of fifty who suddenly manifested a passion for horticulture, and had not been known to grow or pluck a flower during his previous life. He has since become an eminent florist. The germ of this predilection however not inaptly resembles the seed which is floated to the surface of the Coral Islands of the Pacific, not to germinate until the surface of the rock has undergone disintegration. In youth, Chief Justice Marshall exhibited only an unusual fondness for the Muses. But his mother had more solidity than poetry in her mental structure and the law subsequently found in him a votary of superior judgment. Instances like these are few in comparison with the multitude in which something of the future man is discerned in the boy, or at least incorporated with his being by maternal culture.

If it is true, as Locke has asserted, that we have no inate ideas, that sensation and reflection originate them, it is reasonable to suppose that early impressions will be the most abiding, because made upon a mind unbiassed and by an agency, that of the mother invested with charms by filial attachment. Dr. Watts attributed his poetic taste entirely to his mother. President Dwight ascribed to the same source his predilection for theology. I often indulge the

reflection that we are more indebted to the intelligence, industry and piety of the mothers of our revolution for our subsequent national prosperity than to the superior virtue or sagacity of the leaders of that ever memorable crisis. I doubt if Washington would have had the moral heroism to resign the possession of a power which he might have wielded for the overthrow of our liberties, but for the ever-present influence of his mother—a mother, who in his boyhood subdued his propensity for an ocean life, a propensity less easily subdued than almost any other which assails the youthful mind. Who that has ever slept upon the bosom of the deep, fanned by its gentle winds, or rocked to repose by its moving billows, has not known the talisman which binds the sailor to the sea. Washington had seen all this in the drapery of youthful ideality. He had read of the boundless expanse, the glassy surface, the mountain billow —had dreamed of its moonlight solitude, and resolved to revel in these enjoyments. But the unbidden gush of maternal love in the painful parting, re-strung in the heart of the boy, an answering chord of affection whose tones were louder than the music of a wanderer's life.

Man redeemed the pledge of the American Congress of 1776, but this would have availed little had not the matrons of that day imparted to their children a deep sense of the value of civil and religious liberty. Domestic industry and frugality were not their crowning excellencies. Devoted as they were to the distaff and needle, they sought and availed themselves of opportunities for mental culture and I imagine there would be no disparagement to them in this respect in a comparison with their daughters of our day. If they were not as well educated for the parlor as these are, they were so well instructed for their appropriate duties as to be invaluable wives and judicious mothers. We would not discountenance those less intellectual but more refining, accomplishments which are now regarded essential in female education, but we do not practice making an entire dinner of the dessert. We know however more than

one, now married, recently bachelor friend, who is likely to have a life-time of accomplishments rather than a meal of condiments.

If the character were not formed in early life, and under the plastic hand of woman, the importance of female education would diminish with the restriction of female influence. But it is the province of the mother to write in the bosom of her child a transcript of herself. If she would have her son find his happiness in active, manly and persevering exertions after virtue and knowledge as means of good to others she must teach by example as well as precept. What SHE is, her offspring will be, not invariably but generally. While female influence extends to every circle of society, it is no where so great as around the fireside, over the budding or blossoming olive-plants who are to perpetuate the beauties of a mother's mind or the excellencies of a mother's heart.

FARMERS' DEPARTMENT.

GOOD BUTTER.

BUTTER, being an indispensable article for the table, forms the most important product of the dairy, and may, with proper management, be made the source of considerable profit, with little labor, to every farmer. Yet its manufacture is too much neglected. We have selected from good authorities, the following rules and remarks on butter making.

1. That every thing should be cleanly in the whole process.

2. That the milk should be kept at a proper temperature, say from forty-five to fifty degrees, while the cream is separating.

3. The cream should be taken off and churned, before its quality is impaired.

4. That its temperature should be from fifty-five to sixty-five degrees, when put into the churn, and the churning should be moderate and uniform.

5. That salt, of the best quality, in sufficient quantity to suit the palate, should be blended with it at the first working, and the buttermilk completely got out by the butter ladle.

6. That the working of the butter should be repeated at the end of twenty-four hours, when the salt has become completely dissolved, and all the liquid extracted—and

7. That it should be packed, without more salt, to make it weigh, in stone jars, in wooden firkins or tubs, such as will not impart to it any taint or bad flavor—and in such a manner as will totally exclude the atmosphere.

Butter made in this way, will be of fine flavor; and if put down and kept in this way, the flavor will be preserved for an almost indefinite period, if kept in a temperature below seventy degrees. Water mixed either with the milk, the cream, or the butter, and especially soft water, adds nothing to, but materially abstracts from richness of flavor. Milk skimmed at three several times, will give three qualities of butter—that taken off first being the richest and most valuable.

WOMAN.

DOMESTIC HABITS.

A woman must be adorned, by domestic habits. These are two fold; a fondness for home and a qualification to discharge the duties of the household. These duties may be allowed to be necessary, but some will doubt whether they form any part of the ornament of a lady. This is one instance in which the present age has egregiously erred, and in which a sickly and corrupt fashion has inverted

an ancient and healthful custom, and the very laws of the family circle have given place to a miserable suspension of its most indispensible duties. It is held derogatory to the style of a lady to be domestic, and an indignant blush and a scornful cant will show that she wishes not to be considered as taking any part in the work or ordering of the family. It is in this respect that female education has one of its greatest defects, and woman has dropped one of her richest plumes, to insert in its place an artificial flower; or condescended to sing as a mocking-bird, or flutter as a butterfly, rather than maintain the true dignity and usefulness of her sex. Every conceivable reason refutes this folly. Her nature, her happiness, her health, her interest, all make home her place, and its repudiated occupations imperious. But, in these days, a little beauty, a little money, and a little pride, are sufficient to cancel all these obligations, and remit forever the most sacred lessons both of religion and experience. God's word requires the sex to be "keepers at home." And is it no recommendation of the fair to sustain this character? Nothing in their praise?

Home is the empire, the throne of woman. Here she reigns in the legitimate power of all her united charms. She is the luminary which enlightens, and the talisman which endears it. It is she who makes "home, sweet home," who makes to restless and wandering man, each domestic enclosure an Eden, and herself, the best representation of unfallen Eve; whose assiduities and smiles make the very flowers look gay and the fruits taste delicious. Could you desire to witness a more interesting spectacle, than a lady, with every other accomplishment, occupied with the welfare of her family, anticipating and dividing their duties, equally capable of entertaining in the parlor, and managing in the kitchen? What poetic description has ever surpassed the scene of the same lady at her own table, distributing to her guests draughts of exhilarating beverage, made more luxurious by the smiles and the graces which despatched them?

Inspiration has given the best description of a woman adorned with domestic habits. "Her price is far above rubies. The heart of her husband doth safely trust in her, so that he shall have no need of spoil. She will do him good, and not evil, all the days of her life. She seeketh wool, and flax, and worketh willingly with her hands. She is like the merchants' ships, she bringeth her food from afar. She riseth also while it is yet night, and giveth meat to her household, and a portion to her maidens. She considereth a field, and buyeth it; with the fruit of her hands she planteth a vineyard. She girdeth her loins with strength, and strengtheneth her arms. She perceiveth that her merchandise is good; her candle goeth not out by night. She layeth her hands to the spindle, and her hands hold the distaff. She is not afraid of the snow for her household; for all her household are clothed with scarlet. She maketh herself coverings of tapestry; her clothing is silk and purple. Her husband is known in the gates, when he sitteth among the elders of the land. She maketh fine linen, and selleth it; and delivereth girdles unto the merchant. Strength and honor are her clothing; and she shall rejoice in time to come. She openeth her mouth with wisdom; and in her tongue is the law of kindness. She looketh well to the ways of her household, and eateth not the bread of idleness. Many daughters have done virtuously, but thou excellest them all."

Such is our dependence upon God, that we are obliged not only to do every thing for his sake, but also to seek from him the very power so to do. And this happy necessity of having recourse to him in all our wants, instead of being grievous to us, should be our greatest consolation. What a happiness it is, that we are allowed to speak to him with confidence; to open our hearts, and hold familiar conversation with him by prayer.

Original.

SIGOURNEY. L. M. T. HASTINGS.

Prayer may be sweet in cot - tage homes, Where

sire and child devoutly kneel, While through the o - pen

casement nigh, The ver - nal blos - soms fragrant steal.

2. Prayer may be sweet in stately halls,
Where heart with kindred heart is blent,
And upward to the eternal throne,
The hymn of praise melodious sent.

3. But he who fain would know how warm
The soul's appeal to God may be,
From friends and native land should turn,
A wanderer on the faithless sea:

4. Should hear its deep, imploring tone
Rise heavenward o'er the foaming surge,
When billows top the fragile bark,
And fearful blasts the conflict urge.

5. Naught, naught appears but sea and sky,
No refuge where the foot may flee,
How will he cast, O Rock divine,
The anchor of his soul on thee.—*Mrs. Sigourney.*

DEATH OF HOWARD.

HIS EXTREME ABSTINENCE.

BY THE EDITOR.

The name of Howard, the Philanthropist, has been justly placed on the pinnacle of fame, and the memory of his magnanimous deeds will live to the end of time.

There is one sentence which he uttered, on his death bed, worthy of the attention of those who totally abstain from the use of animal food, upon which we shall remark

"It had been Howard's almost daily custom, at a certain hour, to visit Admiral Priestman; when with his usual attention to regularity, he would place his watch on the table, and pass exactly an hour with him in conversation. The admiral, finding that he failed in his usual visits, went to see him, and found him weak and ill, sitting before a stove in his bedroom. Mr. Howard replied, that his end was approaching very fast; that he had several things to say to his friend, and thanked him for having called. The admiral finding him in such a melancholy mood, endeavored to turn the conversation, imagining the whole might be merely the result of low spirits; but Mr. Howard soon assured him it was otherwise, and added, "Priestman, you style this a very dull conversation, and endeavor to divert my mind from dwelling upon death; but I entertain very different sentiments. Death has no terror for me; it is an event I always looked to with cheerfulness, if not with pleasure; and be assured, the subject of it is to me more grateful than any other. I am well aware I have but a short time to live; my mode of life has rendered it impos-

sible that I should get rid of this fever. If I had lived as you do, eating heartily of animal food, and drinking wine, I might, perhaps, by diminishing my diet, be able to subdue it. But how can such a man as I am lower his diet, who has been accustomed for years to exist on vegetables and water, a little bread and a little tea? I have no method of lowering my nourishment, and therefore I must die.' Then, turning the subject, he spoke of his funeral; and cheerfully gave directions concerning the manner in which he would be buried. Soon after, he made his will, leaving as his executor a trusty follower, who had lived with him more in the capacity of a friend than of a servant, and whom he charged with the commission of bearing his will to England. Soon after this, a letter was brought to him from England, containing the intelligence of the improved state of his son's health; stating the manner in which he passed his time in the country, and giving great reason to hope that he would recover from the disorder, insanity, with which he was afflicted. His servant read this letter aloud; when he had concluded, Mr. Howard turned his head towards him, saying, 'Is not this comfort for a dying father?' Soon after this last request he ceased to speak. Admiral Mordvinof came in, and found him dying very fast. They had in vain besought him to allow a physician to be sent for; but Admiral Mordvinof renewing this solicitation with great earnestness, Mr. Howard assented, by nodding his head. The physician came but was too late to be of any service. A rattling in the throat had commenced, and the physician administered what is called the MUSK DRAUGHT, a medicine used only in Russia in the last extremity. It was given to the patient by Admiral Mordvinof, who prevailed on him to swallow a little; but he endeavored to avoid the rest, and gave evident signs of disapprobation. He was then entirely given over, and shortly after breathed his last."

This passage is worthy of note, "Had I lived as you do, eating of animal food, etc. I might, perhaps, by diminishing my diet, be able to subdue this fever. But how can such

a man as I am, lower his diet, who had been accustomed, for years, to exist on VEGETABLES and water, a little bread and a little tea. I have no method of lowering my nourishment, and therefore I MUST DIE."

This is one of the most striking passages on record. There are many who could not be induced to take ardent spirits, who are intemperate, to an alarming degree, in the use of food; and there are others who go to the other extreme, by the total disuse of animal food, and thus waste the vital energies which God has given them; these extremes should be studiously avoided. Those who infringe the wholesome laws of nature, must, sooner or later, pay the penalty of their mistaken course. Nature has penalties wherever she has laws, and her penalties, not as those of civil codes, are executed promptly and efficiently. If you sunder the jugular artery you are liable to lose your life; if you throw yourself over the giddy precipice, you must die, as the almost inevitable consequence. If you take MORE or LESS food than nature requires, you disturb her wholesome laws, and in the former case you debilitate and wear out the digestive organs, and in the latter you waste, as by a sure and fatal consumption, the whole animal economy, and go to a premature grave!

While myriads take twice or thrice as much animal food as conduces to their health, happiness or longevity, it is seriously doubted, by many of our soundest physiologists and acutest observers of nature, whether in any instance, except it be in very rare cases, it is well, totally, to abstain from the use of animal food. God has not thrown open the boundless field of animal nature, nor has he made man a carnivorous being, or commanded him to eat of every clean beast, etc. to no purpose.

When Howard was sick of a fever, and too, with no alarming symptoms, he said he MUST DIE, and he DID DIE. But he made this frank confession, "Had I eaten freely of animal food," etc, "I have no method of lowering my nourishment, and therefore I must die." We have no place

in this paper, to examine the tendency of this extreme course of abstinence, and can only conclude, by saying, it is liable to make men effeminate and sickly, if not visionary and insane. This system, carried to an extreme, to use a figure, takes away all the ballast, and puts up all the sail; the first severe gale of misfortune is liable to dash the mortal barque to the bottom, and eternity alone can reveal the consequences.

THE WIDOW AND HER SON.

BY WASHINGTON IRVING.

I APPROACHED the grave. The coffin was placed on the ground. On it were inscribed the name and age of the deceased. "George Somers, aged 26 years." The poor mother had been assisted to kneel down at the head of it. Her withered hands were clasped, as if in prayer; but I could perceive, by a feeble rocking of the body, and a convulsive motion of the lips, that she was gazing on the last relics of her son with the yearnings of a mother's heart.

Preparations were made to deposit the coffin in the earth. There was that bustling stir, which breaks so harshly on the feelings of grief and affliction; directions were given in the cold tones of business; and there was the striking of spades into sand and gravel; which at the grave of those we love, is of all sounds the most writhing. The bustle around seemed to waken the mother from a wretched reverie. She raised her glazed eyes, and looked about with a faint wildness.

As the men approached with cords to lower the coffin into the grave, she wrung her hands, and broke into an agony of grief. The poor woman who attended her, took her by the arm, endeavored to raise her from the earth, and to

whisper something like consolation. 'Nay, now; nay, now—don't take it so sorely to heart.' But the mother could only shake her head, and wring her hands, as one not to be comforted.

As they lowerd the body into the earth, the creaking of the cords seemed to agonize her; but when, on some accidental obstruction, there was a jostling of the coffin, all the tenderness of the mother burst forth; as if any harm could come to him, who was far beyond the reach of worldly suffering.

I could see no more, my heart swelled into my throat, my eyes filled with tears, I felt as if I were acting a barbarous part in standing by and gazing idly on the scenes of maternal anguish. I wandered to another part of the churchyard, where I remained until the funeral train had dispersed.

It was some time before I left the place. On my way homeward, I met with the woman who had acted as comforter; she was just returning from accompanying the mother to her lonely habitation, and I drew from her some particulars connected with the affecting scene I had witnessed.

The parents of the deceased had resided in the village from childhood. They had inhabited one of the neatest cottages, and by various rural occupations, and the assistance of a small garden, had supported themselves creditably and comfortably, and led a happy and blameless life. They had one son, who had grown up to be the staff and pride of their age.

But unfortunately, this son was tempted, during a year of scarcity and agricultural hardship, to enter into the service of one of the small craft that plied on a neighbouring river. He had not been long in this employ, when he was entrapped by a press-gang, and carried off to sea. His parents received tidings of his seizure, but beyond that they could learn nothing. It was the loss of their main prop. The father, who was already infirm, grew heartless and melancholy, and sunk into his grave. The widow, left

lonely in her age and feebleness, could no longer support herself, and came upon the parish.

Time passed on, till one day she heard the cottage door, which faced the garden, suddenly open. A stranger came out, and seemed to be looking eagerly and wildly around. He was dressed in seamen's clothes, was emaciated and ghastly pale, and bore the air of one broken by sickness and hardships. He saw his mother and hastened toward her, but his steps were faint and faltering; he sank on his knees before her, and sobbed like a child. The poor woman gazed upon him with a vacant and wandering eye, "O my dear, dear mother! don't you know your son? your poor boy George?"

It was, indeed, the wreck of her once noble lad; who shattered by wounds, by sickness, and foreign imprisonment had at length, dragged his wasted limbs homeward to repose among the scenes of childhood. The rest of the story is soon told, for the young man lingered but a few weeks and death came to his relief.

The next Sunday after the funeral I have described, I was at the village church; when to my surprise, I saw the poor old woman tottering down the aisle, to her accustomed seat on the steps of the altar. She had made an effort to put on something like mourning for her son; and nothing could be more touching than this struggle between pious affection and utter poverty; a black ribband or so, a faded black handkerchief, and one or two more such humble attempts to express by outward signs, that grief which passed show.

When I looked round upon the storied monuments, the stately hatchments, the cold marble pomp, with which grandeur mourned magnificently over departed pride, and turned to this poor widow, bowed down by age and sorrow, at the altar of her God, and offering up the prayers and praises of a pious, though a broken heart, I felt that this living monument of real grief was worth them all.

I related her story to some of the wealthy members of

THE CHURCH MARYLEBONE AT THE TOMB OF CHRIST.

Engraved for this work

the congregation, and they were moved by it. They exerted themselves to render her situation more comfortable, and to lighten her afflictions. It was, however, but smoothing a few steps to the grave. In the course of a Sunday or two after, she was missed from her usual seat at church, and, before I left the neighborhood, I heard, with a feeling of satisfaction, that she had quietly breathed her last, and had gone to rejoin those she loved, in that world where sorrow is never known, and friends are never parted.

Original.

THE THREE MARYS.

BY MISS E. A. COMSTOCK.

With a steel Engraving.

Day dawned on Jerusalem. The graceful palm-trees that shaded the city, bent in the early breeze, and whispered their matin prayer. Dark clouds were piled in heavy masses along the western horizon, but the eastern glowed like a sultan's diadem, and like a diamond, brightly beamed one lonely star in its clear depths. The voices of the birds were hushed as they sat amid the quivering leaves. Ever and anon they gazed upon the departing clouds with anxious eyes, as if but just recovered from the shock of some great conflict of the elements.

The city slept. But some amid the multitude were sleepless. In the spacious chamber of a magnificent dwelling, a man of haughty bearing trod the exquisite Persian tapestry of the floor with restless but firm step, as though he longed to crush beneath his feet the stinging worm he could not reach. Daylight was excluded by heavy

curtains, but a taper burning in a recess sent its revealing rays into the splendid apartment. They fell upon a couch, where trembling and sorrowful, lay a young and lovely woman. Her dishevelled locks, black as ebony, hung in striking contrast, against the snowy linen. Her face was partially concealed in the pillow, but the sobs that shook her frame, filled the echoing air. Pale and anxious, her stately companion offered no words of consolation, but cast many glances of sympathy and fond affection on the mourner. Once as he turned in his walk a gentle gust blew aside the curtains, and revealed the calm, eastern sky. He started. Alas! the lovely star that beamed upon him, was a dagger to the heart of Pilate. With a nervous hand he fastened the drapery, and casting a look of terror and despair at his weeping wife, hurried from the room.

There was dazzling light in a small but luxurious apartment in the Temple. It was not the light of heaven, for the windows, opened to let in the fresh breeze of morning, were opposite the sombre west, which loomed darker in contrast with the brilliancy within. The sensual features of Caiaphas were illuminated by a gorgeous candelabras placed in the centre of a table of the costliest verde-antique, around which were closely gathered his compeers in wickedness. Exultation sat on the countenances of all. On the table lay a half emptied bag of money, from which Judas had been paid. It was over! Their victim had expired, and with him, they trusted the truths he taught. There we will leave them to their demoniac joy, and enter the fisherman's cot. The glimmering light streamed through the open casement into that humble dwelling, where sat a group of people, whose dress bespoke the lower orders of society. One there was, sitting rather aloof from the others, whose garments betrayed the wealthier class. There was an air of over-carefulness in her attire, and an expression of peevish discontent on her features, which were also elevated by veneration and sorrow. It was Martha the sister of Lazarus. With a fragment of the

cross, pressed to her heaving bosom, knelt Mary Magdalene by the side of the beloved disciple. Her hair fell in golden ringlets to the floor, as she bowed her head in lowly adoration. On every feature love pure, holy, and impassioned, was enshrined. Near her at a rude oaken table, were the other two Marys, her friends and constant companions in every good work. They were preparing spices, and Mary Salome turned frequently to note the approach of day.

With a brow radiant with holiness, and eyes fixed on the eastern star, sat John.

Silence reigned in the apartment, broken only by the deep drawn sighs of Mary Magdalene. Suddenly a bright streak flashed athwart the horizon, and chanticleer mounted the fence, and crowed loudly. John sighed, and a tear trembled in his eye, as the cry of the bird fell on his ear. He thought of the gifted and erring Peter, who knelt alone in one corner of the apartment, with his face shrouded in his mantle, as though unworthy to commune with the faithful, devoted servants near him.

Mary Salome arose, bearing a vessel in her hand, and accompanied by the other Mary, whispered to Mary Magdalene, who wiping away her tears, quickly followed them. But ere she left the house she opened a low door, and looked in upon the mother of Jesus, who was resting in that deep sleep which so often follows the exhaustion of violent sorrow, and needed not the company of the affectionate Mary. The women communed in low tones as they approached the sepulchre of their Lord. As they approached it, they paused to gaze on Mount Calvary, whose time-worn, riven sides, were faintly delineated on the clear, blue sky behind it. Never had the city looked more beautiful than on that pleasant morning. Domes, minarets and spires rose in elegant relief against the calm blue ether. The women stood in silent admiration of the scene. The prophecies of their Lord arose in their memories. They thought of the appalling desolation he had foretold for the

city he so loved. With saddened hearts they turned away, and soon reached the sepulchre. Before looking in, they knelt on the flowery sod, and repeated a simple pathetic prayer, such as springs spontaneously in the heart that is softened and humbled by resignation and fervent prayer. As they arose, they looked for some one to roll away the sealed stone placed by the suspicious Jews at the door of the sepulchre. But behold angelic hands had rolled away the stone for them. They entered the sepulchre, and one clothed in white raiment spoke unto them, and bidding them be calm, showed them where Jesus had lain. He was not there, for he had risen. Astonished and alarmed, the women listened to these words, without understanding their import. They saw the linen clothes lying that had enshrouded him, and they knew that he had risen. But Mary Magdalene still doubted, fearing that the precious body had been stolen. After all had left she lingered there and wept. But as she mourned, her Saviour stood beside her, and told her to proclaim his resurrection. Happy Mary! thus to be ordained. Meet reward for such gratitude and faith as thine. Mary met the disciples near the palace of Pilate. With the loud tone of ecstasy and triumph, she told the glad tidings. Joyfully they hastened to the sepulchre. There was one on whose ear these tidings fell, as Mary's voice penetrated the dimly lighted chamber, who could not fly with them to the consecrated spot, but who rose hastily from her sleepless couch, and hurrying to an inner room, threw herself at the feet of her husband, Pilate, and exclaimed, "The holy one and just, is risen!" And there was peace in the heart of the believing woman.

Tender and affectionate as were the other Marys, neither sought the Saviour with such fervency of devotion as did Mary Magdalene. He who read the human heart without mistake, saw the emotions that struggled in the breast of this gentle follower, and to her he appeared first. As he

revealed himself to her in the tender emphasis with which he spoke her name, what joy must have filled her bosom! Who would not be willing, if they could, to exchange these latter days, enlightened as they are, for that era of persecution, to share the happiness of Mary, seated at the feet of the Saviour, or turning to embrace her risen Lord!

RULES FOR DOMESTIC HAPPINESS.

1. Every day let your eye be fixed on God through the Lord Jesus Christ, that by the influence of his holy spirit you may receive your mercies as coming from him, and that you may use them to his glory.

2. Never suffer your regard for each other's society, to rob God of your heart, or of the time which you owe to God and to your own soul.

3. Be careful that custom and habit do not lessen your attentions to each other, or the pleasing satisfaction with which they are both shown and received.

4. Whenever you perceive a languor in your affections, always make it a rule to suspect yourself. The object which once inspired regard, may perhaps, be still the same, and the blame only attach to you.

5. Be sure to avoid unkind and irritating language. Always conciliate. It is your interest and your duty. Recollect what God has borne with in you.

6. Study your partner's character and disposition. Many little nice adjustments are requisite for happiness. You must both accommodate, or you will both be unhappy.

7. Do not expect too much. You are not always the same, nor is your partner. Sensibility must be watched over, or it will soon become its own tormentor.

8. When you discover failings which you did not suspect, and this you may be sure will be the case, make it your prayer that your regard be not diminished If you are heirs

of the grace of life, your failings will shortly be over; you will hereafter be perfect in the Divine image. Esteem and love each other now, as you certainly will then. Forbearance is the trial and grace of this life only.

9. Forget not that one of you must die first—one of you must feel the pain and the chasm of separation. A thousand little errors may then wound the survivor's heart.

10. Pray constantly. You need much prayer. Prayer will engage God in your behalf. His blessings only can make you happy in the midst of your mercies. His blesssings can make even the bitterness of life wonderfully sweet. He can suspend all our joys. Blessed be his holy name. He can and often does suspend our sorrows. Never pass a day without praising him for all that is past; glorify him for your mercies, and trust him for all that is to come.

SCHOOLS OF GENIUS.

Where did Franklin first cultivate the knowledge that at length bore him to the height of fame? In a printing office.

Where did Bowditch study the mathematics? In early life, on ship board, and ever after in hours snatched from the cares of a busy life.

How did Ferguson begin to study astronomy? Tending sheep in Scotland; lying on his back upon the bare earth, and gazing upon the heavens—mapping out the constellations by means of a simple string stretched from hand to hand with beads upon it; which sliding back and forth, enabled him to ascertain the relative distance of the stars.

Where did young Faraday commence his studies—still young, and successor in London to Davy! He began his chemical studies a poor boy, in an apothecary's shop.

Sir Richard Arkwright, who was knighted for the improvements he introduced into cotton spinning, and whose beautiful seat upon the Wye, is one of the fairest in England, was a barber till he was thirty years old.

Original.

THE THREE SISTERS.

TRANSLATED FROM THE FRENCH.

There was a good father who had three daughters, all very different from each other. Their names were Harriet, Lucy, and Jane.

They were already grown, and their father, to see if they would make good use of their riches, gave to each a particular sum of money, with which they were to pay their waiting maids, give in charity, purchase their clothes, and necessary ornaments.

Harriet took great care to pay her maid wages, every three months, and when she bought any thing, she counted the cost and paid immediately; and when she thought she had wronged any one, she was always ready to repair it. One day she went with her sisters to the shop of a fashionable merchant, wishing to look at a bonnet, but while trying to reach one, she threw down a band-box and upset an inkstand, on some yards of lace that happened to be there. It is just that I should pay for this lace, said she to the merchant, and immediately paid him the price.

Jane chose some ribands and some lace for a mantilla, and told the merchant that she would pay another time. Lucy bought nothing.

Returning home her sisters asked her why she did not send home the bonnet which she needed. Because I have resolved to make it myself replied she; to which Jane replied, you have then become very avaricious. I am not so unhappy as that, said Lucy, but I saw this morning my waiting maid very much afflicted, and when I asked her why she wept, she answered, "my mother is poor and is now unable to work from sickness, and it is this which

makes me so sad." Very well, my child, said I to her, take this money to your mother, it was what I had laid aside to buy my bonnet with, and if you can help her, in her work do it, while in the meantime I will occupy myself with a part of the work you have been accustomed to do for me. I tell you this, my dear Harriet, for I saw that after paying for the lace there was a good deal of money in your purse. As for myself I have not enough to furnish this poor woman all she needs. I have been to see her, and I know that she wants many things. I am sorry, said Harriet, but it does not concern me at all; this woman has never done any thing for me, and I do not think I am obliged to assist her. Well then, I must help her, said Jane. Oh, it is a bad heart that does not love to give to the poor! Here, my dear Lucy, send her these three dollars. But, perhaps, it is more than you can afford to give, said Lucy, embracing her. No, no, let me do it said Jane.

At the end of the year the father said to his three daughters, that he would like to know how they had spent their money, and that the next day they must bring to him an account of their expenses.

In the morning, however, Jane's waiting maid came complaining to the father, that she had received no wages, and that when she asked her mistress, she replied that she had no money, so that at last she came to ask for her dismission.

A moment after a merchant came in; your oldest daughters, said he, paid me very exactly, but it is not so with the other, I have furnished Miss Jane with feathers, and have received no money. Another merchant came with a similar complaint. I have sold said he, some beautiful articles to Miss Jane, and have never been paid.

The father sent both of them away satisfied, and then told his three daughters to come to his library. Tell me, my child, said he to Harriet, how have you employed your money? Father, replied Harriet, I beg you to cast your eyes over this book where I have marked my expenses.

Very well my child, said the father, I see you have paid exactly all your debts, but why have you not put down in writing, all the money that you have given in charity. Why father, said Harriet, a little embarrassed, I have hardly given any thing, but I have still some money left. Oh father, interrupted Jane, you will be more pleased with me than with Harriet, for I gave to all the poor who asked me, all the money I had. Well, how have you done to pay your debts? Oh father I thought I would pay them another year.

And you Lucy what use have you made of the sum I gave you. I have employed a part of it in paying my waiting maid, and in purchases I have been obliged to make, and the rest in giving to the poor. Then, said the father, Lucy is the only one who has met my wishes. You Harriet have fulfilled the first of all duties, that of giving to each what is their due—but to be good it is not enough only to be just, we must also do to others all the good that we can. You Jane have forgotten that you must be just before you are charitable, and that in doing good we must not forget to make those who are living with us happy. You have given alms to the poor whom you did not know, and at the same time you have caused your waiting maid much sorrow, and she does not wish to stay in your service any longer; I have paid your debts, but to punish your injustice, you can receive no more money for three months, to deprive you of the pleasure of giving to the poor. As for you, Harriet the money you have left is lying useless; since it is no pleasure for you to do good to others, hand it to Lucy, she deserves to be rich, since at the same time she is JUST and CHARITABLE.

LET the grounds of our actions be noble, beginning upon reason, proceeding with prudence, measured by the common lines of men, and confident upon the expectation of a usual Providence.

Original.

DESCRIPTION OF THE HEAVENLY COUNTRY.*

BY REV. W. B. SPRAGUE, D. D. ALBANY.

Nor is the heavenly country less distinguished by its advantages for acquiring KNOWLEDGE. Who that was about to emigrate to another country, would not inquire, if he were not himself a barbarian, whether there were good opportunities there for intellectual improvement; and if he should ascertain that there WERE such opportunities, and that the inhabitants generally were not only civilized, but highly cultivated, would he not be likely to anticipate his residence in the country, with increased interest?

But what is all the knowledge that can be gathered here even under the greatest advantages that are ever enjoyed, compared with that which will be gained by the inhabitants of Heaven? HERE, our knowledge is acquired with great labor and difficulty, partly from the dulness of our perceptions, and partly because many of the subjects to which we apply ourselves are so high, or so deep, or so involved, that they must be seen in a brighter light than shines upon them here, in order to their being clearly comprehended. But in Heaven, that brighter light will actually shine; and the mind will have grown clearer and stronger in its perceptions; and it will increase in knowledge with a rapidity and facility which will seem like intuition. HERE our knowledge extends to but few subjects, and those not always the most important; THERE the field of vision will be immeasurably widened, and the subjects of contemplation proportionally increased, and nothing will occupy the mind but what is worthy of its

* Concluded from page 164.

PRAIRIE-FLOWER.

noble faculties, and its immortal destination. Here, they who have made some important discoveries often selfishly keep them secret, or communicate them only at a great price; THERE a free and friendly communication of knowledge will be made without reserve and without reward. HERE knowledge often serves only to inflate its possessor with vanity and self-conceit, because it is slight and superficial; but THERE it will be so perfect that it will bring into exercise, not a spirit of ostentation but a spirit of humility. HERE we sometimes know just enough of a subject to perplex and trouble us—to excite curiosity without satisfying it; THERE our view of things will be such as to give us entire satisfaction; or if all cannot be known, what MAY be known will satisfy us.

Heaven is pre-eminently a RELIGIOUS country. Who that was about to make a settlement at a distance, would be entirely indifferent whether he was going among people who paid some regard to the authority and institutions of religion, or among those who were given up to infidelity or paganism? Even if you were careless of the interests of a FUTURE world, yet you know too much by experience of the TEMPORAL blessings of Christianity, not to wish that those blessings might still be continued to you.

In the heavenly country true religion exists in its perfection. The truth will there be universally contemplated, felt and obeyed. The mind will be delightfully occupied in penetrating into the mysteries of redemption; the heart will kindle with fresh gratitude and rapture at every new discovery of Jehovah's wisdom and goodness; every one of its affections will move in exact obedience to God's will, the whole soul will burn with devotion, while it joins in the thrilling anthem of praise to the Lamb. There will be no formality and hypocrisy; no error in faith or practice, no discordant opinions, no angry disputes, no different sects—nothing, nothing to prevent a universal friendship and a free and perpetual communion.

Every candid person must acknowledge that religion

makes men happy in this world, and that, that community in which it prevails most, has the highest degree of happiness. Even a few good men in a community sometimes exert a most benign influence upon all its interests; and in one instance a wise man saved a city. If then religion is so useful even here, where it exists in great imperfection, and in comparatively a small number of individuals, what may we not expect from it, when it shall exist in absolute perfection, and every individual shall be brought completely under its influence? But this is precisely the state of things which is to exist in the heavenly country, and who will not say that it may reasonably render that country an object of desire?

It is distinguished moreover, by the WORTHY AND EXALTED CHARACTER OF ITS INHABITANTS. Men are naturally social beings; and every man who respects himself will have some respect to the company in which he is to be found; and if he is about to emigrate to another country, one of his first inquiries will be whether the inhabitants are of elevated or grovelling character—whether he will be likely to be injured or benefitted by their society. The heavenly country has advantages in this respect which no one can fully comprehend without having enjoyed them. Part of the inhabitants are natives of the country, they were born in Heaven, and they have been educated there, and they have taken lessons from the only fountain head of all wisdom. They not only bear the image of the heavenly, but they have borne it always; and have always been used to the melodies and glories and ecstacies which are natural to the country. And besides there is every ransomed and glorified spirit there, Abraham and Paul and Moses are there; and a multitude of others of whom we have heard, and of whom we have never heard, many of whom, it may be, have exchanged the crown of martyrdom for the crown of immortality. There are indeed those there, who were beggars here—but they are not beggars now; they are clothed with immortal robes, and are fed on angel's food,

and are put in possession of the riches of the universe. And above all the Redeemer himself is there, in all the glories of his mediatorial character, dispensing to his people the thrones and crowns, which he purchased with his blood. Every country on earth has a varied population; the high and the low, the rich and the poor are in it; but in the heavenly country there will not be a single miscreant or vagabond to be found in all its vast population. Different degrees of exaltation and glory there will indeed be; but all will be perfect in their kind—all will have had the honor of a heavenly birth, and through redeeming grace will have the honor of a heavenly crown.

And to crown all, Heaven is a country from which THERE IS NO REMOVE. If we had ever so desirable a settlement here, this unpleasant circumstance would always attend it, that it was liable to be lost by our own imprudence and folly, by the fraud and injustice of our neighbors, or by the force of enemies, or by the accidents of time, or if in no other way, by our own death. But our settlement in the heavenly country will be secure and undisturbed. We shall never lose it by our own misconduct, or be driven from it by violence, or ejected from it to make way for other claimants. We shall have nothing to fear from accident—for accident there will be unknown; nothing to fear from death, for the victory over death will then be complete. Yes, it will be the crowning consideration in respect to the happiness of the glorified saint, that it will know no end. When he looks around him, and surveys the glory of the inheritance of which he has come in possession, it will be his privilege to reflect that it is an incorruptible inheritance, that the only power in the universe that is able to wrest it from him is pledged to keep him in possession of it while immortality endures.

Such is the heavenly country, the land toward which the christian pilgrim is looking. Who will not say, "Let me be a wanderer, an exile, any thing on earth, provided only I may come in possession of this better country at last?"

Original.

DEATH OF THE POET, GRENVILLE MELLEN.

BY MRS. ANNA L. SNELLING, N. Y.

MOURN for the loved and gifted! the gentle spirit flown!
The moaning winds breathe o'er his harp a sad and hollow tone,
While borne aloft on angel's wings, he sings a holier song,
And tunes a harp of sweeter strain, 'mid Heaven's inspired throng.

Life's galling chain is severed—he drinks of cooler streams—
The mists have faded from his sight, that veiled the world of dreams;
His mortal part the earth still claims—the immortal, the divine,
Refined and purified, now bends before a loftier shrine.

Yet Earth laments her favored bard; by mountain, lake or stream,
He loved to vent the thoughts that haunt a poet's fevered dream;
His gifted mind on every theme, with images was rife,
'Mid nature's haunts—the woods, the fields, or the busy scenes of life.

But clouds would shadow his pale brow—for but ideal bliss,
A soul like his could hope to taste in a wilderness like this.
And the grasping energy of mind, the longing to aspire,
To something higher, nobler still, all fed the restless fire.

It preyed upon the feeling heart, and on the fevered brain,
And fed the mingled tide of hopes indulged, alas! in vain!
Elate with joy, his spirit would on morning pinions spring,
And then in evening's mantle, fold its sad and troubled wing.

Burst forth in gay and brilliant gleams, with plumage bright and fair,
Or in mysterious gloom enwrapt, seem drooping in despair.
Visions of heavenly beauty too, would haunt the poet's dreams,
Forms, such as deck'd Illyssus' waves or far-fam'd Helle's streams;
But such unreal visions prov'd too beautiful to last,
And faded quickly from his sight, like visions of the past.

His spirit is enfranchised now, those restless longings o'er
The quenchless thoughts are hushed to rest, and on that dreamless shore,
Whose dim and distant boundary, he longed so much to view,
The wearied heart has found repose 'mid pleasures ever new.

Yet thou hast left a mournful blank, departed child of song,
They will miss thee 'mid the cheerful band where thou wert loved so long.
But can we grieve that thou at last art free from care and pain?
Rather rejoice to think OUR loss is THY immortal gain.

Original.

THE CONSEQUENCE AND RAPIDITY OF TIME.

BY REV. L. D. STEBBINS.

——— "TIME is eternity;
Pregnant with all eternity can give;
Pregnant with all that makes archangels smile.
Who murders Time, he crushes in the birth
A power ethereal, only not adored."

WE are all familiar with time, and on account of this very familiarity, we forget its consequence, and cease to feel its importance. We call upon it to hasten its flight; then weep at its sudden departure. We pluck the rose of its sweetest pleasures; then mourn that it fades so soon. We bitterly complain that it is so short; then censure that very shortness as dreary and tedious. How little we realize its true value. It is the only period in which we can prepare for eternity. And hence arises its solemn consequence, and the necessity that it be well improved, and every moment laden with some noble act. And here is immediately

presented before us, an extensive field in almost every department of science, art, and literature, in which every moment may be thus profitably occupied. Their problems may be solved, their mysteries traced, their secrets developed, their sublimities surveyed, and from hence would arise an untold benefit; not only in the knowledge obtained, but also in its enlarging the mind, and giving a higher flight, a wider range, and a broader scope to the intellectual powers. But notwithstanding this, if we think rightly, the true idea of time well improved, lies here—that every moment as it passes be signally marked by some act of tenderness; some manifestation of mercy, some exhibition of love, some return to Deity for favors conferred, some addition of heavenly graces to the soul; and hence, that a long list of pure and holy deeds be registered in Heaven, that will meet us at the Judgment with a smile, and welcome us home to rest. In such an improvement of time there is something truly beautiful. Something that points to the height of perfect moral goodness; that directs attention to the sublime virtues of the Deity; that shadows forth the lowly character of our blessed Saviour; that calls to mind the enchanting sweetness of his example, and presents a picture of tenderest love united with purest light. Time thus improved may be likened to a fertile garden, elegantly laid out, beautifully arranged, highly cultivated, and blooming with a thousand flowers. But time unimproved is like a desert grown up to briars and thorns, with here and there a wild-flower stretching upward its head as if struggling to bloom.

If time then is the arena in which we are acting for infinite bliss or infinite woe—if eternity is composed of these two opposite infinities; and if as the Poet says, "Time is eternity;" then it must be of infinite consequence, and whoever trifles with it, must do it at the peril of Jehovah's displeasure. If every step we here take is heard in eternity; if every thought we here entertain tells upon our destiny there; if every act we here perform sends its retri-

butive consequence through infinite duration, how utterly incompetent we are. fully to apprehend the value of rightly used time. It would require the powers of an angel's mind to grasp it. It rises before us like some mountain whose summit is hid in the clouds, around whose base we may innocently play, and gaze with impunity upon its magnitude, but can never reach its height. If we are ever able to estimate the worth of unfading glory, an eternal Heaven—to comprehend the extent of deepest misery deprived of hope; of keenest woe without end, we shall be better able to realize its value.

But alas, what a waste of this most precious time. How many there are who are wandering in the giddy maze of truant thoughts, and drunken passion; are following the round of fashionable etiquette, and supercilious compliment; are tolerating the foolish prattle and senseless "chit-chat" of idleness; are sitting around the gaming-table—moving in the halls of impious revelry—drinking from the cups of poisonous debauch—frequenting theatres and other public resorts where sensualism alone prevails. Who, with these scenes passing before his mind can forbid his soul to weep? Could we have a view of eternity from time's mighty consequences; could we tear the veil of secrecy from these deeds of darkness; could we survey from some eminence this general waste of time; could we penetrate the world above and behold the hosts of Heaven almost weeping on this account, we might feel more cogently the enormity of mis-spent time. When will man listen to the conscience-whisper within; demanding that every moment should increase his spiritual comprehension; brighten the benevolence and deepen the piety of his soul, and add a star to his future crown of glory.

But time is the mighty arbiter of our world, and although of such infinite consequence, it never delays one moment. In obedience to the mandate of Jehovah it commenced its flight, and, none but a Deity can impose restrictions upon his movements. Regardless of youth or

beauty, health or vigor, honor or disgrace, he still continues to verify the following lines.

> "Each moment has its sickle, emulous
> Of Time's enormous scythe, whose ample sweep,
> Strikes empires from the root; each moment plays
> His little weapon in the narrower sphere
> Of sweet domestic comfort, and cuts down
> The fairest bloom of sublunary bliss.

The flower that is just opening its bloom to the breeze, it touches with its withering hand and suddenly it dies. The tree that has just gained the strength of full maturity, it lays its palsying hand upon, and soon it falls. The brow that wears the richest laurel wreath, and that which bears the signature of darkest crime, it drops alike into the cold and silent grave. Regardless of all the pleasures of earth; the ties that bind, the friendships that unite, the sweet intercourse of kindred spirits; the joys that invade the hearth-circles of our homes; the delights that arise at the meeting of much beloved and long-absent friends; and all the scenes that wake to holiest rapture the feelings of the soul; it breaks their charm, and they become the things that were. Regardless of all the woes of earth; the sorrows that prevail, the miseries that abound; the burning tear of the orphan; the bleeding heart of the widow, and the thousand sighs of distress that inundate our race, it moves on, opening new fountains of affliction, and spreading the leprosy of death.

But if, at any period of its flight, it should chance to look back over the fields of its desolations, there never arises a feeling of compassion, nor pulsation of pity. And as the ten thousand spirit-voices call upon it to drop a tear as it flies; it casts a look of contempt and swiftly wings its way. With what rapidity it moves, swifter than light, swifter than thought, a moment and its gone. I planted an acorn by my father's door, then roamed away, and on return, the house had gone to dust, parents and

friends into eternity, and from the acorn rose a high and towering oak, tottering with age and crumbling to decay. I passed a mansion built of flinty rock, adorned with all the splendors of the finest art, shining with all the freshness of a newly finished structure, and in appearance strong as ever-during granite hills; but how soon the walls were covered with the moss of centuries; the owls were hooting amid its tumbling ruins, and all around betokened quick destruction. I saw a young and blooming child sleeping in beauty's cradle; I turned away, then looked again, and lo! decrepit age had touched her cheek, and left its furrow there, time dropt its curtain, and in her winding sheet, she laid fast in the cradle of the tomb. If such be the consequence of time, and such the rapidity of its flight, how sacred every moment, and with what religious fear it should be improved.

Original.

COVETOUSNESS.

BY S. B. PHILLIPS, M. D.

Covetousness is a fountain, whence many bitter waters issue; of whose streams great numbers have drank, and experienced, when too late, their blighting effects upon their happiness in this life, and upon their hopes for that which is to come.

Many, actuated by the baleful influence of covetousness, are plunging themselves into a vortex of remorse, staining their hands in innocent blood, or by fraud reducing widows and orphans, and confiding families to penury, and when their "sins find them out," and they stand arraigned

before the bar of justice, have reason to exclaim with Achan, "Indeed, I have sinned against the Lord God of Israel."

What numbers whom God created rational, intelligent and accountable, have been wrung with inexpressible anguish, and remorse, the most bitter and poignant; who have spent their declining years in unavailing regret and sorrow, though they may have escaped the doom of Achan, in consequence of indulging that spirit which leads to the violation of that command, delivered amidst all the sublimity, grandeur and majesty of a God; "THOU SHALT NOT COVET."

With the example of ages before us, which serves as a beacon light, pointing to the dangers on the coast of life; whence is the source of this devastating spirit of covetousness, which is so fearfully multiplying crimes, and filling the earth with rapine and blood? Much, doubtless lies in the depraved and fallen nature of man; but may not the cause of its fearfully increasing and exuberant growth, for a few years past, be found in the moral training of youth? and is it not cherished and nourished into premature growth, by the false impressions of the value of wealth, early made on the minds of the young?

Fashion, too, with her myriad of delusive charms, has immolated thousands on her altar, by urging her votaries to dishonesty and villany, to procure means to supply her capricious, and exhaustless demands.

"The pride of life" is fostered in the minds of the young by precept, and enforced by example, among the affluent; whose show and parade is aped by those in more moderate circumstances, and sought by those in penury. Hence, when one, who has maintained the style of the higher classes of society, finds his means inadequate to supply the demands of imprudence, he resorts to dishonesty in some of its forms, to keep up appearances; those in middle life, struggling to vie with those above them, unable to maintain the false colors exposed to view, are tempted, and too often

yield to the enemy of all righteousness, that they may appear rich; while the poor, oppressed as they frequently are by those who should befriend them, and often no doubt goaded by necessity and want, are urged to the commission of crime, by coveting their neighbor's wealth. Thus, by a false estimate of riches, and the deceptive appearance of happiness in what is denominated the higher walks of life; and the idea that there is something degrading attached to honest labor, and persevering industry, many, very many, have plunged into a whirlpool of despair, and clad their families in sackcloth and mourning.

"The pride of life," style, fashionable style of living, has been the secret spring of crime; counterfeiting, embezzling, purloining, cheating, and dishonesty in all its Protean forms, which have so destroyed the confidence between man and man, and indelibly stamped many with disgrace.

The cause has operated on the minds of men from infancy, and can be removed only by degrees, for impressions made on the youthful mind, are not easily, or speedily eradicated. But could parents and guardians be persuaded, first of all to restrain the unholy passions of their children, in their FIRST risings, and not pamper them by indulgence; to teach them to fear God, and the consequences of disobeying his commands; to discountenance, rather than cultivate, the love of ostentation and vanity; to form in their minds a just idea of the value of wealth; to inculcate a love for industry and laudable employments, and a supreme contempt for idleness, which unavoidably leads to vice, and consequent infamy; to give them correct views of happiness, and the means of obtaining it; then, there might a generation rise, who would shudder at the rehearsal of the crimes, now perpetrated to obtain money, and be struck with horror at the idea of gaining wealth by these means. Let parents be warned by the sad history of Achan, and thousands of others, not to promote the spirit of covetousness in their children by their example.

Revelation declares, that "the love of money is the root

of all evil," the truth of which is visible to the observer of scenes passing in our midst, and around us. Yea, "They that WILL be rich, fall into temptation and a snare, and into many FOOLISH and hurtful lusts, which drown men in destruction and perdition."

The fearful increase of crime, and the ravages made upon the peace of the community; the inroads upon society, and the happiness of individuals and families, demand an investigation of the cause, and require the efforts of the patriot, the philanthropist, and the christian, to stay the progress of those daring sins, which are rising like an overwhelming tide around us.

THE GRAVE.

BY W. IRVING.

Oh, the grave, the grave! It buries every error, covers every defect, extinguishes every resentment. From this peaceful bosom spring none but fond regrets and tender recollections. Who can look down upon the grave even of an enemy, and not feel a compunctious throb that ever he should have warred with the poor handful of earth, that lies mouldering before him? But the grave of those we loved—what a place for meditation! There it is we call up in long review, the whole history of the truth and gentleness, and the thousand endearments lavished upon us almost unheard in the daily course of intimacy. Then it is we dwell upon the tenderness of the parting scene, the bed of death with all its stifled grief, its noiseless attendants, its mute watchful assiduities; the last testimonies of expiring love; the feeble, fluttering, thrilling—Oh, how thrilling is the pressure of the hand, the last fond look of the glazing eye, turning upon us even from the threshold of existence;

the faint, faltering accent, struggling in death to give one more assurance of affection. Ay, go to the grave of buried love, and meditate! There settle the account with thy conscience, of past endearments unregarded of that departed being, who never, never can return to be soothed by contrition. If thou art a child, and hast ever added a sorrow to the soul, or a furrow to the silvered brow of an affectionate parent; if thou art a husband, and hast ever caused the bosom that ventured its whole happiness in thy arms, to doubt one moment of thy kindness or thy truth; if thou art a friend, and hast wronged by thought, by word, or deed, the spirit that generously confided in thee, if thou art a lover, and hast ever given one unmerited pang to the true heart that now lies cold and still beneath thy feet, then be sure that every unkind look, every ungracious word, every ungentle action, will come thronging back upon thy memory, and knocking dolefully at thy soul; then be sure that thou wilt lie down sorrowing and repentant on the grave, and utter the unheard groan, and pour the unavailing tear—bitter, because unheard and unavailing.

EARLY MARRIAGES.

Mr. Johnson, in his Economy of Health, gives the following as his opinion on early matrimony and its consequences.

The most proper age for entering the holy bonds of matrimony, has been discussed but never settled. I am entitled to my opinion; and although I cannot here give the grounds on which it rests, the reader may take it for granted, that I could adduce, were this the proper place, a great number of weighty reasons, both moral and physical, for the dogma I am about to propound. The maxim, then, which I would inculcate is this—that matrimony should

not be contracted before the first year of the fourth septenniad, on the part of females, nor before the last year of the same in the case of the male; in other words the male should be at least twenty-eight years old. That there should be seven years difference between the ages of the sexes, at whatever period of life the solemn contract is entered upon, need not be urged, as it is universally admitted. There is a difference of seven years, not in the actual duration of life in the sexes, but in the stamina of the constitution, the symmetry of the form, and the lineaments of the face. The wear and tear of bringing up a family might alone account for this inequality; but there are other causes inherent in the constitution, and independent of matrimony or celibacy.

In respect to early marriage, as far as it concerns the softer sex, I have to observe, that for every year at which the hymeneal knot is tied below the age of twenty-one, they will be on an average three years of premature decay of the corporeal fabric; and as considerable abbreviation of the usual range of human existence. It is in vain to point out instances that seem to nullify this calculation. There will be individual exceptions to all general rules. The above will be a fair average estimate.

On the MORAL consequences of too early marriages, it is not my intention to dilate; though I could adduce many strong arguments against, and very few in favor of the practice. It has been said that matrimony MAY have miseries, but celibacy has no pleasures. As far as too early marriage is concerned the adage ought to run thus—'marriage must have miseries, though celibacy MAY have no pleasures.'

THEY that think they are bound for Heaven in the ways of sin, have either found a new way, untrodden by all that have gone thither, or will find themselves deceived in the end.

ETERNITY.

Extract from an Unpublished Poem;

BY HENRY W. LONGFELLOW.

And yet thou hast not left thyself without
  A witness; all we hear, and feel, and see,
Within us and around, forbid to doubt,
  Yet speak so darkly and mysteriously
Of what we are and shall be evermore,
We doubt, and yet believe, and tremble and adore!

Thanks be to God!—the glorious day will come,
  Wherein the soul shall see, and feel, and know!
Earth—earth is not our everlasting home,
  But through the shadows of this world below,
The spirit journeys onward to the sky,
A wayworn pilgrim of eternity.

Eternity! no mortal e'er could break
  Thy seal of mystery, save him alone
Who dwelt in Patmos, for his Saviour's sake,
  And in his vision saw a great white throne;
And him who sat thereon, before whose face
The earth and heaven fled, and found no place!

Eternity! O let the Dead again
  Put on their mortal garments and return—
Give back! give back thy dark and shadowy train,
  Once more, that they may tell, in words that burn,
Thy fearful mysteries of good and ill—
A voice within us cries, Oh! Peace! be still.

NOTE.

It gives us much pleasure to announce to our readers that we are about to publish, in this work, from the pen of one of our most gifted scholars and divines, a series of numbers, from notes taken in his travels abroad.

These communications will be hailed with satisfaction by the numerous readers of this Magazine, as they are not

the ordinary notes of Tourists, but the actual contact of a great mind with some of the greatest intellectual lights of the nineteenth century. The first will be his visit to Robert Southey, the Poet.

NOTE ALSO.—The Rev. W. B. Sprague, D. D. will give a series of numbers, in our new Periodical, The Parlor Annual, or Young Lady's and Gentleman's Magazine, addressed to YOUNG MEN. The first will appear in the March number of that work.

JUST PUBLISHED.

The Pictorial Pilgrim's Progress, 350 pages with 30 beautiful engravings, on steel and wood, and illustrated with 500 notes by Dr. Scott and Mason, Published by D. Newell, at this office.

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Original.

VISIT TO ROBERT SOUTHEY.*

Editor of the Christian Family Magazine—DEAR SIR,

I PROMISED to furnish you with some brief recollections of a tour, which I made a few years since, on the other side of the water, and especially of some of the more interesting characters, whose acquaintance I had the pleasure to make. The distinguished person, whose name is at the head of this article, I had long been specially desirous of seeing; and while I was in Edinburgh, I enclosed him a letter of introduction, which one of his friends had given me, with a view to ascertain whether he would be at home at the time of my intended visit at Keswick, the place of his residence. He wrote me a note, informing me that he SHOULD be at home, and promising me a cordial welcome to his house. The following account of my visit is extracted from my diary with scarcely the alteration of a word. I intended at first to have made it into something a little more connected and coherent; but it occurred to me that it would at least have an air of greater freshness, if it were to be simply the original history of my visit just as it was thrown off on the evening after it occurred.

On the day previous to my reaching Keswick, I had gone from Durham to Penrith, a small town in the north of England, distant from Southey's residence about eighteen miles. The next morning, May 17, 1836, I started at an

* NOTE. We regret that it is quite inexpedient to give the name of our highly gifted and distinguished correspondent, who has favored us with his interesting visit to the poet, Southey, and who is expected to give his visit to other highly distinguished individuals in his travels in Europe. These will be looked for with interest and received with avidity.

early hour in a private carriage for Keswick; and though the day was beautiful, and the country through which I passed, exceedingly romantic, yet my coachman, who was my only COMPAGNON DU VOYAGE, was so intolerably stupid, and had advanced so little beyond monosyllables in the art of talking, that I had to enjoy the ride quite alone. A little past nine o'clock, the far-famed village to which I was bound, made its appearance—beautifully situated among the hills, with a charming lake lying in front of it. Having ascertained the poet's residence, which is a few minutes walk out of the village—the village itself is too ugly to deserve so delightful a situation—I sat out to walk thither, and on my way passed a gentleman of so striking an appearance, that I suspected at once that it could be no other than the individual who was the chief object of my visit. Upon inquiry I found that I was correct in my conjecture; and I immediately returned and introduced myself to him, by referring to the introductory note which I had forwarded to him from Edinburgh. He received me with great simplicity and kindness and returned with me at once to his house, which is situated on a small eminence, with every thing that nature, and much that art, can do, to render it enchanting. As we came up to the door, he pointed to a beautiful grass-plat on the right, which he said was his "quarter-deck." He is rather above the middle stature, has a dark complexion and dark eyes, with bushy hair, turned nearly grey; his expression is unusually intelligent, and he reminded me in the TOUT ENSEMBLE of his appearance of my friend S. B. F. Morse, Esq. and somewhat also of Combe, the phrenologist. He is a native of Bristol, his father having been a linen draper there; and it was his early intention to have spent his days in Portugal, where his uncle was chaplain to the British factory, and where at different times he has actually spent nearly two years; but the political state of things at that period, led him to change his purpose. He is now sixty-two years old, and has occupied the spot of his present residence a year or

two more than half of his whole life. It was formerly Wordsworth's dwelling, and it was a visit which he made to Wordsworth that first attracted him thither.

He remarked that time had dealt very gently with him, that though he once had the ophthalmia for a short time, yet his eyes are now so good that he sees to read the smallest print and write the smallest hand without glasses, that he can walk with great ease from twenty to thirty miles a day, and that when he walks alone, he always has his book in his hand, and can easily walk at the rate of three miles an hour, and read the whole time without interruption. No longer ago than last week he said he scrambled all over the adjacent mountain. When I spoke of the great degree of seclusion incident to the place, he said it was fortunate for him that there was so little good society in his neighborhood, as it left him with so much the more time to devote to his books.

He gave me a most touching account of his domestic afflictions. He has had eight children, four of whom only survive; of his eldest son who died at the age of ten, he spoke in terms of the strongest commendation, and remarked that if it had pleased God to spare his life he would have taken HIS place in all respects; that he was most devoted to his books, and the last thing he did, so long as he could sit up in his bed, was to call for his Homer. Of his children now living, one is a son preparing for Oxford, the other three are daughters, one of whom is married to a clergyman of great worth, the other two are unmarried at home. His wife has been deranged for the last two years—for some time he had great hope of her recovery; but he considers her case now as quite hopeless. He supposes he might possibly have averted it if he had known the danger in season; though she passed very suddenly from extreme depression to absolute madness. The first evening after her return from the Insane Retreat, at York, she sat down between her two daughters, and related to them, with perfect correctness, every thing that had occur-

red to her during her absence; and they all considered her as quite restored. But it was only a gleam of reason owing to the excitement occasioned by her return. She has ever since been entirely deranged, though for the most part she is quiet, and chooses always to remain in the same place. Toward evening every day, she has an interval, that approaches somewhat to the lucid, and then relapses into her usual state of complete derangement. He spoke of the affliction with deep emotion, but apparently with a spirit of humble submission to the will of Heaven.

He inquired with great interest concerning many individuals in the United States, and remarked that he almost thought he knew more people in Boston than in any one town in England.

The first American who particularly attracted his attention was Edward Everett, whom he remembered some twenty years ago, as a very striking man; and since that time he had seen Dr. Channing, who so far as he could judge from his conversation, was then an Arian; Professor Palfrey, who was very near being drowned in coming to him in the coach; Mrs. Brooks, of Boston, whose poetry, Bride of Sevens, he thinks a work of great power, and superior to any American poetry he has seen, and destined yet to emerge from obscurity; Mr. Dewey, who had sent him a copy of his sermons, some of which he thought very beautiful; Professor Ticknor, Mr. Cogswell, etc. all of whom he seemed to recollect with respect and pleasure. He expressed great admiration of Buckminster's sermons, remarking that they appeared to him to have been dictated by a spirit of deep piety, notwithstanding their author's Unitarianism; and he wondered that until very lately no British edition of them had ever appeared.

Of many distinguished individuals in his own country, both dead and living; he spoke with great interest, and with various measures both of commendation and censure. Nothing could exceed his admiration of Mrs. Grant of Laggan. He considers all her works as characterized by

great talent and fitted to be eminently useful; but he gave the preference to her book containing her early recollections of Albany, which he said, was one of the most exquisite things he ever read, and exhibited a state of society interesting to him in the highest degree. The poet C—— he never saw but once; but he pronounced him an unhappy man—not so much an unbeliever as a miso-christian. With another poet of distinguished name, he had only had a single interview; but so far as he knows his character, he believes him amiable and harmless in his domestic relations, notwithstanding all that he has written of opposite tendency. He mentioned that he, the said poet, boasted not long since at some public meeting that he was now of such an age, that he felt at perfect liberty, and was not afraid to speak out his mind on any subject; "but," said Southey, "when he was a young man, he wrote as licentiously as he pleased, when he was a middle-aged man he wrote as libellously as he pleased, and in the decline of life he has written as treasonably as he pleased, and I do not see what he wants more." He regards him as really an unbeliever, while yet he is a professed Catholic. Of Rogers and Bowles, the two oldest of the British poets, he spoke with the highest respect, as being not only very gifted, but very amiable and excellent characters.

To be concluded.

The hand of man is too weak to pluck any soul out of the crowd of the world, and set it among the number of believers. Only the father of spirits hath absolute command of spirits. This powerful, this sanctifying spirit works sweetly, and yet strongly; it can come into the heart whereas all other speakers are forced to stand without. That still voice within, persuades more than all the loud crying without; as he that is within the house, though he speaks low, is better heard and understood, than he that shouts without doors.

Original.

BROTHERS AND SISTERS.

A STORY FOR YOUTH.

With a Colored Engraving.

Never surely was there a more affectionate couple than Ellen Fairlie and her brother Clarence. She was gentle, timid, and of that serene and delicate beauty, which rather inspires a tender interest in the beholder, than a transient admiration. He was a noble-hearted, high-spirited boy—quick to take offence, yet ever willing to forgive an unintentional injury—often rash and headstrong in his pursuits—spurning control when unduly exercised, yet easily led by mildness. The finest trait in his character was his enthusiastic love for his sweet sister Ellen. They were orphans—destitute of this world's goods, and therefore bound to each other by stronger ties. On the death of their parents they were consigned to the care of a relative in Bermuda. This relative was named Townly. She was half sister to Mrs. Fairlie, whom she did not in the least resemble. The first wife of their father was a French lady, and her daughter, at her dying request, was educated in a convent, while Mrs. Fairlie was brought up in the strictest principles of the protestant faith. The religious precepts of the parents were early instilled into the minds of their children; and although very young when they lost these tender guardians of their youth, they were not forgotten after their removal to a land of strangers.

The Townlys had a large family of children, and although wealthy enough to provide handsomely for them all, yet they were rather averse to increasing their cares by affording a home to the poor orphans, notwithstanding the

BROTHERS AND SISTERS.

solemn and affecting manner in which they were committed to their charge. The little West Indians, however, were delighted at the idea of acquiring new playmates, especially when informed by their slaves that they had come such a long distance to see them. No sooner did the vessel arrive than they rushed in a wild group to the shore to welcome their cousins, contending with each other for the right to escort them to the house.

Ellen was frightened at their rough embraces, and clung to her brother, who, half laughing at the grotesque appearance of the competitors, and half angry at their rude pushing and pulling, waved them off with a threatening gesture, and asserted his own claim to protect his sister to her new abode.

"She's a little beauty," exclaimed Reginald, the eldest boy, to his sister Lucia.

"She looks like a piece of white wax, and is n't pretty at all," answered Lucia, pouting.

"She's ten times handsomer than you, Luce, and so you're jealous," said the second brother, Robert.

"Take that, Sir, for your insolence," replied the gentle sister, slapping his face.

The blow was instantly returned. Little Ellen, unused to such scenes, burst into tears, and hid her face on her brother's shoulder.

"Don't try, pretty cousin," lisped Rosa, the youngest of the noisy group, going up to the weeping child, and putting her arms round her neck in an affectionate manner. "Tum home with baby Rosa, and she will show you her new doll."

The sparkling eyes of Clarence were turned with a grateful look upon this new pleader, and Ellen, drying her tears, took her hand, while a smile played over her lovely face. The elder children looked somewhat ashamed, while she walked off with the BABY, the attendant slave willingly resigning her to the care of Clarence, who jumped her

over the rough places, and then put her little hand again in that of Ellen.

In this manner they reached the house, where Mr. and Mrs. Townley stood on the piazza to receive them, Baby Rosa skipping with delight between her new friends, was the first to introduce them, and perhaps on her account they met with a warmer reception than might have been expected from their aunt.

Mrs. Townly was an indolent woman. A French governess was provided for her children, and she was satisfied with their progress. Much attention was paid to their external appearance and worldly accomplishments, but we fear very little care was taken to correct their faults, or instil virtuous principles into their hearts. The morning after the arrival of the orphans, they were arranging their simple wardrobe, when seeing a little book with clasps, Lucia snatched it up, and opened it, but not understanding its contents, she burst into a loud laugh.

"What's all this trumpery for, Ellen," said she, "You can't read it, I'm sure—what's it good for?"

"Oh, give it to me, do, dear cousin," replied Ellen, her soft blue eyes half filled with tears, "It was my mother's gift."

"Well, it's no more interesting on that account is it?" replied Lucia, turning over the leaves with very little ceremony, "Oh, here's a picture."

"Let's see it," cried Robert, snatching at the book. Lucia held it fast. There was a struggle, during which the poor little book seemed threatened with destruction. Poor Ellen interposed in vain, and Rosa who had become much attached to her new cousin, began to cry. "I'll go and tell mamma," she whispered, "and you shall have your book." Meantime Clarence, who was building a card house for one of the little boys, roused by his sister's voice, ran eagerly to see what was the matter. His first impulse was to give Robert a blow, but Ellen seized his arm. "Brother," said she, "that book teaches us to return good

for evil. Wait until our Aunt comes, she will manage all rightly, I am sure."

Mrs. Townly with all her weakness, was by no means a foolishly indulgent mother. She saw the errors of her children, but, as I said before, was too indolent to correct them properly, but when any glaring misdemeanor came to her notice, she punished it severely. The moment therefore that she was informed of the conduct of Lucia and Robert, she ordered them to keep their rooms for the day, and not to make their appearance again until truly penitent, and willing to ask forgiveness. "And now, my little niece, what is this wonderful book that you value so much."

"It is the BIBLE," replied the little girl, her youthful face beaming with delight at recovering her treasure. "The Bible," repeated Mrs. Townly, in surprise.

"Yes, ma'am; and oh, I do love it so. My dear mother used to read it to me when I was very, very little; and when I learned to read, and she was taken sick, I used to read it to her. When she was going to die, she gave it to me, and bade me never part with it, but try to live according to the lessons it teaches, that I might be worthy to meet her in heaven. Oh do not let them take away my precious book."

Mrs. Townly took the child in her arms, and tears, to which she had long been a stranger fell from her eyes upon the head of that motherless child. Her own negligence in regard to the education of her girls struck her forcibly for the first time. She resolved, as far as possible, to remedy the evil, and as the first step toward it, promised her niece not only to allow her to keep HER book, but to purchase one also for her cousins, that they too, by the blessing of God, might learn to be good and gentle. The change she contemplated, was not, however, the work of a moment. The evil had taken too deep a root, and it was long ere, by many exertions, and suffering many trials, that her labors appeared likely to be crowned with success.

When Clarence was about eighteen and Ellen sixteen

years of age, they were forced to endure the greatest trial which they had undergone since the death of their parents; namely, a separation from each other. Clarence had received the same advantages of education afforded to Mr. Townly's own boys, but as the latter were intended to settle as planters upon the island, and the former obliged to seek his own fortune, his uncle thought it necessary that he should see something more of the world. A good offer had been made by a rich English merchant, to receive the youth into his counting-house. He had been much pleased with his open ingenuous countenance, his strict regard to truth, and his diligent attention to his studies. Such a fine prospect for the advancement of her brother was at first received by Ellen with rapture. But then came the bitter thought of parting for months, for years, perhaps forever, and she wept bitterly.

It was the last evening before his intended departure, and the brother and sister walked out alone to enjoy the few moments allowed them away from every eye save His, who has said, "Leave your fatherless children, I will preserve them alive."

Ellen seated herself near the shore and fixed her sad gaze upon the vessel which was so soon to bear him she loved best on earth from her sight. Clarence, struggling with his own grief, endeavored to comfort her. He spoke of their dear parents, and how happy it would have made them to see their children so well provided for. "You shall not long be a dependant upon others bounty, sweet sister. Nay, do not look reproachfully; I acknowledge that we have been kindly treated, but it galls me to think that we eat the bread of idleness and dependance. By God's help you shall soon have a home of your own. So weep not. Be assured your parting counsels shall not be lost upon me, and amid all the perils and temptations of life, the image of my sister shall be near me to preserve me from evil."

It is not our purpose to pursue the steps of the adventurous

youth, and relate by what means he at length arrived at the goal of his wishes. Suffice it to say, that his industry, honesty and integrity, at length met with their reward. Ellen, in the meantime, had rendered herself invaluable to her aunt by assisting in the education of her children, and little Rosa, the most beloved of her pupils, bids fair to become as amiable and intelligent, as her youthful preceptor. Lucia has not quite cured herself of her petulance of temper, and Robert is often violent—but Reginald, won from his faults by the gentle disposition and exalted character of his cousin Ellen, has, with the sanction of his parents, endeavored to persuade her to remain with them for life, no longer as a niece, but as a daughter. This, however, may interfere with the arrangements of her brother, who had prepared a pleasant home for her in England. There is some report that her refusal may tempt the lonely young merchant to look round for another companion, though he assures his advisers that he shall never be happy with her unless she resemble his sister.

And now, my dear young friends, have any of you violent tempers? are any wilful, unruly, and disobedient? if so, look at the contrast in the characters of Lucia and Ellen, and Robert and Clarence. Which do you wish to resemble? If you have faults, endeavor to correct them. Be gentle, kind and obliging to all. Obey your parents while young, that you may have nothing wherewith to reproach yourselves in after life, and above all, cherish, protect and love your brothers and sisters. Suppress every unkind feeling; beware of angry words, they too often lead to angry blows, and these to lasting remorse. Let the Bible be your guide, and if you abide by its dictates, you will be happy. A. L. S.

It is manifest that all government of action is to be obtained by knowledge, and knowledge best by gathering many knowledges, which is reading.

ANTIOCH, IN SYRIA.

With a steel Engraving.

Antioch, was once a city of great power and glory, and an asylum for the church of God. But how changed! Its glory has departed. By repeated earthquakes and civil commotions, it has become almost a heap of ruins.

Being centrally situated, it became the seat of empire of the Syrian kings of the Macedonian race, and afterwards of the Roman governors of the eastern provinces. There also the disciples of Jesus Christ were first called Christians, and making it a principal station, they from hence sent missionaries out in various directions, Acts xi. 26. Strabo describes Antioch as being in power and dignity not much inferior to Alexandria. Ammianus Marcellinus says it was celebrated throughout the world; and Josephus characterizes it as the third city of the Roman provinces. It was long, indeed, the most powerful city of the East, and was famous among the Jews for the right of citizenship, which Seleucus had given to them in common with the Greeks and Macedonians, and which Josephus informs us they retained. These privileges, no doubt, contributed to render Antioch so desirable to the Christians, who were every where considered as a sect of Jews, since here they could perform their worship in their own way, without molestation or interruption. This may also contribute to account for the importance attached by the apostles to the introduction of the gospel into Antioch; and for the interest taken by them in its promotion and extension in a city so distant from Jerusalem.

Antioch abounded with great men, and its church was long governed by illustrious prelates. It suffered much, however, on several occasions, sometimes being exposed to the violence of heretics, and at other times being rent

by deplorable schisms. The bishop of Antioch has the title of Patriarch; and has constantly had a great share in the affairs of the Eastern church.

Antioch is now called Antakia, and, till the year 1822, it occupied a remote corner of the ancient enclosure of its walls; its splendid buildings being reduced to hovels, and its population living in Turkish abasement. At that period it was revisited by its ancient subterranean enemy, and converted by an earthquake into a heap of ruins. It contains now about 10,000 inhabitants.

Original.

THE SABBATH SCHOOL.

BY J. E. BRUSH, N. Y.

Future ages will justly accord to the first half of the 19th century, the merit of having originated a series of operations, sufficiently extensive to spread over the face of the earth a knowledge of the word of God, as the waters cover the mighty deep. The Bible, Tract and Missionary Societies have laid a foundation which need only be matured, in order to make them mighty instruments in the hands of God, of teaching all nations the way of the Lord. The Sabbath School is another auxiliary of scarcely less importance, although its sphere of action is humble, without pretension, and not calculated to claim much of popular attention. It is our purpose to show, however, what it designs to accomplish and its claims upon every christian.

1st, its design. Children at an early age are easily taught by precept and example to adopt any line of conduct that is set before them, and it is generally admitted that early

impressions remain the strongest, while things of a recent date are soon forgotten; hence it becomes very important, that a knowledge of God, and of his dealings with us, should be impressed upon the mind; on this point it is to be feared that many parents, professing religion, are neglectful of their duty—their children do not witness the family devotion, they do not see an acknowledgment to a kind Providence, for the bounties they are enabled to spread upon the table, they are not taught that there is a God above, who made the Universe, who has made ample provision for every thing in nature, who is holy, worshipped and adored by angels, and the spirits of the just made perfect, who requires all his intelligent creatures to place their affections upon him. To fill this place is one of the chief objects of the Sabbath School. The faithful teacher labors from Sabbath to Sabbath, in endeavoring to present to the mind of his scholars such inducements as will wean them from sin, and cause them to fear God, and keep his commandments. His vocation is one that makes but little noise, but it is destined to work out great good to the rising generation, and if the efforts of every Sabbath School teacher were promptly seconded by the heads of families, its influence would be more widely felt, and many souls would be added to the church, of such as would be saved. There are many other objects of a minor importance, designed by the establishment of Sabbath Schools; they form the best medium for the acquisition of Scriptural knowledge that can be found. Every intelligent scholar who has been attentive to his or her classes, is better informed, generally speaking, on all subjects that concern the philanthropist and christian than the average of those who have arrived at the age of maturity.

We will now consider the second proposition, viz., their claims upon every christian. Every reflecting mind must be convinced that the future destiny of the church will soon rest upon the rising generation; the great moral and religious enterprizes of the age must be placed in their

hands. How important, then, that we fully prepare them for the Great Work, by thorough Sabbath School instructions. The question may be asked, if we would expect all christians to engage in Sabbath Schools. Of course not, but there are claims that commend themselves to the attention of every friend of the cause of Christ. Parents can do much to assist the teacher in the discharge of his duty, in fact they should take the lead, and early train them up in the way they should go, that when they are old they may not depart therefrom. Many parents could easily visit the schools, engage as Teachers, for which they would be well qualified by their experience in the management of children. Those who have perused the documents published by the Sabbath School Union, have seen that many schools are destitute of help. Many thousand children might be brought in to these nurseries of the Lord, which for the want of assistance cannot be done. What subject presents stronger claims than this?

The United States for about sixty years have been testing the capacity of man for self-government. The nations of Europe have watched with an eagle eye our movements; any irregularity or popular tumult has been held up as a proof that the people through their representatives cannot govern themselves. It becomes therefore a subject of national importance, that our young citizens should be moral, intelligent, educated and capable of appreciating the value of self-government, thus qualifying themselves to prove to the world, that virtue and knowledge are the strongest elements of power; that a band of freemen are better than a legion of mercenary soldiers. In view of this great subject, we would ask if it does not present the strongest claims to every friend of sound morals, to give it countenance and support, that the rising generation may be prepared to carry out the great plans now in operation for the conversion of our fellow-beings.

OLD IRONSIDES ON A LEE-SHORE.

PERILS OF THE OCEAN.

BY AN EYE-WITNESS.

It was at the close of a stormy day in the year 1835, when the gallant frigate Constitution, under the command of Captain Elliott—having on board the late Edward Livingston, late Minister at the Court of France, and his family, and manned by nearly five hundred souls—drew near to the "chops" of the English Channel. For four days she had been beating down from Plymouth, and on the fifth, at evening, she made her last tack from the French coast.

The watch was set at eight P.M.—The captain came on deck soon after, and having ascertained the bearing of Scilly, gave orders to keep the ship "full and by," remarking at the same time to the officer of the deck, that he might make the light on the lee-beam, but, he stated, he thought it more than probable that he would pass it without seeing it. He then "turned in," as did most of the idlers, and the starboard watch.

At a quarter past nine, P.M. the ship headed west by compass, when the call of "Light O!" was heard from the foretopsail-yard.

"Where away?" asked the officer of the deck.

"Three points on the lee bow," replied the lookout man; which the unprofessional reader will readily understand to mean very nearly straight ahead. At this moment, the captain appeared and took the trumpet.

"Call all hands," was his immediate order.

"All hands!" whistled the boatswain, with the long shrill summons familiar to the ears of all who have ever been on board of a man-of-war.

"All hands screamed the boatswain's mates; and ere the last echo died away all but the sick were upon deck.

The ship was staggering through a heavy swell from the Bay of Biscay; the gale, which had been blowing several days, had increased to a severity that was not to be made light of. The breakers, where Sir Cloudesley Shovel and his fleet were destroyed in the days of Queen Anne, sang their song of death before, and the Dead-Man's Ledge replied in hoarser notes behind us. To go ahead seemed to be death, and to attempt to go about was sure destruction.

The first thing that caught the eye of the captain was the furled mainsail, which he had ordered to be carried throughout the evening—the hauling up of which contrary to the last order that he had given on leaving the deck, had caused the ship to fall off to leeward two points, and had thus led her into a position on "a lee shore," upon which a strong gale was blowing her, in which the chance of safety appeared to the stoutest nerves almost hopeless. That sole chance consisted in standing on, to carry us through the breakers of Scilly, or by a close graze along their outer ledge. Was this destined to be the end of the gallant old ship, consecrated by so many a prayer and blessing from the heart of a nation!

"Why is the mainsail up, when I ordered it set?" cried the captain in a tremendous voice.

"Finding that she pitched her bows under, I took it in under your general order, sir, that the officer of the deck should carry sail according to his discretion," replied the lieutenant in command.

"Heave the log," was the prompt command, to the master's mate. The log was thrown.

"How fast does she go?"

"Five knots and a half, sir."

"Board the main tack, sir."

"She will not bear it," said the officer of the deck.

"Board the main tack," thundered the captain. "Keep her full and by, quartermaster."

"Ay! ay, sir!" The tack was boarded.

"Haul aft the mainsheet," shouted the captain, and aft it went like the spreading of a sea bird's wing, giving the huge sail to the gale.

"Give her the lee helm when she goes into the sea," cried the captain.

"Ay! ay! sir, she has it," growled out the old sea-dog at the binnacle.

"Right your helm, keep her full and by."

"Ay! ay! sir! full and by she is," was the prompt answer from the helm.

"How fast does she go?"

"Eight knots and a half, sir."

"How bears the light?"

"Nearly a beam, sir."

"Keep her away half a point."

"How fast does she go?"

"Nine knots, sir."

"Steady, so!" returned the captain.

"Steady," answered the helmsman, and all was the silence of the grave upon that crowded deck, except the howling of the storm—for a space of time that seemed to my imagination almost an age.

It was a trying hour with us—unless we could carry sail so as to go at the rate of nine knots an hour, we must of necessity dash upon Scilly, and whoever touched those rocks and lived during a storm? The sea ran very high, the rain fell in sheets, the sky was one black curtain illumined only by the faint light which was to mark our deliverance, or stand a monument of our destruction. The wind had got above whistling, it came in puffs, that flattened the waves, and made our old frigate settle to her bearings, while everything on board seemed cracking into pieces. At this moment the carpenter reported that the left bolt of the weather fore-shroud had drawn.

"Get on the luffs, and set them all on the weather shrouds. Keep her at small helm, quartermaster, and ease her in the sea," were the orders of the captain.

The luffs were soon put upon the weather shrouds, which of course relieved the chains and channels, but many an anxious eye was turned toward the remaining bolts, for upon them depended the masts, and upon the masts depended the safety of the ship—for with one foot of canvass less she could not live fifteen minutes.

Onward plunged the overladen frigate, and at every surge she seemed bent upon making the deep the sailor's grave, and her live oak sides, his coffin of glory, She had been fitted out at Boston when the thermometer was below zero. Her shrouds of course therefore slackened at every strain, and her unwieldly masts, for she had those designed for the frigate Cumberland, a much larger ship, seemed ready to jump out of her. And now, while all was apprehension, another bolt drew!—and another!—until at last, our whole stay was placed upon a single bolt less than a man's wrist in circumference. Still the good iron clung to the solid wood, and bore us alongside the breakers, though in a most fearful proximity to them. This thrilling incident has never, I believe, been noticed in public, but it is the literal fact—which I make not the slightest attempt to embellish. As we galloped on—for I can compare our vessel's leaping to nothing else—the rocks seemed very near us. Dark as was the night, the white foam scowled round their black heads, while the spray fell over us, and the thunder of the dashing surge sounded like the awful knell that the ocean was singing for the victims it was eager to ingulf.

At length the light bore upon our quarter, and the broad Atlantic rolled its white caps before us. During this time all were silent, each officer and man was at his post, and the bearing and countenance of the captain seemed to give encouragement to every person on board. With but a bare possibility of saving the ship and those on board, he

placed his reliance upon his nautical skill and courage, and by carrying the mainsail when in any other situation it would have been considered a suicidal act, HE WEATHERED THE LEE-SHORE, AND SAVED THE CONSTITUTION.

The mainsail was now hauled up, by light hearts and strong hands, the jib and spanker taken in, and from the light of Scilly the gallant vessel, under close reefed topsails and main trysails, took her departure and danced merrily over the deep toward the United States.

"Pipe down," said the captain to the first lieutenant, "and splice the main-brace."—"Pipe down," echoed the first lieutenant to the boatswain. "Pipe down," whistled the boatswain to the crew, and "pipe down," it was.

"How near the rocks did we go," said I to one of the master's mates the next morning. He made no reply, but taking down his chart, showed me a pencil-line BETWEEN THE OUTSIDE SHOAL AND THE LIGHTHOUSE ISLAND, which must have been a small strait for a fisherman to run his smack through in good weather by daylight.

For what is the noble and dear old frigate preserved?

I went upon deck; the sea was calm, a gentle breeze was swelling our canvass from mainsail to royal, the isles of Scilly had sank in the eastern waters, and the clouds of the dying storm were rolling off in broken masses to the northward and westward, like the flying columns of a beaten army.

I have been in many a gale of wind, and have passed through scenes of great danger; but never, before or since, have I experienced an hour so terrific, as that when the Constitution was laboring, with the lives of five hundred men hanging on a single small iron-bolt to weather Scilly, on the night of the eleventh of May, 1835.

THE first ways of David were best; and yet they were most accompanied by affliction.

Original.

THE PIANO-FORTE.

DIALOGUE BETWEEN ELIZA AND JANE.

BY THOMAS HASTINGS, ESQ.

ELIZA. So Jane, you are presented with a new piano-forte.

JANE Yes.

E. How are you pleased with it?

J. Very much. It is far superior to the old one.

E. You must take great delight in playing upon such an instrument.

J. True; but one thing surprises me, and I know not how to account for it.

E. What is that?

J. Why, I find that when music is called for, at a social evening party, it invariably becomes the signal for general conversation. At first I felt grieved and mortified, that my playing was received with such disrespect; but all are treated in the same manner, whether they play well or ill. This is a miserable practice, Eliza.

E. It is not very pleasant to the person who sits at the instrument, but others seem to enjoy it; and one's own deficiencies in skill, you know, may thus escape observation.

J. But why should music be requested when there is no desire to hear it?

E. Perhaps you judge uncharitably.

J. The very persons who urge one to play, are often the first to turn their backs upon the performer, who is endeavoring to oblige them.

E. This practice may SEEM impolite, but it prevails in good society. I have mentioned one advantage to be derived from it, and might allude to another.

J. What is that?

E. The words of a song are not always fit to be heard.

J. You surprise me. Ought we ever to sing words which are unfit for the ear of others? My teacher will not allow this nor would my parents ever tolerate it for a moment.

E. Why, when a bad song becomes fashionable, and is called for, one does not like to refuse.

J. We are not obliged to know it.

E. Then one's taste and skill will be questioned.

J. Taste for that which is evil, and skill in executing it!

E. You are severe, Jane. Music, my teacher says, is an art designed for amusement; and we cannot resist the current of fashion in such things.

J. Amusement indeed! So the art is to be degraded to the level of dominos and conundrums!

E. Such an idea may be surprising to you, but when you have mingled more with society, as ma says, you will better understand it.

J. I do not covet such knowledge.

E. I speak of things as they are; and though I might wish them otherwise, I cannot deny, but the trifles you mention, often excite more interest than the finest performances upon the piano, or the fairest specimens of singing.

J. What a shame! And have we been taking lessons from four to six years for a purpose so trifling as this?

E. The ART is highly esteemed, you know, and the performer is always sufficiently complimented.

J. Complimented by those who do not care to listen! What would you think of compliments from a person who should ask for your paintings, and then refuse to examine them?

E. I should feel myself insulted of course, but custom sanctions absurdities, if they are ever so great. Oh, Jane, I hear you attend singing school.

J. Yes, I am now on my second quarter.

E. My teacher would disapprove of that.

J. Indeed!

E. He says it would injure my voice to sing psalms.

J. And do you believe it?

E. Certainly I do. Only think how miserable the singing is at church.

J. It will never improve through neglect. If all the young ladies were to adopt your views, the songs of the temple, as the prophet says, would soon become howlings.

E. But Jane, psalm singing is no part of a genteel education.

J. It is a part of CHRISTIAN education; and with the Bible in hand, I see not how any one can undervalue it.

E. But those who hold an elevated rank in society, seldom trouble themselves about such performances; or, if they do, they can generally procure hired singers.

J. Yes, and I am told, they often employ for this purpose, persons who are decidedly irreligious, simply on the ground of professional skill.

E. That is always wrong.

J. And are there not persons of rank and character and influence who might think themselves honored to become active in the praises of God?

E. Oh, the times are altered, church music is less esteemed than it was some twenty centuries ago.

J. But the nature of praise is not altered; and religious obligations are not diminishing.

E. Well, I know not how it is. It may not be very reasonable, but people of rank and education, easily excuse themselves from this portion of the service.

J. With equal ease they may excuse themselves, perhaps, from prayer and religious meditation.

E. Oh, Jane, you take the subject quite too seriously. I love to listen to good church music. I only wish it to be more like the Opera. There, you know, the art attains its highest perfection.

J. And is there then no difference between dramatic effect and real devotion.

E. The CIRCUMSTANCES are different.

J. But, is a song of praise to be regarded as a mere operatic performance?

E. I would not say that exactly; but I love to listen to good music for its own sake, wherever I can find it.

J. Would you listen as an amateur, or as a true worshipper?

E. I should choose to do both, if rightly disposed; good music, you know, has great power over the human passions; and my teacher says it is often more effective, than the highest eloquence of the pulpit.

J. Wonderful! And yet music is an art designed for amusement scarcely worthy of the listener's attention.

E. Oh, as to that, I had reference to parlor music.

J. True—but you refuse to cultivate any other—you would sooner see church music become a disgrace to the sanctuary, than lend a helping hand towards improving it.

E. My teacher says it would injure my voice to sing psalms.

J. How injure it? In respect to the office of praise? or in regard to the performances of the parlor, to which so few are disposed to listen?

E. Jane, you will be so inquisitive and severe!

J. Is there not a cause?

E. You and I Jane, are but learners, we cannot convert the world to our opinions. We must take things as they are, and leave them as we find them; if we expect our education to be ever finished?

J. But should we not adopt right principles?

E. I have a celebrated teacher; and am willing to adopt his principles, and I know that in doing so, I shall be like others around me.

J. After all, there is not so much unanimity in the public sentiment as you imagine. I, too, have a celebrated teacher, but his principles are widely different from those you seem to cherish. He does not wish me to take anything upon trust.

E. But you adopt his principles.

J. Not without examination.

E. As a matter of curiosity, I should like to know more of them.

J. At our next interview, I shall be prepared to gratify your wishes.

To be concluded.

Original.

THE SEA-CAPTAIN'S WIFE.

FROM A PASTOR'S SCRAP-BOOK.

BY THE REV. J. TODD, D.D.

* * * JUST as his ship was unfurling her sails, after having taken leave of those most dear, the Captain called at my door. He was on his way down to the wharf. He was a large, noble-looking fellow, with a countenance as open as a full moon, one of those great-hearted, noble-minded men, whom we always set down as belonging to nature's noblemen. He had been on the waters since a boy, was at home as he walked the deck on any part of the ocean, but simple as a child everywhere else. As he took my hand to say farewell to his pastor, I saw the large tears standing in his eyes.

"I am off, sir, and want to give you the last shake of the hand, and to say God bless you! But there is one thing more"—and his voice began to falter and break—"there is one thing more. MY ELLEN! I WANT TO ASK YOU TO REMEMBER HER, AND PRAY FOR HER, AND LABOR FOR HER SALVATION. Oh! how I want to see her a christian!"—alluding to his young and beautiful wife.

I returned the grasp of the hand, and said, "I will do all in my power. But you also, Captain R. must pray for her."

"Sir, I never walk the deck and look up to the bright stars which speak so of God, without always and all the time raising my heart and my prayer to God for Ellen's conversion. I shall do it, on the ocean, and in China, and wherever I am."

We parted, both much affected; the ship with her great-hearted Captain went off on the long voyage to China for a most valuable cargo of teas and silks, and it was a long, long time before I saw him again.

In the mean time I was sowing beside all waters, as well as in stony places. God in his great mercy came down by his Spirit, and very many of my dear young people were brought into the kingdom of heaven. Twenty-five, all in the morning of life, stood up together, and took the vows of heaven upon them. Let us follow the Captain.

His voyage out was prosperous. The ship was laden with a cargo of almost incredible amount, and once more her bowsprit pointed towards home. She was fully and carefully insured. When twelve days out of Canton, she sprang aleak, and leaked terribly. The two pumps were put in motion; there were only two ways of relieving her, the one was, to make for the island of Mauritius, unlade and repair, or to pump her day and night all the way home. To do the former, would cost the underwriters, for duties, etc. not less than fifty or sixty thousand dollars. The generous man, therefore, at the peril of life and health, determined to crowd sail for home. By almost super-human efforts, the old ship, with temperance Captain and crew, retraced her way back to her native shores. Not a word in all this time, had he heard from his home, his wife or his country. When almost ready to sink with fatigue, and when the crew were worn down by this incessant pumping, the Captain hoped he was off the Capes of Delaware; but the fog was so thick that he could not tell where he was. In great distress of mind, he fired a gun for a pilot,

lifting his heart to God at the same moment, in prayer for help. Scarcely had the smoke of the gun cleared away, before a pilot-boat seemed to loom up directly out of the water! There she was, at the very moment when most needed and desired. The pilot jumped on board and handed the Captain a letter. It was Ellen's hand-writing! He knew then that death had spared him and his. He opened the letter and trembled and wept. It informed him that his lovely wife was a christian! He forgot all his anxieties and toils in a moment, and poured out his soul to God in thanksgiving and praise!

When the ship was moored at the wharf, and the cargo was out, and the pumps had ceased, and the underwriters had rewarded the crew, they asked Captain R. what they should do for him? He replied, in the simple nobleness of his soul, "Gentlemen, I have done my duty. I have hazarded my life to do it, but not for money. I have no blood to sell for money." They, however, presented his wife a silver tea-set, worth perhaps seven or eight hundred dollars, as an expression of their admiration and gratitude. But the silver tea-set, and the compliments and the offers of ships for future voyages, were nothing to him in comparison with the joy which he felt, when he next came to church, and sat down at the table of Christ with his lovely Ellen! And his joy was nothing like that which was felt in heaven, when one sinner is converted to God! I am now far from them, and may never see them again; but their image is often before my mind. I look back upon the little incident narrated, as upon one which is pleasant in a Pastor's memory, and I hope I have something of grateful joy, as I look forward to the time when we shall all have passed over the ocean of life, and shall meet in the quiet haven of everlasting rest.

The eye of some cherished wife may fall upon this paper—the wife over whom tears have fallen fast and thick, and for whom the prayers of those who forgot themselves

in anxiety for you, have day and night gone up to heaven. Oh! favored woman! Do not let those burning tears and those sighs of a pious heart rise up against thee at the last great day! The toil or the means of your indulgent husband may surround you with luxuries and comforts, but the Redeemer of sinners only can give you a robe that shall never be tarnished, and a crown that shall never fade!

Original.

WITHERED HOPES.

BY MRS. M. L. GARDINER, N.Y.

HARK! from the portals of the upper skies
Mysterious music breaks! Harmonious sounds
Steal gently on the ear, softly and sweet,
As evening dews on summer's blushing flowers.
From whence these notes, these soft impassioned strains?
Have angels, by some new discovery made
In man's redemption, tuned anew their harps
In honor of that plan which God reveals?
Sure, some rapt seraph 'mid the realms of bliss,
With stealthful hand the tissue veil has raised,
That earth might catch the echo of their song.
  Cherubic legions shout! and sweeter yet,
The distant music floats! What is it that meets
My view? Up thro' the air a dazzling host
Conveys a spirit to their blessed abode!
Who can it be, this favored one of heaven?
Ah, now I see—I know—it is my friend.
Long time a prisoner on these lonely shores,
From earthly ills released, she soars away,
The fetters broken that confined her here.
  Oh, what a prospect opens on her sight!
'Mid light more brilliant than ten thousand suns,
She meets the brightness of Jehovah's smile,
And at his feet in humble awe adores!

From distant regions of untold delight,
Two white winged cherubs arm in arm appear!
Immortal youth sits radiant on their brows,
And palms of victory blossom in their hands.
Love, sweetness, beauty, every grace combin'd
Circle a round their bright etherial forms;
The strong resemblance of the Deity
Upon their features stamp'd, speaks them most blessed;
Their golden lyres hang tuneless by their side,
As forth amid unnumbered hosts they rush—
And kneeling by the ransom'd one exclaim—
"Welcome, my mother dear!" Entranced—o'erwhelm'd,
The adoring spirit from her Saviour turns,
And in the fulness of her happy soul—
She cries, "my children!" Embracing and embrac'd,
On Heaven's bright plain they meet to part no more!
Angelic armies, at a sight so sweet,
Sweep o'er their harps a new enrapturing song,
And long and loud the heavenly chorus rings,
Its notes melodious from the courts above,
Descend to earth and echo far and near!
Sweet sister spirit, thou art happy now.
No more the cup of sorrow shalt thou drink,
Nor see thy lovely ones, like summer flowers,
Wither and die beneath consumption's touch.
Of all earth's creatures, they the fairest were;
And like the fairest, earliest doom'd to fade.
While yet the rose and lily mingled sweet,
While curls luxuriant shaded each fair brow,
While life was new, and love's young torch just lit,
The summons came, and youth and beauty fled!
Met now, no more to part; thou wait'st the hour
When friends beloved, this dusky sphere shall leave,
And rove with thee in Eden's sinless groves,
Yes, leave this bleak, this cold, this heartless world,
Where blighting mildews blast each earthly joy;
Where disappointments lurk in every prize,
Where pleasures promise to elude the grasp,
And friendship cheats the heart that would be won.
Oh, blissful hour! oh, thought divinely sweet!
When all, who've breathed the hallowed words, "My Father,"
Shall meet in climes undimmed by sorrow's tear,
Where household gods in "Paradise regained,"
Shall find their home and rest forever there.

Original.

THE STORY OF A SNOW FLAKE.

A FABLE.

In one of my early morning walks my attention was arrested by a snow flake of uncommon beauty. I stopped to admire its delicate form and radiant countenance, and I begged to know its history. It was as follows. "My early home was in the deep, blue sea. It was among those rich gems which ye mortals peril your lives to find. Many times have I sported with them in the dark deep caverns, and I have aided in the toilet of the mermaid. Oft have I listened to the sweet melody which she pours forth from out her mysterous chamber. But I have not always been calm and peaceful for fierce passions have sometimes stirred my bosom, and I found companions of kindred spirit. One day, strange visitors came near our abode. They feared no danger, and passed heedlessly on, but our anger was kindled against these intruders on our broad domain. Under the command of the great sea-god, we marshalled in huge array, against them. They saw us and their hearts quailed beneath our angry frown. They hurried to and fro, and ever-and-anon a fearful sound went up to heaven, revealing the utter anguish of their hearts, and prayers were said, but we heeded not all this. We dashed upon them with all our artillery, and the shock was deadly, for soon all was hushed and still. I returned to my home, and I saw again one of those fair beings pale and silent. My anger was gone and as I looked upon it, I was grieved, because I had aided in causing so much suffering. I now had seen something of another world, and I began to feel tired of my early home. I had a strong desire to visit those bright regions, which seemed the residence of fairer beings than even the nymphs who some-

times glided past my dwelling. I waited patiently awhile for some favorable opportunity to commence my journey. Once I almost despaired of ever having my hopes realized for a terrible monster threatened me with instant destruction, but I was saved from his merciless jaws, and the time of my departure came. Some uncontrollable power seemed urging me forward. When I came to the confines of the region whither I was going, I arrayed myself in a different dress from the one which I had previously worn. This seemed necessary from the different scenes in which I was now to be an actor. My new residence was a beautiful white cloud. Here I became acquainted with several individuals similar to myself in character and manners. We soon became familiar, and seated in our ærial palace amused ourselves with relating the incidents of our early days. But alas! we were soon to be separated. The storm-spirit broke down the walls of our beautiful home and gained the mastery over us. We were driven about at his pleasure and had no rest. In my wanderings to and fro I came to the abode of the fair beings which I had so long wished to find. I came to one whose soft eyes and sweet lips beamed love and pity, and she spurned me from her presence. I came to another whose sad countenance told of sorrow and trial, and I looked for sympathy from such an one. But no! He shrunk from me with horror. Such was my reception among you, till here at last I have found a resting-place. But it is not the fairy home, which I sought. I have looked upon your strifes and your misery. I have learned that all is not what it seemeth. Oh! that I had never left my own sweet home. I have forfeited my immortality. Now my days are numbered. A few days and ye will see me no more.

This is the sad history of the snow flake.

THE MORAL, IS,

LET NOT VAIN IMAGINATIONS LEAD US ASTRAY.

H.

MUSIC.

Original.

NEWELL. L. M. HASTINGS.

Come we that love the Lord, And let our

Join in a song of

joys be known; Join in a song of

Join in a

sweet ac - - - cord,

sweet ac - - - cord, And thus sur - round the throne.

song of sweet ac-cord,

EAST INDIA ALTHEA.

Original.

VISIT TO ROBERT SOUTHEY.*

He remarked that he thought Scotland had lost her most striking man in Hogg, the Ettrick Shepherd, who had died a short time before; and when I mentioned that I had heard that Hogg somewhat aped Burns in some points of his character not the most desirable, he replied that he should not have thought that there was any resemblance between them—that he once spent three days with Hogg—the only time he ever saw him—and he thought him quite free from affectation. He remembered to have seen John Wesley twice, in his early childhood, and on one occasion, as he was coming down a flight of stairs with his mother, Wesley met him, and laid his hands upon his head—a circumstance of which he had always retained most grateful recollection. He shewed me a manuscript volume containing the original letters of the poet Cowper to the Rev. John Newton, and directed my attention to the very curious fact that there was a great change in Cowper's hand-writing after he became mad—that, whereas before that time, his hand was very free, he afterwards evidently wrote LITERATIM—taking his pen up from the paper at every letter.

In speaking of Buckminster, I happened to advert to the singular presentiment which his father had of his approaching death, or rather to the full conviction which he had of his death, in his absence from home, at the moment it occurred; upon which Southey, who seems to have something in his very constitution—to say the least. not ADVERSE to the supernatural and the marvellous—related the following anecdote, which, he said, was told on the authority of

* Concluded from page 229.

Mrs. Hannah More, who was in Bristol at the time the circumstance occurred. A person someway connected with the Cathedral at Bristol, by the name of Love, and who was engaged to be married to a young lady in the town, dreamed that in looking over the register of deaths in the Cathedral, he saw his own name at the bottom of the list; he was somewhat alarmed by it, and his mother still more so. Shortly after, he dreamed that in a corner of the Cathedral, near the cloister, he saw a monument with his own name inscribed upon it. A few evenings after, as he was returning from a visit to the young lady to whom he was engaged, he came into the house pale and almost breathless; and upon being asked "what was the matter," he replied, that as he was coming up the street, he had witnessed a very singular spectacle—several men bearing a coffin, covered with red morocco and brass nails; and what alarmed him most was, that they had brought it into that house. Inquiry was immediately made if there was any person dead in the street, and it was ascertained there was not; they subsequently applied to every undertaker in the city, to ascertain whether any one of them had furnished a coffin that night, and the answer from each one was in the negative. Shortly after this, the poor fellow sickened and died, and there was no small difficulty in finding a place in the Cathedral where he could be buried; but at length they found one vacant place, and it proved to be in the very corner, where in his dream he had seen his own monument; and when the coffin was brought, the undertaker, without having received any such directions, or had any knowledge of the dream, but merely from a wish to testify his respect toward the family, had had it covered with red morocco and brass nails! Southey assured me that the monument is still to be seen in the Cathedral; and he has not the least doubt that the circumstances occurred just as he detailed them to me. In connection with this anecdote, he read me a letter from a friend, respecting a wonderful story that was told by a

fortune-teller to JOHN Cowper, brother of the poet, while he was yet a child, in which his whole future life was laid open to him. Some people, I doubt not, would be likely to think that there is quite enough of this wonder-loving and wonder-believing spirit, belonging to the poet, to constitute an infirmity of a noble mind.*

He told me a good deal about his literary tastes and occupations. He has long since given up writing poetry, having scarcely written ten lines for the last ten years; but he has three works before him, which he is specially desirous to complete—viz. a History of Portugal, at least two-thirds of which he has already written—a History of the Monastic Orders, and a History of English literature, from the period at which Wharton left the History of Poetry. His idea of the History of the Monastic Orders was conceived from his having lived in Portugal, and witnessed the blasting influence of the Catholic religion. He mentioned that when Mr. Sparks was in England, he tried to procure access for him to the papers connected with our revolution, in the public offices at London, and the consequence was, that he had himself since been officially applied to, by the British Government, to write the history of that period; but that his engagements were so numerous, that he had felt obliged to decline it. He spoke with the strongest reprobation of the fanaticism of the anti-slavery party in England, in relation to the United States, and remarked that there was a species of slavery in their own country, much worse than negro slavery, over which these humane men—I give his very language—are content to slumber—viz. the condition of children in cotton factories, not less than two hundred and forty thousand being thus employed in a way that is marked by the greatest cruelty. He read in part of a work in the form of a colloquy, which he has written on the subject, designed to direct public attention to this alarming evil. He declares unhesitatingly his conviction that a West India plantation compared with

* I think so too.—ED.

one of these cotton factories, is a garden of Eden; and while he read me the details of some of the horrible facts which he had collected, I observed that his eyes were filled with tears. He spoke of having just read Col. Stone's book on Free-masonry, which, he said, was a very extraordinary production; he thinks Free-masonry makes no noise in England now, though there is plenty of it on the continent; and he remembers to have met some Prussian officers at Aix-la-Chapelle, who almost wrung his hands off to find out whether he was a mason.

Southey's library is one of the choicest private libraries in England, consisting of about ten thousand volumes; and in Spanish literature particularly, it is probably the very best. A very large proportion of it is in the various languages of the continent, which he says he reads with perfect fluency, but never speaks them well, except in his dreams. His books are arranged in the most perfect order, and he is so familiar with the contents of them, that he can turn to any thing, on any subject, at his pleasure.

In the course of the day he took a ramble with me through the village, and accompanied me to the lake, Darwin, and showed me the very spot where he projected the plan and commenced the execution of one of his most celebrated poems. He then conducted me to a beautiful eminence in the neighborhood, which he said was a favorite place of resort with him, and was especially endeared to him by its association with his dear little boy, then deceased, who used to accompany him thither, and delight him during their walks by the indications which he gave of extraordinary intellectual development. After our return from this ramble, I passed half an hour with his interesting family, and left them with recollections which I shall always love to cherish. On my way back to Penrith, I felt quite independent of my stupid coachman, as the conversations and scenes of the day had supplied me with materials of agreeable thought, which very well reconciled me to a silent ride. E.

Original.

THE PIANO-FORTE.*

DIALOGUE BETWEEN ELIZA AND JANE.

BY THOMAS HASTINGS, ESQ.

JANE. SINCE I saw you, Eliza, I have held several conversations with my teacher, and am now prepared to gratify your wishes.

ELIZA. So then, you have adopted his principles. I claim the same privilege with respect to my teacher. "And who shall decide when doctors disagree."

J. But there is one point of difference between us, to which I formerly alluded.

E. What is that?

J. I endeavor to see the reason of things before I embrace the opinions of others.

E. I never puzzle myself with reasons. I am content to learn what others wish to teach me.

J. Cannot you think for yourself?

E. Think! I have no time to think. My education is nearly finished. I have yet some fifteen or twenty studies to dispose of in a few weeks; and then there is no end to visits and parties. I must take things as I find them; and let other people do the thinking.

J. Oh Eliza!

E. You know how I am hurried. This is my last quarter.

J. Have you not studied philosophy?

E. I never could endure it, though I went over with the lessons.

J. But you love right principles?

E. I respect everything which is right, especially when it is fashionable.

* Concluded from page 249.

J Shall I proceed, then?

E. If you choose. I hope nobody will interrupt us.

J. Perhaps the subject will be tedious.

E. You have excited my curiosity.

J. But you have so little time, and so many lessons.

E. Nonsense. Do go on.

J. My teacher commences with this principle. Music, like eloquence has been kindly bestowed upon us by the Creator of all things, for purposes of substantial utility.

E. Well.

J. And a gift so precious should be employed in accordance with the beneficent intentions of the Giver.

E. Well.

J. Music, like poetry, he says, is the language of the passions. This language should be so employed as to operate the most favorably upon the character and condition of men as individuals, and upon society at large.

E. These are good sentiments. But you will not object to amusements; and music is——

J. Amusements are things of secondary moment.

E. But when they become fashionable we cannot——

J. Suppose it were fashionable to make calls of ceremony upon the Sabbath?

E. Why, to be sure——

J. Or to read novels in time of public worship.

E. Now, Jane—I never did that but twice in all my life.

J. I bring no accusation of the kind, Eliza. I only mean to say that there are limits to your principle of following the customs of society; limits which ought never to be surpassed.

E. Very well. I will see to that.

J. The most noble office to which music can ever be applied, is that of the worship and service of God, and the religious edification of his people.

E. That I suppose is true in theory. But who acts upon it? People of fashion, though professors of religion, do not trouble themselves about the singing at church.

J. That may all be; and they are perhaps prone to neglect some other duties. But we are speaking of principles.

E. Well.

J. If music is such a precious gift bestowed upon us by the hand of the Creator, we are bound to improve it to his honor and glory—and certainly, we never do this by using it exclusively for purposes of amusement.

E. But I told you in our former conversation, that I was fond of sacred music. I listen to the noble strains of the oratorio with perfect delight. There is Madame A. and Mr. B. who sing most enchantingly; and then—such instrumental music——

J. Still, you go to the oratorio, as to any other place of amusement, without the least reference to the higher influences of the act.

E. What compositions can be higher wrought than these?

J. But I refer to MORAL influences.

E. And what can be more sacred than the words of an oratorio?

J. True; the Messiah for instance. But should not sacred words be always treated in a sacred manner? Oratorios are the pride of the art; but not the soul of Christian worship. People generally attend them for their own amusement, not for the purpose of knowing God.

E. Why Jane, you are becoming fanatical. Who can object to the influence of Oratorios?

J. Perhaps you do not understand me. It was some time before I fully apprehended my teacher's views upon the subject; but at last he made the matter clear to me, by referring to the subject of theatrical amusements.

E. How could that be?

J. He asked me if a prayer offered for stage effect in a theatre was to be regarded as a religious exercise.

E. Of course you answered, no.

J. He then asked me if the same prayer sung for musi-

cal effect at an oratorio, could be regarded as a religious exercise, and I felt obliged to return the same answer.

E. Well.

J. Again he asked me whether the same theatrical or oratorial prayer, so PERFORMED as to move many to tears, was a religious exercise.

E. THEN what did you say?

J. Why, I foolishly answered, yes.

E. Just so I should have answered, and so would my teacher; for he is enthusiastic on this subject.

J. But what do you think was my teacher's reply to me? You know he is a blunt man.

E. I cannot imagine.

J. Why, said he, if the matter be so decided, you may dig up the bones of Garrick, and convert the world with them! This homely remark quite opened my eyes to the nature of the distinction he was laboring to explain. It is now quite evident to me, that, strictly speaking, nothing is religious any farther than it is DESIGNED to be so, by the persons acting or officiating.

E. So, then you disapprove of oratorial performances, altogether.

J. I have my own views of this subject—but that is not the question before us.

E. Then what is it?

J. Why, simply that the great ends of religious music are not at all answered by such performances; and, that since you neglect the true religious use of music, you neglect the highest ends to which the art should be consecrated.

E. But I do like others around me.

J. Never follow a multitude to do evil. Prayer, too, is unfashionable in some circles—but will you therefore neglect it? You and I, Eliza, have received, in most respects, a religious education. Time and expence had been devoted by us to music these five or six years past, to very little purpose, if we are only to play and sing for our own amuse-

ment or for the amusement of others who do not care to listen to us.

E. Then you disapprove of parlor music.

J. I wish it were better, and more worthy of being listened to—I would have it more select.

E. And you think I ought to attend the singing-school.

J. I think you need instruction in RELIGIOUS music properly so called. Your parents are professors of religion, Eliza—do you play any religious songs for them?

E. The piano-forte you know is such a lively instrument—and then they never wish to hear those fashionable pieces from the oratorio in seasons of worship.

J. So you have no singing at the family altar?

E. No.

J. Have you had a single lesson in devotional music in all your life?

E. Some one calls; pray excuse me. I presume my teacher has come with another new song.

J. She has gone; but what a specimen of musical education! Playing in the midst of conversation to hide deficiencies; singing without articulation to stifle the exceptionable words of a popular song; neglecting all serious music, but that which is of the dramatic school; confounding the distinctions between worship and amusement—never singing at church or at the family altar! And yet, she has been educated in the bosom of a pious family! Unhappily, society furnishes too many examples of this kind. But my instructions have been different. I will endeavor to learn music for the parlor which is worthy of being heard; and tunes for the church and the family altar, which are really devotional.

SOLID devotions resemble the rivers which run under the earth, they steal from the eyes of the world to seek the eyes of God; and it often happens, that those of whom we speak least on earth are best known in Heaven.

Original.

INTEGRITY.

BY THE LATE REV. S. WHELPLEY.

TRUTH is immutable, universal and eternal. This obligation seems to be of equal value with all social happiness; THE ONE having an evident dependence on THE OTHER. There is no greater proof of the complete depravity of mankind than this propensity to falsehood; and the great enemy of God, and man is marked by this same detestable trait of character; he is the FATHER OF LIES; and was a liar from the beginning.

He who utters a falsehood with intention to DECEIVE; for the sake of answering some end, is guilty of lying. The direct tendency of such an act is to destroy all mutual confidence, and introduce universal distrust, hatred and misery. An order of intelligent creatures who never heard of moral evil, would be loth to believe that there was a rational creature in the universe, who could deliberately utter falsehood. But alas! There are many such creatures. Their guilt is great, and the punishment of their sin is great.

Yet great as the sin of falsehood is, it is often amazingly aggravated by a SOLEMN APPEAL TO GOD. How deep and dreadful must be the guilt of uttering what is known to be false, and at the same time calling upon Almighty God to witness its truth? When this is done in a court of justice, it is called PERJURY; it is in reality no less so, when done in any other place, though not punishable to the same degree, by human laws.

The nature and consequences of crimes are necessary to be considered, in order to estimate their guilt. And falsehood seems to stand FOREMOST, and must be classed

with the most odious and hateful of vices. It overturns the foundation of all virtue, and strikes at the root of all moral goodness. Every interest in the universe falls before falsehood. At the same time it is not a sin of appetite, desire or inclination; it argues deep depravity, that the whole soul, in its inmost powers is hollow, false and vile; and, in fact, from a liar every other crime may be expected, since he has demonstrated a contempt of God. There are indeed, few crimes which falsehood does not bring in its train; it is generally employed, and made subservient to every device of wickedness and villainy practiced by men or devils.

No sin is spoken of with more abhorrence both in the law and gospel, than the violation of truth; and it is threatened with awful and endless punishment. All liars shall have their part in the lake which burneth with fire and brimstone.

The man of integrity feels A GREAT AND CONSTANT REGARD FOR TRUTH. This temper becomes a kind of MORAL SENSE, a spontaneous, or almost instinctive feeling of the heart, and prompts to truth without any circuit of reasoning or reflection; as we DREAD A PRECIPICE, when we approach it, without a moment's thought. For the same reason the sight of a serpent excites our horror and aversion.

I shall in this place, say little on the popular question, whether it is ever right, in any case, to utter a lie. Paley, on this point, suggests a doubt whether it is not proper, sometimes, in those cases, where the person to whom we speak has not a right to know the truth; as, for instance, a robber, or an invading army, or one who has an evil design. It may be granted that an enemy has not always a right to know the truth, but the question still remains whether we have a right to conceal it from him, by declaring falsehood. Our Saviour, in several instances, where he did not choose to declare what was true, remained silent. This is lawful.

Moral writers have generally leaned toward the opinion

that, to save life, we have a right to deceive an assassin, by telling him what is not strictly true. But, in reply to this, it may be said that the question of saving life depends very much on the means necessary to be used. In how many instances God has required men to lay down their lives rather than speak falsehood? How many of the martyrs might have saved their lives by one false declaration? It rarely occurs that a man by telling a lie could save his life; but when divine providence places a man in that situation, is it not an evidence that God calls him away, and has no further use for him on earth; may he not then conclude that his life will be an acceptable sacrifice to God. "He that saveth his life shall lose it;" but he that loseth his life for my sake shall find it. This declaration is not made without reference to the means by which life is saved or lost.

Rare, indeed, are the cases in which the obligation of truth is not clear and binding; and the man of integrity utters the truth for TRUTH'S SAKE; he views it as a sacred inclosure, never to be violated. Whoever, but for once, tampers with a discretionary power of dispensing with veracity, is like one who rushes through an awful barrier, there is no knowing where he will stop. Having used discretion once he will use it again and again. One or two trivial falsehoods, will sow the seed for many, and have made many a confirmed, and irrecoverably abandoned liar.

Liars are generally habitually so. One wilful falsehood will harden the mind and conscience, and will almost extinguish the light of evidence. What then will be the effect of many? An habitual liar cannot be a christian, and among the multitude of habitual vices that of falsehood shows the most complete and entire depravity.

The just man walketh in his integrity, and the temptations to falsehood, which are more numerous, than to any other vice, or perhaps all other vices put together, are in

general like darts of straw thrown against a wall of marble; they make no impression. Lies may be classed into three grand divisions. Those of Interest, Passion, Vanity.

Sometimes, indeed, interest, passion and vanity will unite their influence and that too, aided by the influence of Satan, to induce a person to utter falsehood; and this is a fiery trial for the soul's integrity.

Interest is an abundant source of falsehood. It, in fact, causes blindness, and powerfully perverts the judgment. I will suggest a simple case. Suppose a person is wishing to sell, or to buy, say the same piece of land, or the same house. How different will be the drift of his discourse, according as he may chance to be the buyer or the seller. Buying, how he will extenuate. Selling, how enhance the value of the same thing. How astonishing it would be to see two men about a bargain; behold, the seller runs down and endeavors to diminish, while the buyer, exalts and strives to enhance its value! But such a case never happened since the world began, and never will. The buyer guards only on one side, and the seller only on the other; and each one infallibly on the side where his interest lies. But alas! interest lies in more things than in property. Honor—influence—promotion—fame, with all their millions of collateral affairs are comprehended in the term, interest, and in one way or another keep a liar always fabricating and vending his horrid wares; moreover, they keep a person of weak and dubious integrity always in jeopardy; often in the mire—and they keep the soul of integrity always in the field of battle; their hellish darts pour upon his shield and breastplate like showers of hail.

Passion is another source of falsehood. What a fountain of lies, perjuries and perdition! Passions like a troop of furies, which lie hid in the soul's recesses, are ever ready to start out from their dark dens, and push the soul into falsehood and violence, upon which a mere question of interest would have had no effect. Powerful passion com-

pletely, for a moment, closes the eye of the understanding, and lays reason in chains. And alas! what is done in a passion, pride often compels the reluctant soul to persist in. A man, who in the heat of passion utters a horrible untruth, is not suffered to recede from his ground; he boldly maintains it against reason, conscience, duty, interest, and the wrath of God. Pride impels him on—and watchful devils, dreading nothing so much as his repentance, ply him closely, and oh, the blessed spirit of grace, grieved by his hardness, and offended by his pride, forsakes him, perhaps forever.

To be concluded.

THE EAGLE EYE OF REASON.

Of the varied tribes of the earth's inhabitants—whether they roam the ample plains, or wing their way through the broad firmament, or dive down into the depths of the unfathomable ocean, Man is the most wonderful. He stands aloof from all around, and is marked off from them by a broad line of demarcation. To him alone has been bestowed that admirable power of reason—a power sufficient to acquire for its possessor the name of "great" were every other faculty stunted and imperfect.

And under no other view does man seem so wonderful. Compare him with the rest of the creatures which have their home upon this globe. The eagle, indeed, exceeds him in the natural power of vision—the elephant surpasses him in strength—the hare excels him in swiftness—the hound in scent—but, by the power of reason, man outvies them all.

Look abroad upon the earth; there "matter is bursting into birth," and every speck and space is filled with breathing creatures—each has wants to provide for—each destinies to fulfil;—but each provides for and fulfils them in its

own due order; instinct prescribes, and they obey—they hunger, and food satisfies them—they have thirst, and drink allays it—they are weary, and sleep refreshes them—they build their nests, and provide sustenance for their young; but none ever goes beyond the bounds of instinct—they have no throbbings, no lofty inspirations, no pantings for the future; to-day is all to them, to-morrow but to-day repeated. Very amazing indeed is that power of instinct which thus teaches the bee to be provident, and the ant to be industrious; which, instructing the swallow, and the crane, and the stork, to note the "signs of the times," teaches them to migrate from clime to clime, and—

> "Columbus-like explore,
> Heavens not their own, and worlds unknown before."

But to them, as to the millions of the deep, has the command been uttered, "Thus far shalt thou go and no farther." Thus each species of bird builds its nest in the same shape, and of the same material, and that shape and material will still be retained while the species lasts.

Then turn to man—that active, prying, busy creature, who though destined only to continue for a brief stay below, and during that narrow span, encompassed with infirmities, and worn down with sickness, and racked with pain, finds time to store his mind with knowledge,—think how his craving mind is at work, carrying his researches into the most distant regions of this globe, and then mounting, as with "the wings of the morning," to the heavens above, there maps down the countless throngs of suns and systems which burn like lamps round the throne of Deity. Then, diving to the depths below, notes the wonders which are scattered there. Think how he draws back the veil which obscures the past, and makes the former as near as the present; then carries his speculations into the future, and sees the influence actions now performing will have upon posterity; "traces causes to their effects to great lengths and intricacy; extracts general principles from

particular appearances; improves upon his discoveries, corrects his mistakes, and makes his own errors profitable. Yes, Reason, thou art a mighty power, exalting man almost into a demi-god! Thou art worthy a temple, and thus would we build one; the heavens with their fret-work of stars should be its roof; the cloud capped mountains should wall it round; the emerald plains should be its flooring; whilst like statues to adorn it, every niche should be filled with the curious and costly workmanship of Deity. Here material would be furnished for thy closest researches—here thou might dwell surrounded with all the wonders which the bountiful hand of the Almighty has scattered.

But in these modern days Reason is not contented with the sway which has been allowed her; and from scrutinizing the works of the Almighty, she has proceeded to pry into the secrets of the Omnipotent himself. Else whence have those RATIONAL systems of Theology, as they are called, which teach man to believe in nothing but what his experience has proved—and thus cause him to bow to his own shrine, and worship his own image. Why has reason been substituted for Revelation, and God attempted to be brought down to human comprehension, if not that from being a satellite, Reason aspires to become a sun?

Reason, thou hast a sphere of action, a very noble and ample one it is. Count the stars in their mazy revolutions—weigh the mountains—fathom the ocean's deep bed—the employment becomes you, the undertaking ennobles you. But aspire not to reach heights to which your pinions cannot soar.

> "Go teach eternal Wisdom how to rule,
> Then drop thyself, and be a fool!"

"Canst thou by searching find out God? canst thou find out the Almighty unto perfection? It is as high as heaven, what canst thou do? deeper than hell, what canst thou know?"

Mighty Being, in what sublime solitudes dost thou shroud thy glorious self, that mortal eyes cannot behold thee?

The astronomer has sought for thee in vain. He has looked for thee in the sun as he shone forth in his glory, in the moon as she walked in her brightness, in the stars as they beamed in their loveliness; but it was only thy glance which had kindled their fires. The philosopher has tried to find thee, he has searched the thoughts which agitate his own bosom; he has listened for thee in the syllablings of conscience, and searched for thee in the treasure-house of memory, and soared aloft for thee in the aspirings of reason; but it was only the whisperings of thy Spirit which he heard. The mariner has ploughed the deep sea in quest of thee. He has looked for thee in the calm, but only saw the image of thy dwelling-place, mirrored in the waters. He has sought thee in the storm, but it was the "breath of thy displeasure" lashing the wild waves into madness, which alone could be distinguished. The naturalist has tried to find thee! he has searched the mountains; but thou wast not there; he has trodden the valleys; but all in vain. He asked of the animated things which roamed around him, "all fearfully and wonderfully made;" he inquired of the trees which were waving their branches in the winds, of the flowers as they opened their beautiful cups to court the warm sunbeams to linger there; but nought could tell. He saw the impress of thy finger, thy benevolence, thy power, on all around; but not thyself. The Christian has sought thee in the Word of thy truth, and there thy will he found revealed. Though eyes of flesh could not behold thee, thou has been present to his spirit. To him as to the Israelites of old, thou hast made thyself known by the pillar and the cloud, the one as a "covert from the tempest," the other as a guide to the haven of rest thou hast promised. Shielded by that cloud, as by the wing of thy Providence, we will leave the guidance of our own intellect, and follow that which thou hast prepared. A guide which, like the "star in the East," shall lead onward and onward, till it brings us at last into the immediate presence of Deity. H. N.

Original.

THE EVENING WALK.

BY MISS E. A. COMSTOCK.

With a steel Engraving.

The sun was flinging abroad a mantle of radiance over the valley of Glencoe, gilding the old church tower, and warning the laborer that though his beams were bright, they were his last and soon to fade into everlasting twilight. The ivy quivered in the cheering rays, reflecting from leaf to leaf a continuous line of dazzling light. The heavily ladened ant hurried homeward with his load, picking his way carefully along the well-trodden path that terminated at the church porch, and which on the ensuing day would be an unsafe place for him. The old sexton who had presided for forty years over the pews of the church, until it had become to him even as a dear child, wended his way to it, swinging his heavy bunch of keys and stopping now and then to enjoy the cooling breeze, or to point out to his aged wife some spot, so altered from what it was when they were young, while his youthful son listened with pleased attention to the reminiscences of his grey-haired sire. There was a stillness and serenity resting on all around that invited the soul to reflection and devotion. Nature seemed preparing for the coming of that dear and holy day so welcome to the christian's heart.

Anna Lester yielded to the influence of the peaceful scene, and affectionately kissing the wrinkled brow of her decrepid parent, strolled out to the beechen grove that shaded the graves of so many of her kindred, and would so soon receive her sole remaining relative. Wild flowers bloomed here in great profusion, and Anna stooped to pluck

T Franklin T Pollock

EVENING WALK.

Engraved by The Work

a bouquet for her father, who could wander no more amid their beauties, when the note of a lark caused her to start from her labor, and listen like one entranced. The happy songster had alighted upon a branch immediately above her head and seemed to be pouring out half his little soul in his gushing song. With hand half raised and head bent in the act of listening, Anna stood beneath the whispering foliage with a heart elevated and softened by this finishing touch to what seemed before completely beautiful. "Ah! she exclaimed, I could almost imagine it the soul of my infant brother, calling me in a hymn of praise to Heaven."

Her thoughts reverted to the time when mother and brother welcomed with smiles her return from those evening rambles, where she held communion with Him who, for her own good, had often chastened her naturally proud and lofty heart. These cherished ones had passed away, and now when the falling dew warned her to hasten home, her father alone, blessed the thoughtful child who returned to him, laden with the floral teachers he loved so well. These saddening musings, however, faded away before the joyous song of the lark. Hope weaved a garland for the future, and came to her side with a promise of coming joy. In all of her pleasing visions the image of her father was the nucleus around which they expanded and brightened. He sat in the windows of her castles in the air, smiling upon her as she hurried to his side. What brilliant bouquets she twined for him in these reveries! What healing and strength she gave to his feeble limbs! "Oh, he will live long, thought she, and will once more enjoy with me a Saturday evening in this grove he planted in his youth. Perhaps this bird will sing for him the song that has thrilled my heart." As this sanguine thought illuminated her countenance, the bird flew away and the church bell's melancholy chime, seemed chanting the funeral dirge of the sun which had sunk behind a vast pile of clouds rapidly rising behind the church tower. Anna soon gathered a nose-

gay from the plentiful groups of flowers that gemmed the rank sod, and walked slowly home, repeating to herself Thompson's beautiful Hymn of the Seasons. As she opened the wicket gate of her garden, the house-keeper came to the porch with a face of alarm, and hurried her into the sitting room, where two of the neighbors were busily engaged around her father, whose half closed, sunken eyes and livid face were shaded by the wings of the angel of Death, who was now hovering over him. Anna sprung forward, and clasped the cold hand that was extended to her. A faint smile passed over his face as his eyes rested a moment on the bunch of flowers she held in her hand. "Oh, my father, said Anna, do not leave me alone." The invalid raised his shrivelled hand to Heaven, and whispered softly, "he will be with thee my child!" Anna bowed her head and wept, but in that weakness of the human heart there was the strength of resignation. Although her tears fell like rain, her spirit cried, "Thy will be done."

The evening breeze came into the chamber of death, laden with the perfume of fragrant shrubs, but they passed unheeded by its lifeless inmate who was resting there in pulseless sleep!

Again the sun shone brightly, the trees danced and frolicked above the tomb of the Lesters. The flowers raised their many tinted heads as smilingly as though no tears had watered their roots. At the base of a moss covered monument sat Anna Lester near to the tree on whose low branch the lark had so lately sung. There slept all of her race. That monument had just closed over the last link that bound her to life. Here she had reared an airy fabric of bliss which now lay in ruins at her feet. "It is over, murmured she, my selfish repinings have ceased. Mine was the fate of all earth's dreamers. I built my house upon the sand and it fell. Henceforth the Rock of ages shall be its foundation. I shall never fear. Why did I wish to keep him from the celestial harmony that in half heard fragments reached him here? Alone! no, God and

his afflicted ones are with me. I will arise and comfort the broken-hearted. The poor and oppressed shall be my kindred. I have been an idler in God's vine-yard, henceforth I will toil without ceasing. How many sorrowing ones have need of me. How many happy hearts may be made still happier, by my sympathy. Sweet flowers, and grateful trees, you speak intelligibly to me. You have not ministered in vain to my crushed spirit."

Years rolled away and pestilence stalked in the streets of a neighboring city. The death struck called in vain on his terrified kindred, and died alone. No hand was near to hold a cup of cold water to his parched lips or to cool his dry and burning brow. Selfishness reigned in all but a few hearts. Left alone to struggle with the destroyer in his new and most terrific form, the dying solitary was too sensible of the desertion of those whom his heart had so long held dear. In his deepest despair and wretchedness, what female form bends over him, and soothes his parting throes? What ministering angel is it that thus glides around him gently and unappalled? She is a stranger to HIM, but not to us. In that attenuated form and cheerful face, we recognise one well known in the haunts of poverty and disease. One who sat by the tomb of her forefathers and dedicated herself to this work? Who went forth alone to suffer and patiently endure. Who built in her youth her hopes on the rock of ages, when her airy fabric of sandy foundation lay in ruins at her feet? Living for the realities of life, she finds them more true and beautiful than the gorgeous visions that deluded her on the brink of sorrow, during her Saturday evening walk.

Gentle Reader, perchance you may drop a tear, as you reflect on the singular bereavement of this lone one.

Ah, give me her resignation, her fitness for the sorrows of life, and her hopes of Heaven, rather than the MERE gold or gems of the East, or the splendors of this transitory world!

WONDERS OF THE HEAVENS.

DISTANCES OF STARS IN THE MILKY-WAY.

In regard to the DISTANCES of some of these stars, we may easily conceive that they are immense, and, consequently, far removed from our distinct comprehension. Sir W. Herschel, in endeavoring to determine "a sounding line," as he calls it to fathom the depth of the stratum of stars in the Milky-Way, endeavors to prove, by pretty conclusive reasoning, that his twenty feet telescope penetrated to a distance in the profundity of space not less than four hundred and ninety-seven times the distance of Sirius; so that a stratum of stars amounting to four hundred and ninety-seven in thickness, each of them as far distant beyond another as the star Sirius is distant from our sun, was within the reach of his vision when looking through that telescope. Now, the least distance at which we can conceive Sirius to be from the earth or the sun, is 2,000,000,000,000, or twenty billions of miles; and, consequently, the most distant stars visible in his telescope, must be four hundred and ninety-seven times this distance, that is, 9,940,000,000,000,000 or nearly TEN THOUSAND BILLIONS of miles! Of such immense distances it is evident we can form nothing approaching to a distinct perception. We can only approximate to a rude and imperfect idea by estimating the time in which the swiftest bodies in nature would move over such vast spaces. Light, which is endowed with the swiftest degree of motion yet known, and which flies at the rate of nearly twelve millions of miles every minute, would require one thousand six hundred and forty years before it could traverse the mighty interval stated above; and a cannon-ball, flying at the rate of five hundred miles an hour, would occupy more than 2,267,800,000, or two thousand two hundred and sixty-seven millions

eight hundred thousand years, in passing through the same space! a period of years before which all the duration that had passed since man was placed on this globe appears only like a few fleeting hours, or "as a handbreadth or a span."

Here, then, let us pause for a moment, and consider the august spectacle presented to view. We behold a few whitish spaces in the firmament, almost overlooked by a common observer, when he casts a rude glance upon the evening sky; yet, in this apparently irregular belt, which appears only like an accidental tinge on the face of the firmament, we discover, by optical instruments, what appears to be an amazing and boundless universe. We behold not only tens of thousands, but MILLIONS of splendid suns, where not a single orb can be perceived by the unassisted eye. The distance at which these luminous globes are placed from our abode, is altogether overwhelming; even the most lively imagination drops its wing when attempting its flight into such unfathomable regions. The scenes of grandeur and magnificence connected with such august objects, are utterly overwhelming to such frail and limited beings as man, and perhaps even more exalted orders of intelligences may find it difficult to form even an approximate idea of objects so distant, so numerous, and so sublime.

On our first excursions into the celestial regions we are almost frightened at the idea of the distance of such a body as Saturn, which a cannon-ball projected from the earth, and flying with its utmost velocity, would not reach in one hundred and eighty years. We are astonished at the size of such a planet as Jupiter, which could contain within its circumference more than a thousand globes as large as the earth. We are justly amazed at the stupendous magnitude of the sun, which is a thousand times the size of Jupiter, and which illuminates with its splendor a sphere of more than five thousand millions of miles in circumference. But what are all such distances and dimensions,

vast and amazing as they are, compared with the astonishing grandeur of the scene before us! They sink into comparative insignificance, and are almost lost sight of amid the myriads of splendid suns which occupy the profundities of the Milky-Way. What is ONE sun and ONE planetary system in the presence of TEN MILLIONS of suns, perhaps far more resplendent, and of a hundred times this number of spacious worlds, which doubtless revolve around them? Yet this scene, stupendous as it is, is not the universe. It is, perhaps, only a comparatively small corner of creation, which beings at an immensely greater distance will behold as an obscure and scarcely discernible speck on the outskirts of their firmament; so that, amid this vast assemblage of material existence, we may say, in the language of the inspired prophet, when speaking of the Almighty, that EVEN HERE is but "the hiding of his power."

Original.

BELSHAZZAR'S FEAST.

BY MISS ISABELLA O. SHAW.

It was midnight in the banqueting hall of the palace. The lamps still shone with undiminished brightness. Music, in its voluptuous swell was there. The voice of mirth and gladness were heard. The giddy round of the mazy dance went on; while pride, obsequious and yet conquering pride, beamed bright in every eye.

High enthroned at the festive board, clothed in all the splendor and magnificence of regal pomp, was seated the proud Assyrian king, surrounded by his numerous attendants of lords and nobles. Luxury had crowned his table with dainties, filled it with the richest wines, and spread

over all, with a lavish hand its choicest blessings. The massive walls of the palace re-echoed with the sound of mirth and joy, which burst from the lips of the guests, while round the regal board, the golden cup passed; while beauteous woman, with lips of ruby hue, drank lightly of its contents.

But that unsatiable spirit of the proud Belshazzar, king of Babylon, still demanded more. As he quaffed the brimming goblet, his pride arose, and turning to his princes, bade them "bring the vessels of silver and gold, which his father, Nebuchadnezzar had taken out of the temple at Jerusalem, that he and his princes might drink therefrom." Thus spoke this haughty monarch, and at his command, they were brought and placed before him. Anon, he bids them fill the sacred cups. The voice of mirth now peals louder, and the song of the dance is echoed and re-echoed. But He, who neither slumbers nor sleeps, heard that festal throng, as they swelled their pæans in honor of their idol-gods, of gold, of brass, of iron, of wood and stone. Yes, the God of Israel heard them. He saw them, when they offered up their vain oblations, at Babel's shrine, in the censers of his holy temple. He saw this, and was wroth!

But what thinkest thou! oh Belshazzar, that thou shalt be permitted to take those holy vessels from off the altar, consecrated to God and his most holy purposes, and appropriate them to thyself, and thine own low and sensual purposes! Mayest thou bring them within the fane of thy polluted temple, and in them offer up incense to thy gods? Couldst thou do this, and not receive thy doom? Ah, no, no! the Lord Jehovah will recompense thee. He saw thee, when thou did'st it. He saw thee, when amidst thy revellings and banquetings, thou wert quaffing the red wine, in honour of thy gods, from those golden vessels, sacred to his name. Yes, he saw thee, and in his anger, decreed that thou should'st be revenged.

Turn once more, to those festive scenes in the palace. There behold the mighty king of Babylon, surrounded by

his thousand lords, revelling amidst all the luxury and magnificence of a sumptuous feast. But see, how suddenly his countenance changes! His thoughts are troubled, and his limbs are motionless. And wherefore this? Why this noise and tumult? A hand! an unearthly hand is seen! Slowly moves along the wall of that resplendent palace, tracing in dark and magic lines, the language of some other land. 'Tis seen by all. But every tongue is mute, every breath is hushed. No sound of revelry strikes the ear, but silence, such as pervades the tomb, is there. Belshazzar, the mighty ruler, bows his head, and stands aghast from fear. Recovering himself, he calls in his men of wisdom, Chaldeans and Astrologers, if perchance to them who read the future, this mystic sign may be revealed; but all in vain. The secret still lies hid. Its import none can read. The countenance of the king is filled with terror and despair. He knows not what can be the meaning of this so wonderful and mysterious appearance. Suffering from fear and the reproaches of a guilty conscience, he recedes in terror from its view.

But now the prospect brightened. Daniel the prophet of the Lord appears. Inspired with wisdom from on high, he comes to unfold the mysteries of his God. Every eye is fixed on him; every heart beats high. He speaks, and says to the horror-stricken king, "Oh King, the God of Heaven has decreed thy fate. He in whose balances all earthly kings are tried, hath weighed thee, and found thee wanting. Among the Medes and Persians shalt thou be divided."

Belshazzar heard his fate, but heeded it not, and turned to revel in his feast! Again the sound of music is heard, the dance goes round, and all is mirth and joy in the festive hall. But hark!

> "Is there not the sound of clashing spear and shield,
> Of rushing steeds as o'er a battle-field!—

And nearer now it comes.—The clarion's blast is heard.

The foe advances.—'Tis the Medes and Persians—Darius, with his countless armies, rushes into the royal palace—The sound of revelry ceases. They strive to escape, but in vain. Babylon, the great, the mighty, with her gates of brass, and bars of iron, is taken, and Belshazzar, its proud and haughty king, lies dead among the slain!

GOOD ADVICE.

The happiness of females—consequently, by a regular gradation, the happiness of the world—depends much upon women. Women, ought, therefore, to consider this life as a short passage to another, which is both permanent, happy, and glorious.

Let your husband be the partner of your joy, and be you the sharer of his troubles. Upon all occasions do him honor. Treat him with kindness and tenderness. By softened dignity, united with delicacy, endeavor to keep alive in his breast a fervent affection; and use the power which this conduct will give you over his heart, to draw him to the sense and practice of that duty, which will not only render indissoluble, but will likewise perpetuate your union through ages of increasing bliss.

To your children, to your friends, to your servants, to your neighbors, to the world, be affectionate—be faithful—be kind—be useful—be exemplary. Then shall you please him whose pleasure is life—then shall you be happy, here and forever.

The joys of Heaven are without example, above experience, and beyond imagination, for which the whole creation wants a comparison, we an apprehension, and even the word of God a revelation.

Original.

THE TWO TYPES.

BY A. A. L.

If the Almighty has preserved the knowledge of the past to us, it has been to promote our moral improvement. The philosophy of history is the philosophy of memory. If memory may be regarded as essential to our moral constitution—if conscience employ its records as the authentications of its decisions—if a susceptibility to the impressions of the past be necessary to a susceptibility of the future, then, may the highest interest and importance be attached to this faculty as one of the means sanctioned and sanctified by Jehovah to advance our spiritual welfare. The policy of Providence in the external world corresponds with the peculiarities of our nature. One spirit—one end—marks each department of his operation. History is the memory of the world. If the imagination and reason that dwell within us lie embodied in art and science, history records them; if passion revel in folly and riot in blood, it transfers the deed to its page. If memory keeps the actions of past life present with us, history effects the same object with respect to all former ages.

The most comprehensive view, that can be taken of history, is presented by Revelation. The sacred volume is almost entirely sacred history. It immortalizes the past. It redeems antiquity from the grave of oblivion, and invests it with the endurance of eternity. Its birth-place is Heaven; its birthright, the whole universe. * *

The representatives of intellect waited around the Throne. The representatives of poetry and song, breathed the soft melody. The representative of prophecy looked silently over

the future, and wondered at its sublime events. The representative of history fixed his eye upon the new Eden, and opened his scroll to register the names of Adam and Eve. Another moment; beauty adorned the page and holiness consecrated it. Another moment; the light of a far sphere illumined it, and the fragrance of fresh incense floated by it. Another moment; the representative of history grew sad and buried the scroll in his bosom. Heaven and Earth were separated. * * * * *

A man must perform the task. Angels cannot record transgression. The wisdom of Inspiration descended and rested upon Moses. * * * * *

The past and the future are united. The past Eden typifies the future Eden. Every thing becomes symbolic. Signs fill the earth. We may make our selection. *

Our first type is the first son. The curse has been pronounced, and the curse is on him. The blessing has been promised, and the blessing is on him. Infinite Love had announced the deliverer. It demanded an acknowledgement of the doctrines from the earliest born.

Our second type is the second son. The punishment of his sinning parents, and the grace of his sinless Savior both abode upon him. Heaven required the expression of his faith.

The time of devotion came; the first-born gathered the fruits of the earth, and offered them to the Lord; the younger brother brought THE FIRSTLINGS OF HIS FLOCK. The one might exhibit gratitude—the other exhibited faith. The one exemplified self; the other exemplified the Redeemer. The one recognized not the Fall; it spoke of Eden; the other recognised the transgression and spoke of salvation. The former was rejected; the latter accepted.

Henceforward Cain and Abel became the type of two distinct classes of character. In the path of the one, follow all, who reject the blood of the atoning Lamb of God; in the path of the other, all, who confide in its divine merit.

MAXIMS FOR THE DECLINE OF LIFE.

To such of our readers as have passed the meridian of their days, and who are desirous of prolonging their lives, health, and happiness for a still longer term, we recommend a close attention to the following maxims. They form part of "A Code of resolutions for declining life," drawn up by an old physician. The entire code is well deserving of careful perusal; but the part which we have thought proper to pass over, would appear to belong rather to a code of ethics than of health. The resolutions to be adopted by all who are in the decline of life are—

To endeavor to get the better of the intrusions of indolence of mind and of body, those certain harbingers of enfeebling age.

Rather to wear out, than to rust out.

To rise early; and, as often as possible, to go to bed early.

To continue the practice of reading, pursued, it is to be hoped, for more than half a century, in books on all subjects—for variety is the salt of the mind, as well as "the spice of life."

To admit every cheerful ray of sunshine on the imagination.

To try to live within one's income, be it large or small.

Not to encourage romantic hopes or fears.

Not to drive away hope, the sovereign balm of life—though it be the greatest of all flatterers.

Not wilfully to undertake any thing, for the accomplishment of which the mind or body is not sufficiently strong.

Not to run the race of competition, nor to be in another's way.

To preserve one's temper on all occasions; and hence, never to give up the reins to constitutional impatience.

If one cannot be a stoic, in bearing and forbearing on every trying occasion, yet to endeavor by every means to pull the check-string against the moroseness of spleen, or the impetuosity of peevishness. Anger is a short madness.

To contrive to have as few unemployed hours as possible, that idleness, the mother of vice and of crime, may not pay her visits. To be always doing something. To fill up one's time, and to have a good deal to fill it up with—for time is the material of which life is made.

Not to indulge too much in the luxury of the table, nor yet to underlive the constitution. The gout, rheumatism, and dropsy, in the language of the Spectator, seem to be hovering over the dishes. Wine, the great purveyor of pleasure, offers his service, when love takes his leave. It is natural to catch hold on every help when the spirits begin to droop; but let it be recollected, that while love and wine are good cordials, they are not to be forced into common use.

To resolve never to go to bed on a full meal. Exercise, a light supper, and a good conscience, are the best promoters of a good night's rest, and the parents of undisturbing dreams.

Not to be enervated by indulgence in tea-drinking.

Not to debilitate the mind by new and futile compositions. Like the spider, it may spin itself to death. The mind, like the field must have its fallow season.

To enjoy rationally the present—not to be made too unhappy by reflection on the past, nor to be oppressed by invincible gloom, or ridiculous fears as to the future.

To resolve more than ever to shun every public station, every arduous undertaking. To be satisfied with being master of one's self, one's habits now a second nature, and one's time. Determined not to solicit, unless cruelly trampled on by fortune, nor to live and die in harness of official station, of trade, or a profession.

PRAYER OF PIOUS PARENTS.

TRANSCRIBED FROM A MAGAZINE SOME FIFTY YEARS OLD.

GREAT God of Heaven, attend our cry,
And bring thy great salvation nigh;
Look down upon our infant race,
Make them the children of thy grace.
Do we not pray they may be thine?
Oh send thine energy divine,
Thy grace, thy spirit, and thy word,
Into their hearts, all gracious Lord!
All other blessings, Lord! we leave
For thine unerring care to give.
Let but a tender parent's plea.
Obtain this mercy Lord from thee.
Then, if the parting stroke we meet,
We'll to thy gracious arms commit
What thy rich mercy has bestowed,
Or if they live they'll live for God.
Thus happy they shall be in time,
And through eternity be thine.
We have devoted them to thee;
Oh, take them Lord, that they may be
The subjects of thy Sovereign grace,
And we thy monuments of praise.
Then in the paradise divine,
Parents and children soon shall join,
Eternal notes of love to raise,
And heaven resound with notes of praise.

As death is the total change of life, every change is the death of some part; sickness is the death of health; sleeping, of waking; sorrow, of joy; impatience, of quiet; youth of infancy; age, of youth. All things which follow time, and even time itself, at last, must die.

THE BOUQUET.

Original.

THE FATAL AVALANCHE.

SCENE AT THE WHITE MOUNTAINS.

BY THE EDITOR.

Many of my readers will recollect the deep sensation which was felt through New England, and, indeed, through the Union, occasioned by the frightful catastrophe which occurred, in 1826, at the Notch of the White Mountains, N. H., and which resulted in the destruction of the Willey family.

This frightful catastrophe has formed the subject of many attempts of the poet and romancer, and may not be altogether uninteresting from the pen of one who, but for a single incident in Providence, might have been hastily buried in the same grave with the lamented Willey family.

The "Notch," in this range of mountains, is a narrow pass, extending two miles in length, between two lofty cliffs, rent asunder, it is probable, by some terrible convulsion in nature, the narrowest point of which is only twenty-two feet wide, and is formed by rocks on either side of about twenty feet perpendicular height. This narrow space is occupied by a stream, the Saco river, and the national road—at a little distance below stood the "Notch House." But it is not my present purpose to give a description of the scenery of this picturesque and romantic mountain, although the lofty summits, the deep, dark, and sombre dells, the startling water-falls, and the heart-stirring prospect from the summit of Mount Washington—which

forms the highest point of elevation, and affords the best panoramic view of New England—might constitute a fruitful theme for the best descriptive powers.

The fatal avalanche took place on the 28th of August; the Sabbath previous, the writer was invited to occupy the pulpit of the Rev. B. G. Willey, of Conway, near the scene of the "Slide." At an early part of the week we contemplated visiting the mountains, but, by a change of weather, and from the fear that the prospect from Mount Washington would not be favorable, our plans were defeated. Such continued the state of the atmosphere, that we did not start on our contemplated trip to the mountains until Rumor, with her thousand tongues, had told the tale of the sad catastrophe through the neighboring towns. Our first attempts to reach the scene of ruins were frustrated by the loss of the many bridges which crossed the Saco to the Notch house. After the flood had abated, we reached the melancholy spot, where

"The everlasting hill was torn
From its eternal base, and borne,
In gold and crimson vapors drest,
To where a household are at rest!
The mountain-sepulchre of hearts beloved!
The cottage stood; while the monarch trees
Leaned back from the encountering breeze,
As the tremendous pageant moved!
The mountain forsoook his perpetual throne,
Came down from his rock, and his path was shown,
In barrenness and ruin, where
The secret of his power lies bare.
His rocks in nakedness arise!
His desolations mock the skies!"

We entered the desolate house, from which all had fled, as from an ark of safety, to instant and inevitable ruin! The beds were thrown open, as they were at the moment of alarm, the OLD FAMILY Bible lay open on the stand, and the candlestick, with its wasted taper, stood by its side.

Silence, touching silence to tears, pervaded the little group of visiters. Mine was a mingled cup of joy and sorrow—of thanksgiving to Almighty God, whose unseen hand had graciously held me back from that scene of desolation and of graves, which, a little before, at my peril, I might have visited.

The Willey house stood on a gentle elevation, at a little distance from the almost overhanging mountain, which rose several thousand feet above the bed of the river. It was easy for imagination to draw a picture of the fate of the tenants that so lately occupied that cottage; but no tongue can tell, no pencil delineate, no imagination conceive the awful, agonizing incertitude and alarm that must have rent the souls of that ill-fated group when the everlasting mountains gave way, and CRASH AFTER CRASH, louder than seven thunders, sounded the death knell!

On the fall of the first avalanche, the barn, which joined the cottage, was crushed to pieces and swept into the abyss. The house, which was shielded from the torrent by a natural elevation, and now doubly so by the rocks and earth which the first slide had formed, stood almost entirely unscathed.

Alas! what shall we do? I seemed almost to hear the cry, as it went up to Heaven in this moment of most trying incertitude and agony, "O, Lord, what shall we do to be saved? whither shall we flee for life?" Amidst the thick darkness and thunder, when the second slide swept like a tornado by, the frighted family, it is thought, fled from the house upon the bosom of the fatal torrent, and were all buried in a common grave.

Thus, in a moment was this lovely family, parents and five children, together with two laborers, hurried to the bar of God and their eternal home!

~~Five~~ of the bodies were found, but the resting-place of four children, it is probable, will not be known until the last trump shall sound and the earth and sea shall give up their dead. Mr. and Mrs. Willey had embraced a hope of

eternal life, and, it is probable, among their last acts they consulted the Divine Oracles, and, from the throne of God's grace, went to the high fellowship of that blood-bought throng where sorrow and alarm can never be known.

The track which the avalanche has made embraces several hundred acres, and thousands, if not millions, of tons of rocks and earth were swept from their place. The largest rocks, weighing an incredible number of tons, were carried down by these slides. Ah, reader! in the morning of life, who can tell what will be thy noon? or who, at the meridian of his strength, can tell what shall be his evening declination? "Behold, the Judge is at the door!" What thou doest, thou must do quickly!

THE HONEST BOY.

A gentleman from the country placed his son with a dry goods' merchant in —— street. For a time all went on well. At length a lady came to the store to puchase a silk dress, and the young man waited on her. The price demanded was agreed to, and he proceeded to fold the goods. He discovered, before he had finished, a flaw in the silk, and pointing it out to the lady, said, "Madam, I deem it my duty to tell you there is a fracture in the silk."

Of course she did not take it.

The merchant overheard the remark, and immediately wrote to the father of the young man to come and take him home; "for" said he, "he will never make a merchant."

The father, who had ever reposed confidence in his son was much grieved, and hastened to be informed of his deficiencies. "Why will he not make a merchant?" asked he.

"Because he has no tact," was the answer.

"Only a day or two ago, he told a lady, voluntarily, who was buying silk of him, that the goods were damaged, and

I lost the bargain. Purchasers must look out for themselves. If they cannot discover flaws, it would be foolishness of me to tell them of their existence."

"And is that all his fault?" asked the parent.

"Yes," answered the marchant; "he is very well in other respects."

"Then I love my son better than ever; and I thank you for telling me of the matter; I would not have him another day in your store for the world." N.

THE SECRET.

"MOTHER," said a girl ten years of age, "I want to know the secret of your going away alone every night and morning?"

"Why, my dear?"

"Because it must be to see some one you love to see very much."

"And what leads you to think so?"

"Because I have always noticed that when you come back you appear to be more happy than usual."

"Well, suppose I go to see a friend I love very much, and that after seeing and conversing with him I am more happy than before, why should you wish to know anything about it?"

"Because I wish to do as you do, that I may be happy also."

"Well, my child, when I leave you in the morning and evening it is to commune with the Savior. I go to pray to him—I ask him for his grace to make me happy and holy; I ask him to assist me in all the duties of the day, and especially to keep me from committing any sin against him; and above all, I ask him to have mercy on you, and save you from the misery of those who sin against him."

"O, that is the secret," said the child; "then I must go with you."

BEAUTIFUL ANECDOTE.

A happier illustration of the wonderful character of the Bible, and the facility with which even a child may answer, by it, the greatest questions, and solve the sublimest of mysteries, was perhaps never given, than at an examination of a deaf and dumb institution, some years ago in London.

A little boy was asked in writing, "who made the world?"

He took the chalk, and wrote underneath the question,

"In the beginning, God created the heavens and the earth."

The clergyman then inquired in a similar manner, "why did Jesus Christ come into the world?"

A smile of delight and gratitude rested on the countenance of the little fellow as he wrote,

"This is a faithful saying and worthy of all acceptation, that Jesus Christ came into the world to save sinners."

A third was proposed, evidently adapted to call his most powerful feelings into exercise—

"Why were you born deaf and dumb, when I can hear and speak?"

"Never," said an eyewitness, "shall I forget the look of resignation which sat upon his countenance as he took the chalk and wrote, 'Even so, Father, for so it seemed good in thy sight.'"

THE BIBLE SAYS SO.

Children should ever remember that the Bible is the great authority; and that when it speaks on any point the question is settled forever. They should go directly to the Scriptures to find what is good and what is bad, what is true and what is false. Thus, with the blessing of God, they will acquire the habit of constantly giving up their own notions and inclinations when they find a plain declaration of Scripture. I therefore think it a good sign to hear a child often use the expression, THE BIBLE SAYS SO.

WOMAN

THE GREATEST SOCIAL GIFT.

Engraved for this Work

Original.

WOMAN,

THE GREATEST SOCIAL GIFT TO MAN.

BY MRS. A. B. WHELPLEY.

With a steel Engraving.

Hail woman, hail! last form'd in Eden's bowers,
Mid humming streams, and fragrance breathing flowers,
Thou art 'mid light and gloom, through good and ill,
Creator's glory—man's chief blessing still,
Thou calm'st our thoughts, as halcyons calm the sea,
Sooth'st in distress when servile minions flee;
And, oh! without thy sun-bright smiles below,
Life were a night, and earth a waste of wo."

In the present age, when the advantages of education and the facilities for acquiring it are so numerous, and so widely extended, the treasures of knowledge are laid open to all. There is no longer what used to be styled the royal road to knowledge, of which the children of fortune could alone avail themselves, and from which the mass of mankind were excluded. A highway has been cast up for all —a way so plain that the feeblest mind need not err therein; which the infant as well as the giant intellect may explore, and all may reap the reward of their labors, if not contribute to the general stock of knowledge.

The old distinctions between the sexes, founded upon a supposed radical difference of their mental powers; the antiquated prejudices against female education which had their origin, if not in the love of superiority, in the ignorance of the true nature and destiny of mind, are now rapidly passing away. The nineteenth century has the honor, if not of discovering the great truth, of bringing it out more fully, THAT THERE IS NO SEX IN MIND; that mind is the

same in all intelligent beings, angelic, or human, male or female, that its attributes and its exalted powers are the same in the infant as in the seraph, and if its attributes and powers are the same in all, it must be created for the same noble purposes, and fitted for the same high destinies. Mind is in its own nature, independent of the modifications of matter; it is a spark of that living intelligence which nothing can extinguish: there is no distinction but that of mind in heaven, "for there they neither marry, nor are given in marriage, but are as the angels of God."

A just and proper appreciation of the powers and capacities of woman, has not only clearly indicated her true position and amazing influence in society, but also awakened a deep and universal interest on the subject of female education, which has of late especially employed so many able pens, and powerful minds. She is no longer viewed as a mere house-keeper, or as the object of mere fond, idolatrous attachment in the social circle, or the plaything of man's idle hours, but as occupying a position of immense responsibility, and contributing largely to the elevation and happiness of her species.

Heretofore, with some rare exceptions, in fictitious writings, and light literature, she has been made to figure as the heroine of some romantic love scene, adored for her beauty and personal charms; and celebrated for her adroitness in captivating and deceiving the weak minded of the other sex. Christianity combined with education, and the cultivation of refined literary taste, has exalted her to her true position as an intelligent moral being; and these advantages far from being inconsistent with social qualifications, and her domestic duties and relations, are found admirably harmonizing with them, and in an eminent degree beautifying and perfecting them.

The true sphere of woman is the domestic circle; and she should endeavor to invest herself with every qualification calculated to render her interesting and agreeable as well as useful in that sphere; this is the way to impart

lustre to her most unostentatious duties, and to give dignity to the humblest station. It should be deemed a matter of no small importance that while every power of the mind is cultivated the external graces of manner are not neglected. Though good manners, from the operation of adverse causes, are not always found attending high intellect, and great learning, yet in general they furnish a correct indication of the progress made in mental cultivation. The remark admits of but few exceptions, that coarseness of manners evinces an uncultivated mind. The society which an individual frequents has a great influence in moulding the manners; books of an elevated character have also a potent influence, especially an intimate acquaintance with the sacred writings. A degree of refinement and liberality of sentiment is acquired by the study of the classics which contributes more to dignity and elegance of manners, and to form the true lady than all the substituted ornaments of external graces. The brilliancy of a cultivated mind will shine through the most ungraceful exterior, and give an intellectual beauty to the plainest features, more pleasing than the vivid tints of the rose, and more enduring than the fading hue of the lily. There is nothing which gives to beauty a greater finish than the look of intelligence which makes the eye appear as the index of the soul, and without that charm there is little permanent satisfaction in the mere brilliancy of the eye, or in the most exquisitely moulded features. When we look upon an inanimate countenance we feel much as we do when we gaze at a finely chiselled statue; we consider it beautiful indeed, but the soul is wanting.

Personal beauty is indeed a pleasing and a valuable gift, but it is surely an unworthy and degrading idea of that sex which was created for the solace and comfort of mankind, to consider them merely as objects of sight. But beauty blended with virtue and intelligence is the highest perfection of woman. Milton's description of Eve is a beautiful illustration of this truth; it was not her form

and features, but the qualities of her mind which shone in them, that adorned her with the perfection of beauty,

> "Grace was in all her steps; heaven in her eye,
> In all her gestures dignity and love."

When the judgment has been disciplined by thought, and the taste refined by cultivation, the moral feelings as a natural consequence will be rendered more acute; and the moral principles strengthened. Thus will she be fitted as a companion for man, exerting a most benign influence upon his social character, and fitted as a mother to train up and educate her children. Man is not only influenced by woman, but he is ready and willing to be influenced by her.

> "O Thou! by Heaven ordained to be
> Arbitress of Man's destiny,
> From thy warm heart one tender sigh,
> One glance from thine approving eye,
> Can raise or bend him at thy will
> To virtue's noblest flights, or worst extremes of ill!
>
> Woman!—tis thine to cleanse his heart,
> From every gross unholy part;
> Thine in domestic solitude
> To win him to be wise and good;
> His pattern, guide, and friend to be,
> To give him back the Heaven he forfeited for thee.

The cultivation of the lighter accomplishments besides giving a finish to the mind and manners, affords a relaxation, and a salutary diversion from the busy cares of life, and to woman with a mind well disciplined they will create and strengthen a love of home and domestic enjoyments; they will give her unrivalled power over the hearts and characters of those she loves, by enabling her to invest her home with peculiar charms. There is scarcely anything more lovely than a female possessed of these qualifications, combined with amiable manners; as a wife, she will ensure the love and happiness of her husband; as a

mother, she will set a most praiseworthy example, and as the mistress of a family, she will command the respect and admiration of all who come within the range of her influence.

It is then the advantages of education, combined with moral culture, which gives to woman the power of rendering herself useful, and agreeable in all the relations of life, as daughter, sister, wife and mother. Woman thus endowed may with propriety be considered as the greatest social gift to man.

Original.

DANGERS OF YOUNG MEN.

BY REV. W. B. SPRAGUE, D. D.

It is obvious to the slightest reflection, that the period of youth, under any circumstances, is fraught with immense danger; for then the passions are quick, the judgment is immature, temptations are powerful, and personal experience has not had the opportunity of inculcating her lessons of truth and wisdom. But if there are perils thronging about the path of youth in every conceivable condition, these perils are modified, in a great measure, by the peculiar circumstances into which the individuals concerned are thrown—the circumstances of the age or of the country in which they happen to be born and educated. We propose, in a few brief essays, to contemplate some of the relations which the young men of our own country particularly sustain, to the existing state of things around them—to the general spirit and character of the age; and in the present article we shall limit ourselves to a view of their peculiar DANGERS as indicated by these relations.

We say, then, in the first place, that our young men are in danger from the BUSINESS character of the age. The period in which we live is distinguished above all that have preceded it for a spirit of enterprise; and this spirit when kept under the direction of intelligence and discretion, may always be expected to work favorably to the public prosperity. But unhappily, in our day, it has degenerated into an impatient and reckless desire to be rich at all hazards; and the spirit of sober calculation has given place to the spirit of wild speculation; and men have judged of the value of every plan, whether private or public, by the amount of silver, or gold, or paper, which it has promised in its accomplishment. This ruling passion of the country has, indeed, within the last few years, met with a signal rebuke; and multitudes who had dreamed of riches, have awoke to poverty; but yet the passion continues to operate, and it is still one of the great besetting sins of our nation, that we are making haste to be rich.

Now, who does not see that this feature in our national character, puts greatly in jeopardy some of the best interests of our young men? How absolutely certain is it that without the utmost vigilance and self-restraint, they will generally become imbued with his all-pervading spirit, and incur the various evils which it brings with it. What these evils are, a little reflection will make manifest.

There is danger then that our young men, in the inordinate pursuit of wealth, will lose sight of that better and nobler part of their nature, which emphatically constitutes their distinction among the creatures of God. Their faculties of thought and feeling, of judgment and conscience, not only indicate a glorious origin, but point to a glorious destiny; and it is in the proper direction and culture of these, that man acquires the character that appropriately belongs to him. But this high end never was—never can be attained without a vigorous and constant self-discipline; and this self-discipline is identified with frequent and earnest thought; and this again supposes that degree of freedom

from worldly care, that shall leave the mind at liberty for such an exercise. But how manifest is it that, where the desire of becoming rich entirely engrosses the mind, and everything else is lost sight of in the endeavor to accomplish this one object—how manifest is it that the appropriate aliment of the mind will be withheld, and the mind, of consequence, will never expand to its legitimate dimensions. The young man ought to be growing up with his memory stored with great truths, and principles that look toward his immortality—with faculties strengthening and brightening under the influence of a genial culture; but, instead of this, his knowledge and wisdom all have respect to a single subject—that of making money—he is at home only in the region of commercial enterprise or pecuniary speculation; and when you have said that he knows how to make a good bargain, what remains of his character you will find it difficult to gather up even in your own reflections. But what a pity that a being, whose eye was made to be directed to the skies, should be satisfied with such a character, and such a portion—that he, who might live to bless the world both by his intelligence and virtue, and afterwards be wafted to a brighter world to dwell there for ever, should sacrifice so much—should sacrifice everything to the indulgence of a sordid and grovelling passion.

There is another view to be taken of this matter—young men are in danger, not only of losing sight of better things in the pursuit of wealth, but also of forming an unscrupulous and reckless habit, which consists neither with a good conscience or a good character. What an illustration of this remark has been furnished by the experience of the last few years! How many young men, infatuated by the spirit of speculation, have lost sight of honesty and honor, and now stand forth with bleeding reflections before the world! How many, dissatisfied with the amount of capital which was fairly at their disposal, have entrenched on property that was not their own, and, perhaps, actually embezzled other people's money, till the secret of what

they had been doing, comes out in connection with the ruin of all their hopes! And even where no such fearfully calamitous result as this occurs, a young man, in the too eager pursuit of wealth, is in danger of forming habits adverse both to his character and usefulness. He is in danger of taking an undue advantage in bargains, and of congratulating himself on a good speculation, where he ought to be ashamed of himself for having cheated his neighbor. He is in danger of losing sight of his dependance on God, and if he is prospered, of saying in his prosperity that he shall never be moved. He is in danger of becoming insensible to the claims of charity, and of bidding the sufferer, whom he ought to relieve, be warmed at some other hearth, or fed by some other house. Let every young man seriously ponder, and carefully avoid, all these dangers. There is nothing wrong in being devoted to the pursuit of wealth, provided it be with a right spirit, and for right ends; but the character of the age, especially so far as our own country is concerned, certainly invests the pursuit with great peril —peril in respect to the mind and the heart—to the present and the future.

Young men are also in danger from the LITERARY character of the age. Every one knows that our age is distinguished above any that has preceded it, for a light and superficial literature. A large portion of the books that were written in former centuries had reference to weighty subjects, and were the result of long, continued, laborious, and profound thought; and whoever would read them to profit, must read them with earnest and concentrated attention. But what a different state of things is this in our day! There are, indeed, a great number of excellent books still issuing from the press; but not great, when compared with the swarms of trashy and profitless productions which we meet with on every side. The effect of them, especially on a young man, is to enervate the mind, to give it a distaste for weighty and profitable reading, and to aid in the formation of a light and grovelling character. And the

temptation to read such works is strong, not only from the fact that the exercise requires little or no mental effort, but because they are usually of an exciting character, and supply abundance of food to the imagination and the passions.

It is, however, not merely the fact that the literature of the age is of a superficial character, that puts our young men in jeopardy, but also that much of it is of a positively IMMORAL and LICENTIOUS character. There are books almost without number in circulation—though they are not ordinarily found in our book-stores or on our centre-tables—which openly and impiously assail Christianity, as a miserable imposture, and attempt to prove all the hopes which are founded upon it delusive. There are other books which, while they admit, in some general sense, the divine authority of the Bible, fritter away all its great truths, till the image of divinity is completely effaced from it, and nothing is left that can give comfort either to the sinner or the mourner. And then there is a yet larger class of books, which are directly licentious and polluting, though the poison is not unfrequently so dexterously concealed, that it has already enticed the mind, and commenced its deadly operation, before even its existence is suspected. Let the mind be kept in contact with bad books, especially the mind of a young man, who reads them because his inclination prompts him to it, and you will look in vain for any antidote, short of that which God's spirit supplies, that is powerful enough to prevent his ruin. He may even be shut out from the society of every human being, and yet, if he has bad books for his companions, they will corrupt him as effectually as if their venom were distilled from the speaking lips, instead of the silent page.

Moreover, the very circumstance that we have so many books at the present day, increases the danger in respect to our young men. Turn they in whichsoever direction they will, books, books, books crowd upon their eye! and from this mighty mass they have to make their selection. And here the danger to which they are exposed is tenfold;

they are in danger of being discouraged by the immense multitude from encountering any very seriously, and thus of contracting an imbecile habit of mind, and remaining ignorant of much which they ought to know; and they are also in danger of making a bad selection where they intended to make a good one, and thus unwittingly putting themselves in communion either with stupidity or falsehood. Let every one, then, carefully guard against a random choice of books. It is just as important that a young man should make a good choice of books as a good choice of friends; and if he acts in either case inconsiderately or incautiously, he may commit an error that can never be retrieved.

To be concluded.

Original.

THE INFLUENCE OF ONE NOVEL.

BY A. A. L.

There are certain seasons in life, when we seem peculiarly sensitive to impressions from external causes. If a stream of water be just forming its channel, we know what slight things may direct its course. Our characters in this world can never be said to be perfectly established. The power of the best habits is not invincible. The firmest trees are sometimes uprooted. Circumstances are not designed to tyrannise over us, but they are intended to try our virtue—to call forth our principles—to test our devotion to moral excellence. The sovereignty of the universe belongs to God alone. It is his sceptre only that is over us. Through the whole course of life, our characters may be maturing. It is death that seals them. Every one is

conscious that he often reaches a turning point in his personal history. If the grace afforded by the Almighty, and the depravity natural to us, be always opposing each other, there are, nevertheless, particular periods when, as it were, they awaken all their strength, and summon all their instruments for a powerful battle.

I knew one, who had been blessed with pious parents, and surrounded with delightful associates. The presence of Christianity had consecrated her cradle-sleep, and hallowed the home of her early girlhood. She approached womanhood. Beautiful and accomplished, she drew around her numerous admirers. The pride of her heart had not been subdued, and flattery fed it. The deceitfulness of her imagination had not been fully revealed to her, and she was ignorant of the spell that bound her.

Animated nature has its birds of bright plumage, but they perform their part in the scheme of creation. The melody of their voices repeats the otherwise silent chorus of departed Eden, and the faithfulness of their instinct exhibits the wisdom of the Divine hand. Inanimate nature has its flowers, but they illustrate the benevolence of God. A portion of the beauty of creation, they show that Jehovah did not confine himself to the absolutely needful in his works, but superadded another department, where taste might be refined and poetry exalted. If Emma were beautiful, she forgot the Giver in the gift, and her heart sought all vain gratifications.

As Emma approached the maturity of her girlhood, I feared the influence of the world over her. I knew her wildness of fancy—her insubordination to the parents God had placed over her—her excessive love of praise—her obstinacy of will. One of the first things that excited my anxiety, was a captivating and dangerous novel that I saw her reading. I was sure it would blend itself with her sentiments and feelings. She had not read such works. Her heart was entirely open to the morbid influences. I beg-

ged her to desist, but she derided me. I warned her parents of the danger of that work, but they failed to prevent its being eagerly read. Never have I seen any one more completely resigned to an imaginative excitement, than was Emma during the perusal of that unholy volume. She finished it. The potent draught was swallowed, and the intoxication soon commenced. She was now A FICTION to all her friends. The sober TRUTH of life had fled, and the witchery that came over her settled in almost undisturbed quiet upon her unhappy spirit. She was a victim to One Bad Novel.

Original.

DIALOGUE BETWEEN ELIZA AND JANE.

NO. III.

BY THOMAS HASTINGS, ESQ.

ELIZA. It is a very long time since I have seen you, Jane, but I have often brought to mind our last conversation.

JANE. So, since your twenty studies are disposed of, you can find some time for thought.

E. You do not take me for a DUNCE, Jane?

J. Of course I do not—a young lady of your opportunities ought to excel in everything.

E. I always got my lessons well.

J. Did you always remember them after recitation?

E. How could I, when I had so many others to learn?

J. That, indeed. How did you succeed in your last examination?

E. O, Jane, to tell the truth, I was ill prepared, so I had the headache, and my kind-hearted instructress accepted of my apology.

J. Did she KNOW you were ill prepared?

E. She did not APPEAR to know it, which was, perhaps, as well; but the affair is over, and I am glad of it. These examinations always made me nervous; but my education is finished, and I shall fear them no longer.

J. You have done with your MUSIC, then.

E. O, no. There is PLEASURE in that, and I can have a MUSIC teacher as long as I wish.

J. What particular thought in our last conversation has so often recurred to you?

E. Why, that "RELIGIOUS MUSIC," properly so called, ought not to be neglected. I mentioned the matter to my parents, and the conclusion was, that I should receive instructions, on this point, from my teacher.

J. But he was not willing to have your voice ruined.

E. O, so long as another teacher was not to be employed, he could manage to prevent all injury.

J. How did you begin?

E. Rather unfortunately. My parents had paid no attention to church music since they were young; and, as the selection was left to them, they obtained a book for me containing such pieces as Greenwich, Ocean, and Mortality, which reminded them of old times.

J. That was very singular.

E. When my teacher took the book in hand, he observed that, "as tunes ought to be sung in conformity with the views of the composer, these must be performed in a true PROVINCIAL manner." I did not take his meaning; but when he began to exemplify, he made such hideous noises as almost frightened me.

J. He was rediculing the pieces.

E. I thought so at first; but he looked as sober as a judge; and asked me whether, when I sung Scottish songs, I ought not to do it with a brogue. So, I laid aside the book, and referred the matter of selection to him.

J. And what next?

E. Why, would you believe it, Jane? he brought me some old "classical fugues of Palestrina," as he called them—the oddest things in creation.* But whether it was that I could not acquire the brogue, or that the music was too old fashioned, remains a mystery. The fugues did not answer, and were soon thrown aside.

J. What next?

E. He said I had best try some good old chorals; and when these came, he would have me sing them like the German peasantry, very loud, and without accent or emphasis, which was the ONLY TRUE mode.† I followed his advice till I thought I should split my throat, and be taken with the lock-jaw; and then threw the chorals aside.

J. He gave no caution about injuring your voice, I presume.

E. He never alluded to the subject.

J. Very consistent, truly! Did the matter end thus?

E. O, no! we were very persevering. He next proposed some extracts from the masses and vesper books, and two or three songs, such as the "Convent Bell," "Evening Song to the Virgin," &c.; but, not being very good Catholics, we declined these.

J. Well.

E. He next brought me some Cantatas and Motets, as he called them, which were all quite too difficult; and then concluded that some of the religious songs of the Germans would suit me.

J. And how did these succeed?

E. I found them rather difficult; and my parents said they did not appear well adapted to family worship.

J. You must have had a real time of it, Eliza. Why did not your teacher procure some of the best of the current psalm tunes?

* Very classical, however; and still recommended by some pedantic masters.

† No unheard of decision.

E. O, he said they were so COMMON, and that they had not yet "acquired a classical celebrity"—he wished my taste to be more refined.

J. But refinement is sometimes disproportioned you know.

E. He next procured some choice pieces which the quartet choir of St. A—— had collected.

J. Why, those selections, I understand, are directly from the Opera! They have not the least characteristic of sacredness about them.

E. But they are BEAUTIFUL, Jane. They are so like my other fashionable pieces that I cannot help admiring them —I feel sometimes while practising them as if I should fly away.

J. Do you use them for devotional purposes, then?

E. My parents think them not sufficiently grave and solemn.

J. ONE right decision at least.

E. We tried one more expedient. My teacher said he must condescend to the simplicity of my parents' views—so he arranged "Drink to me only," and "Hail Columbia," to Christian words, and taught me to sing them very perfectly.*

J. Wonderful refinement! Did these succeed?

E. O, no.

J. And what was the objection?

E. Why, when the pieces were sung, the music, notwithstanding the hymn was solemn, would bring the old words to mind. Father said he could not help thinking of bottles and decanters, and Fourth of July orations.

J. Just as I should have expected. But what else?

E. Why, my parents concluded that the family had no natural taste for that kind of music, and there the matter ended.

* Why did not he take "AULD LANG SYNE" with a "cup a' kindness yet?"

J. What nonsense! Just as if taste for any kind of music were a mere matter of instinct. So, after all your thoughtfulness, and labor, and perplexity, religious music is to be abandoned?

E. But people will have different tastes, you know.

J. Some have a taste for neglecting duty.

E. But, Jane, have we not been very persevering?

J. Most ingeniously so in wrong directions.

E. But we have tried every way we could think of—

J. Except the right one.

E. Now, Jane, I thought you would give me some credit after all this labor.

J. I do not feel it in my heart to CENSURE you, Eliza; though I cannot but see your mistakes.

E. But you censure my teacher, then—for you will have it that there is blame somewhere.

J. He was, of course, out of his proper element in this branch of instruction. Cousin Kate, and our friends C—— E—— and E—— F—— had just such teachers, and they succeeded no better than you have.

E. What can all this mean?

J. The very question I put to my instructor.

E. And what was his reply?

J. It was too learned and abstruse for me; but he finally hit upon an illustration which put me in possession of his views.

E. What could that be?

J. He said music might be compared to eloquence, which, when pursued as an amusement, would lead us, at length, to become too sensitive and fastidious even for our own comfort; but which, when cultivated with reference to the substantial interests of society, would lead us to contemplate useful results, and to be pleased much in proportion as these could be realized. He instanced, on the one hand, the eloquence of the drama, and, on the other, the eloquence of the pulpit, the bar, and the popular assembly.

E. He must have read you quite a tedious lecture.

J. Be patient, Eliza. It was just the explanation I had invited, and which you have demanded of me.

E. Well, go on.

J. He said, if a man is to succeed in the drama as an actor, he must go to the theatre and be placed under a teacher of the histrionic art; but if he is to be successful in the pulpit, at the bar, or in a popular assembly, he must be trained, not in the theatre, nor in the drawing-room, but directly in the field which he is intended to occupy, and by some person who has the requisite practical skill.

E. There is reason in this—I will choose another teacher for this branch. What do you think of Monsieur A——?

J. He sees no important difference between the drama and the church.

E. What of Monsieur B——?

J. Just the same.

E. Why, then, what if I should try Mr. C——, or Mr. D——, or Mr. ——, or Mr. E——?

J. Are they not all pupils of the same operatic school? and will they not teach after the manner of their own chosen preceptors?

E. Then who would you advise?

J. Try some person who has acquired practical skill in the very branch you wish to understand—a person who really LOVES the hallowed employment, and not one who prefers amusement to devotion.

E. I do not know of such a person anywhere in good society.

J. Then come with me to the singing-school. We have an excellent teacher, a man of piety and practical skill—and, as to injury of voice, I will promise that your throat shall never be split, and that there will be no danger of the lock-jaw.

E. Then the next move will be to get me into the choir, that place is so very conspicuous!

J. You make no objections to the conspicuity of performing SOLUS before a splendid party of two or three hundred persons—because it is fashionable to do so.

E. O, Jane!

J. But display is not the object of our choir. We are not a proud band of quartet singers. If you were to come on the principle of display, we could not consent to receive you.

E. But can I not as well sit below? Others sing there.

J. To come so immediately in contact with undisciplined voices, might be even worse than all your teacher has apprehended from the evils of a singing-school. Come with us into the choir as soon you are well prepared, and then, if you are ashamed to be seen among the solemn worshipers, you may sit on the back seat, or behind a post, or hide your beautiful face behind the ample curtain.

E. O, Jane, Jane, you WILL BE so severe!

J. If the truth is severe, let us bow to it. You and I shall be called to answer for every misimprovement of our talents; and to refuse to assist, as far as we are able, in the work of praise, is to decline one of the most noble employments upon earth—it is to undervalue the work of angels and glorified spirits in heaven. O, Eliza! if you are ashamed to sing the praises of God among his people below, I fear you are making but poor preparation to join the choir of the blessed ones above. I hope you will think more of this matter. You have talents that MIGHT BE very useful, and why should they be unemployed in a cause like this?

REPENTANCE.

Repentance begins in the humiliation of the heart, and ends in the reformation of the life.

Though we want power to repent, yet we do not want means to repent, nor power to use those means.

Original.

THE TWO STEWARDS.

BY MRS. S. T. MARTYN.

It was New Year's Eve; a large and brilliant party were assembled in the splendid drawing-room of Mr. A., one of the wealthiest merchants in a city whose merchant princes are the wonder and admiration of the world. Beauty, and gaiety, and fashion, were there, and little recked they, amid the varied amusements of the evening, of the want and misery that were crushing human hearts to the dust, even at their very door. Oh! if "the electric chain, wherewith we are darkly bound," might be but kept bright by sympathy and kind offices, so that heart should meet heart in its deep throbbings, how would sorrow be deprived of its sting, and earth made to bloom in all its pristine loveliness and beauty! But self interest and the pride of caste, and the customs of society, have divided those whom God hath joined together, and made a great gulf between the rich and the poor, which is seldom overstepped by either class, in the hope of benefitting the other. But to return from this digression.

Seated by a cheerful fire, in the back parlor, a little apart from the gay assemblage, was the master of the house, a a man in the prime of life, on whose broad and lofty brow reason and intellect, sat enthroned. He had been reading, by the softened light of a French lamp, of exquisite workmanship, but the book had fallen from his hands, and leaning back in his luxurious arm chair, he had evidently resigned himself to a pleasant train of thought, for a smile was lurking about the corners of his mouth, and the satisfied expression of his full dark eye could not be mistaken. Suddenly, however, a cloud darkened his countenance, an unpleasant remembrance seemed to cross his mind, and

something like the following soliloquy might have been overheard by the curious listener.

"Why did that poor fellow, Hartley, come to me again to-day? I am sure it is no fault of mine, if he chose with his limited means, to marry a poor girl, and now that sickness and poverty have come to his dwelling, he seems to think I am bound to help him. Strange that the poor can not be contented when there are so many charitable institutions to assist them. The real wants of life are very few." Here, as his eye glanced round on the spacious apartment in which he was seated, adorned with everything rich and rare in the kingdom of art, he added: "At least those who have never known the luxuries of life, cannot miss them, and, as for comfort, why, it is a relative term, and very probably my Irish porter, in his cabin, enjoys as much real happiness with his wife and children, as I do, with all my wealth." With this comforting thought, he was about to dismiss the subject from his mind, when something whispered—it might have been conscience—but you know, Hartly has been differently situated, and has once known respectability and comfort.

"Very well," was the almost petulant reply—he should have taken my advice, and either continued single, or married a rich wife, since he had only a small salary on which to depend. Those who will rush into trouble with their eyes open must repent at leisure."

The character of Mr. A. may be perfectly understood by those who can read human nature, when I say, he was one whose heart always kept in strict subservience to his head. No tails of suffering, no application for assistance ever reached his purse, when nothing was to be gained by giving, beyond the mere gratification of benevolent feeling. To his own family he was liberal, in the extreme, and in all his business transactions perfectly just and honorable. "No man can say I ever wronged him out of a cent," was his self-complacent reflection—for, like many others, he seemed never to have thought of the fact, that to his poor neighbor he owed a debt of sympathy and kind-

ness, out of which he was every day wronging him by his selfish indifference.

The day of reckoning came at last, and he who had entrusted Mr. A. with so large an amount of worldly possessions called him to render up his account. From the darkened room in which he lay, everything that could disturb or annoy the sufferer was carefully excluded, and the watchful eye, and soft hand of love were there, to perform those ministrations of tenderness which wealth cannot purchase. All that affection or skill could do, to prolong a life so precious to his friends, was done, but in vain. The fatal arrow had sped too surely to its mark, and life was rapidly ebbing away. Mr. A. had long been a professor of religion, and supposed that all was safe for eternity, but

"A death bed's a detector of the heart;"

and now, strange and unwelcome thoughts were thronging upon him, that would not depart at his bidding. His past life came up before him, filled with mercies and blessings from on high, while on his part, nothing appeared but base ingratitude and heartless selfishness. He had been a steward, but how had he improved his Lord's money? where were the hungry whom he had fed, the naked whom he had clothed, the sorrowing whom he had comforted, or the lost in sin, who by his influence, had been led to Jesus? Alas! the world had been his idol, and now in the day of his extremity, it had neither help nor consolation to bestow. In his agony, the dying man called on Memory to afford him some relief, and a voice, sweet but sad, answered—

"I am here, what wouldst thou with me?"

"I would have comfort," he said, "canst thou not bring from the records of the past, some good deeds, on which I may look without horror."

"Thou didst give liberally, the voice replied, towards the erection of a splendid church in —— st., surely that was a good work."

"Stay," said Conscience, who, unperceived, had taken her stand by the bedside of the sufferer: "remember that it was to carry thine own party purposes, that sum was given, and that when appeals came to thee from poor churches to give of thine abundance, thou didst turn them contemptuously away."

"There," said Memory again, is one hundred dollars given to the American Bible Society, and one hundred to aid the cause of seamen—who can question the propriety of sustaining these noble charities?"

"No one can doubt their merits," persisted Conscience, "but God looks at the heart of the giver, and judges according to the motives that actuated him in giving. Thou knowest," she added to the rich man, "that these sums were given because Mr. B. and Mr. C. had contributed largely, and thou wouldst not have it said thou wert less wealthy or less liberal than they. Remember the poor sailor who came to thee for aid when his little all was lost in the wreck of one of thy vessels, and who for the want of the advice and assistance thou didst not give him, became a pirate on the high seas. Remember that young man, the only son of a widowed mother who was placed in thy store by his confiding parent, and by thee neglected, until bad company had drawn him into temptation, and overthrown his principles. He came to thee when his feet began to slide, and ingeniously confessing his fault, threw himself on thy kindness, and begged thee to forgive and conceal his crime, and give him one more chance for a character and standing in society. Hadst thou then acted the part of the good Samaritan, he might have been saved; but thou didst coldly throw him off, and thought because thou didst not expose him publicly, thou hadst dealt with him most generously. He is now enduring a felon's doom in prison, of whom will his blood be required? Remember poor Hartly, whose wife and child perished during that hard winter, for the want of the necessaries of life, which the sick husband and father could not procure for them. The crumbs that

fell from thy table, might have saved them, and preserved him from a drunkard's life and a drunkard's doom. Remember"—

"Hold," cried the dying man, "I can bear no more. I knew not what I was doing, but that plea will not avail me now. Alas! I have heaped up treasure for the last days. I have lived in pleasure on the earth, and been wanton, and now my riches are corrupted, my gold and silver are cankered, and the rust of them is a witness against me, eating my flesh as it were fire. Oh! for another month, another week, another hour, that I might make restitution, but it is too late. It is a fearful thing to fall into the hands of the living God."

To be concluded.

POVERTY AND FORTUNE.

As Fortune was one day riding onwards triumphantly upon her wheel, she met Poverty clothed in rags, and looking very miserable. Pausing for a moment when she came up to the unhappy object, Poverty addressed her in very moving terms, and begged hard for a share of her favors, if it were ever so small. "Indeed," says Fortune, "I hardly know what to say to you till I am acquainted with your deserts. What are you doing?" "I am doing nothing," replied Poverty. "O, very well," said Fortune; "then I can have nothing to say to you. They that would be helped by Fortune, must first begin by helping themselves." And having said that, she was about to trundle her wheel, and move off, when, seeming to recollect herself, she said, "I think you and I were formerly acquainted with each other, and that you were then in good circumstances. Pray, what became of your property?" "Your remark is very true," replied Poverty, "we were once acquainted, and I

then was called by a different name; but a wicked companion led me into excesses, and in every respect proving himself to be a false friend, so far deceived me as to get possession of my money, since which time I have been in utter destitution." "If that be the case," said fortune, "you have nothing to expect from me. He who will keep bad company, and yield to improper temptation, is never safe, and I can have nothing to say to such." With that she set her wheel in motion, and left the poor wretch to starve.

THE MORAL.

Whatever a man's possessions may be, they may soon be destroyed by dissipation. Drunkenness is a wicked companion, for it betrays into sin; and a false friend, for, while it promises pleasure, it leads to nothing but disgrace and poverty. The drunkard and idler may look in vain for the favors of fortune; for although she is represented to be blind, she can see better than people imagine; and can clearly distinguish between the industrious and sober, the idle and intemperate.

VIRTUE.

Virtue is not a mushroom that springeth up of itself in one night, when we are asleep or regard it not; but a delicate plant that groweth slowly and tenderly, needing much pains to cultivate it, much care to guard it, much time to mature it. Neither is vice a spirit that will be conjured away with a charm, slain by a single blow, or despatched by one stab. Who, then, will be so foolish as to leave the eradicating of vice, and the planting of virtue into its place for a few years or weeks? Yet he who procrastinates his repentance and amendment grossly does so; with his eyes open, he abridges the time allotted for the longest and most important work he has to perform; he is a fool.

GOOD NIGHT.

TRANSLATED FROM THE GERMAN.

Good night, my father dear!
Thou com'st from thy labor full weary and worn,
But peaceful and calm is the cottager's slumber,
No care for the morrow thy dreams shall encumber,
But, till the lark shall arouse thee at morn,
Good night!

Good night, my mother dear!
Thy lullaby has oft my sorrows beguiled—
Now may our God have thee in his good keeping,
Angels watch over thee while thou art sleeping,
Soothed to repose by the voice of thy child—
Good night!

Good night, brother mine!
Soft be thy rest, as if pillowed on flowers;
Sleeping or waking, God keep thee from sorrow!
Sweet is their parting who meet on the morrow;
Ever, dear brother, such parting be ours!
Good night!

Good night, sweet sister!
Thou hast been long with the flowers at play;
Hie to thy couch, for thy eye-lids are winking;
And see where the moon, as to rest she is sinking,
Smiles on my sister, and seemeth to say—
Good night!

Good night, beloved one!
Bright be the visions sleep bringeth to thee—
Heaven shield thee from ill till the night hours are over:
All gentle spirits above thy rest hover,
Whispering ever, beloved of me,
Good night!

Good night, dear ones all!
No heart feeleth sad that we part for a while;
Then, at our last parting, oh! let us not sorrow,
Since we know, dearest friends we shall meet on the morrow
But as life's evening closes, we repeat with a smile,
Good night!

Original.

"AS IN SOFT SILENCE." T. HASTINGS.

Gently.

1. As in soft si - lence ver - nal showers De-

scend and cheer the faint-ing flowers, So in the se-cre-

cy of love, Falls the sweet in-fluence from a - bove.

II.

May we this heavenly influence find,
In holy silence of the mind;
And every grace maintain its bloom,
Diffusing wide the rich perfume.

III.

And lands beneath the burning sky,
Which now are desolate and dry,
Ere long the blest effusions share,
And sudden greens and herbage wear.

THE BARBERRY.

TO SUBSCRIBERS.

VALEDICTORY ADDRESS.

BY THE EDITOR.

Everything on which the eye can rest has its brief day. The hour-glass, the flitting clouds, the ever-varying face of nature, are fit emblems of what we are, in this transitory state—from the cradle to the tomb. Rapidly, like the buds of spring, the blossoms of summer, the fruits of autumn, and the blasts of winter, our seasons of life pass away, and we are numbered with the forgotten dead. But, a little in the distance, there is a more congenial and glorious clime, where the sun never goes down, where no affecting change, or wasting sickness, or parting scene, can ever be known!

The Editor, in laying down his pen, and retiring from a field of labor, which he has occupied almost four years, has the satisfaction of knowing that he has toiled, unsparingly, to do good in elevating the youth and families of his country—with what success, a day not distant, alone will tell.

Long have the Editor's friends, as well as his shattered frame and impaired health, urged him to retire from so arduous a field of labor. In doing this, he takes unfeigned pleasure in introducing to his numerous subscribers, as his successor, a gentleman well qualified to fill his place. The future Editor, the Rev. W. McJimsey, is a poet and scholar, as well as a sound and able divine; and is known to the Christian public as the author of a poem entitled "The

Memory of the Sabbath." Mr. McJimsey will be assisted by an Association of Clergymen of several different denominations. The friends of this work may rely upon it, that no pains will be spared to make it an able, spirited, and useful fireside companion.

In conclusion, I cannot refrain from offering sincere thanks to the friends of this periodical, for the promptness and liberality with which, from year to year, they have given their support and sympathy to the Editor. May Heaven reward them an hundred fold for their unmerited kindness.

The subscribers may be assured that the Pictorial Pilgrim's Progress, according to the TERMS proposed the last year, will be faithfully awarded to all who continue to take this work.

Will those who are in arrears be pleased, as soon as it will suit their convenience, to forward what is due? This will be SPECIALLY acceptable to the Editor, as it is his purpose to travel abroad for the benefit of his health.

SONG OF THE SWEET BIRD.

There sung a sweet bird in the spring of the year,
  It sung in the forest, it sung in the grove,
So gaily the young lambs they listened to hear;
  And the song that was sweetest, was ever of love.

It sung of the wild flowers, it sung of the dew,
  It sung of the sweet-scented blossoms above,
It sung of the home, and away the bird flew;
  But the song the woods echoed the last. was of love.

MARTHA WASHINGTON

Engraved expressly for the Christian Family Annuale

Origina

MARTHA WASHINGTON.

BY MISS E. A. COMSTOCK.

With a steel Engraving.

The illustrious woman of whom we now treat, was long since enrolled among those high and pure minded females, whose virtues, like a galaxy of stars, illuminate the page ot history. Born in a stirring and aristocratic era, she was untinctured by the errors that marked so many of her sex, free from the masculine coarseness that characterized many of her associates, and lowly in her high and favored station. Home was the Eden of her existence; and she attended to all its duties, without shrinking from the most menial employments. During that age, woman devoted much of her time to the culinary art, and was proud to excel in those labors, now too frequently scorned by her degenerate daughters. The subject of our sketch was foremost in the kitchen as well as in the parlor.

Those fine accomplishments, which gild and sweeten life, were not neglected by her; and we are told that she excelled on the harpsichord, and was unrivalled in the useful and ornamental products of her needle.

But it was not these that most adorned the character of this noble woman. It was her true, unaffected piety, that so endeared her to a large circle of friends. Her humility conciliated the envious, humbled the ambitious, and attracted the retiring and gifted. They, whose unregenerate hearts beat sluggishly under the torpor of jealousy, retired

in shame, as they saw the upward look of her heaven lighted eyes, which ever sought and acknowledged a higher power. The spotless purity of her exterior typified her soul, which shrank from all that could blemish or injure its whiteness.

Possessed of so enviable a station, cradled in wealth, wearing the much prized signet of beauty on her brow, we are unable which most to admire, the gentleness and low-lines of her heart, or the consummate prudence of her demeanor, which enabled her to pass on, unscathed by reproach or calumny. Exposed, as she was, to the ignoble passions of a gazing crowd, who longed, but could not hope to reach her eminence, it is one of her highest merits that her character remained as spotless in public opinion as it was in reality.

As if to punish her temerity, Fate generally pursues with scorpion rods the woman who glides from her silent nook, in the household, into the broad glare of public life. Slander and hate wither the laurels she has left all to grasp; and the night dew that moistens her grave may, perchance, glitter like her past tears on the faded chaplet resting above her, but will restore its freshness no more.

Green as when first she wore it, is the coronal of Martha Washington; and, as it hangs upon her tomb, from the science-lighted East, the sturdy North, the balmy South, and hope-inspiring West, women come up to this Mecca of our land to gaze, to meditate, and return with firmer step and higher brow, proud in the consciousness of the strength and glory of their sex, rendered illustrious by her who sleeps beneath that hallowed sepulchre.

If ever woman has reason to be thankful, it is when one of her own sex wields the hearts of millions with the simple force of virtue, and stands forth, clad in the panoply of mind, a gentle, all-conquering champion for her timid sisters. Bending the loftiest to her footstool, and receiving the well-earned tribute to her intellectual sovereignty. When goodness chastens her victory, she is, indeed, an

angel, touching with one foot this orb, while her wings are ever expanded for an upward flight.

Alas! when we gaze on the reverse of this picture, and see woman steeped in iniquity, or wasting away in dissipation and frivolity, or contending for her rights with masculine lungs and Atlantean gestures, while all the rights of home and children are forgotten and neglected, we feel that we are in the presence of a seraph, whose nature, defiled by earth, lies hidden under its broken and soiled pinions. It is one of the most melancholy and heart-breaking views in the shifting scenes of life. We turn from it mournfully, feeling how unavailing are the tears of the philanthropist, or the sigh of the prayerful. Aided by the grace of God, we can make an effort for its restoration; but the soul, once degraded, may never resume its pristine beauty. It may grow stronger and purer, but earth leaves a stain none can remove. For the outcast children of God, Martha Washington felt deeply, and she labored unceasingly in their behalf. Her soul was deeply imbued with benevolence. She was not a sentimentalist, fond of romantic wo and picturesque distresses, but an energetic, practical, persevering woman, despising, from her very soul, the puny sensibility that deluges a novel with tears, but shrinks from a lone watch by the sick couch—that sketches a thatched hut with rapture, but never enters to render its inmates less squalid and miserable. Such lady-like affectations were foreign to her. In secret her bounty was bestowed; and more than once some generous benefactor has unexpectedly met her in the hovel of disease and want. If there is one vice that should be more scouted and trampled down than another, it is this spurious, sickly philanthropy, which sustains itself only by ostentatious viniagrettes and cambric handkerchiefs—this running around with gold pencils, and stylish tablets, scribbled over with loud sounding names written with a most dainty hand. To these I would say, turn to the life of Martha Washington, and emulate her true feeling and dignity. See if your father's wardrobe is

in order, or your worn out husband's dinner well cooked. That splendid plume in your bonnet would clothe many children ; and no doubt it diminished your purse sensibly. She whom I would have you study and emulated was noted for her simplicity. When her hand pressed the fevered brow, it was not, like yours, loaded with gems. If carelessness in others soiled her garment, the stain was easily removed from its whiteness, which was of a texture easily replaced without much cost or waste of time. Doff that costly velvet ere you reluctantly peep into the dimly lighted abode of misery ; at least, insult not its inmates by your flask of perfume. Prevent such sorrow by liberal, regular wages to those you employ, and shrink from doling out bills, while you have such an unpaid roll at home.

Scrupulous exactness was one of our heroine's virtues. She disdained not to keep a strict account of her expenditures ; and short bills filled her secretary. No shuffling out of sight until some distant day, as yet, concealed in the depths of the future. No lean visaged duns following the busy fair one, as she hurried to some benevolent association. Justice guided her heart and hand, and its reward was peace. When we remember the station she filled, the attendant influx of visiters, the audiences she was compelled to give, we cannot but be struck with admiration at the clock work regularity with which she counted the minutes, leaving the hours to take care of themselves. Let those who fret and fume through their daily routine of business, ponder on this trait of our heroine. To extreme age, her brow wore the smoothness that gave beauty to her youth. What an exemption from a life of repining, snarling, and impatience this bespeaks. I cannot look on an early wrinkled, contracted brow, without indignation and disgust. What a page is laid open to view ! stained by ungoverned anger, discontent, and pevishness. Such a brow is a libel on our sex, and bespeaks its fallen state. A scold is NOT a woman, only a faint resemblance to a divine original.

If I were asked what boon I would soonest crave for my countrywomen, I would reply—that they might have the humility and patience that chastened, the sterling accomplishments that graced, the true benevolence that warmed, and the genial piety that surrounded with a halo, the character and memory of Martha Washington.

Original.

THE BLESSED DEAD.

BY MRS. V. G. RAMSEY.

Why should we weep for those whose toils are o'er,
The worn and weary, who have gained the shore
Of endless peace?
Exiles from home, they joined our pilgrim band;
Why should we weep, that they have sought the land
Where sorrows cease?

They were not of the earth, for even here,
They breathed the language of another sphere,
Holier than this.
They sung responsive to archangels strains,
Such notes as float o'er the celestial plains,
Of endless bliss.

They pined like us, upon earth's barren strands,
Following the mirage o'er the desert sands
With feverish dreams;
Now they sit down, where sparkling fountains burst,
Mid fragrant flowers, and quench their burning thirst
At living streams.

Theirs is the sunshine, mid celestial bowers,
The shadowing cloud, and tempest's wrath is ours,
And lingering gloom.
Then if we weep, full well our tears may flow,
For breaking hearts, who, fettered still below,
Yearn for the tomb.

True, we shall miss them 'neath the household tree,
And earth no more, as it hath been may be
Since they are gone;
True, the sweet flowers a sad memorial wear
And the soft breezes to our spirits bear
Their once loved tone.

Yet will we joy, that they no more may die.
And when the glorious stars adorn the sky,
We'll deem them there,
Amid those worlds of beauty, and of light,
Spreading their pinions, in their fearless flight,
In heaven's pure air.

Humbly we'll follow in the path they trod,
Seeking with joy the presence of our God,
Where they repose.
Ah! not in vain our souls have mingled here,
We'll meet them yet again, when pain and fear,
And sin shall close.

THE GOSPEL.

To reject the gospel because bad men pervert it, and weak men deform it, and quarrel about it, and bigoted men look sour on others, and curse them, because they do not agree in every tittle among themselves, displays the same folly as if a person should cut down a tree, bearing abundance of delicious fruit, and furnishing a refreshing shade, because caterpillars disfigure the leaves, and spiders made their webs among the branches.

Original.

DANGERS OF YOUNG MEN.*

BY REV. W. B. SPRAGUE, D. D.

In the next place, I remark—in the POLITICAL character of our country, there are also to be found sources of danger to our young men. And here that feature in the politics of our nation that strikes us first, is the almost universal prevalence of PARTY SPIRIT. On every side there are exhibitions of this, which may justly cause both patriotism and virtue to weep. Even those whom we are accustomed to regard as men of principle and conscience—nay, even the professed followers of the meek and lowly Saviour, not unfrequeutly so far surrender themselves to the influence of their spirit, that almost every distinctive feature, not only of the Christian, but of the honest man, seems temporarily to be lost in the politician. The danger is, that young men will fall into this current, on the one side or the other, according to the circumstances into which they are thrown, and that the demon of party will burn its brand deeply into their characters, while they suppose themselves glowing with a genuine, lofty patriotism. Not that we object to young men forming, and expressing political opinions in a proper manner—it is due to the interests of their country that they SHOULD do so—but this is something essentially different from becoming mere partizans—from becoming so leagued with any political faction, as to feel bound to follow whithersoever it may lead. Let a young man come under such an influence, and let him belong to whatever party he may, he holds, at best, a pitiable position. He yields his independence, and his conscience along with it—he virtually signs a pledge that, whatever evil his party may

* Continued from page 312.

think proper to perpetuate, he will stand forth a vigorous co-adjutor for its accomplishment.

And there is not only the surrender of conscience and principle involved in thus becoming the slave of party, but there is also, as a matter of course, a spirit of VIOLENT DENUNCIATION against the opposing party, as if it were the minister of evil, and only evil, and that continually.

What a frightful illustration of this, is found in the general character of our political press, which works almost exclusively as an engine of crimination and abuse! Let our young men only catch the spirit of the newspapers which they read, and the law of kindness is no longer upon their lips—the spirit of truth and justice, at least in relation to their political opponents, is no longer in their hearts; and the danger is, that what begins in politics will gradually extend itself to everything else, and that thus their general character will speedily undergo a sad transformation. If they are accustomed, without hesitation, and without remorse, to assail and traduce the character of an individual on the ground of political difference, it will be strange, indeed, if they do not soon acquire a facility at detraction which will render them terrible to encounter, even in the more private relations of life.

From the political, we may pass to the RELIGIOUS character of the times, and still we shall find that our young men are encircled with dangers.

What a day is the present for the prevalence of SECTARIANISM! It is not easy to count up the number of denominations of professed Christians—of those who, professing to acknowledge Christ as their head, still differ from each other in their construction of some parts of the record which He has given us. Some of those acknowledge all the essential truths of Christianity, while others reject nearly everything that distinguishes it from the religion of nature. Some of them readily overlook minor differences in their regard to the common cause, while others choose to occupy an insulated position, and never come near enough to each

other to exchange the hand of Christian fellowship. Now it is obvious what are the dangers to young men, springing out of such a state of things. There is danger that they will come to the rash conclusion that, amidst so many different opinions concerning Chistianity, nothing certain is to be known; and that, therefore, they will not venture into such a maze of contradictions. There is danger that they will be satisfied with anything that takes the name of Christianity, even though it be a system with which true Christianity can have no communion. There is danger that they will lose sight of the liberal and magnanimous spirit of the gospel, and spend their strength chiefly in an attempt to advance some comparatively unimportant denominational peculiarities, while the glorious common ground of Christianity is nearly abandoned. There is danger that they will enlist vigorously in some sectarian conflict, and fight hard with carnal weapons, and imagine that, in all this, they are proving themselves valiant soldiers of the cross, while yet they are only deceiving themselves, and making the cause of the Redeemer bleed. The most bitter and malignant spirit desires no better arena for its display than a sharp religious controversy; and much are they to be pitied who, in the exercise of this spirit, happen to think that they are doing God service.

There is also a greatly increased amount of religious ACTION in our day—and this feature of the times, desirable as it is, nevertheless exposes our young men. The Church is awake to a degree that she has not been for centuries, and much is doing in all the various departments of benevolent enterprise. There are calls to increased effort from almost every part of the world; and great dependence in carrying forward this work is placed, and justly placed, on our young men. But are they not in danger from worldliness and supineness, of holding back from this glorious enterprise, and thus bringing upon themselves a responsibility which they will ill know how to bear in the final day? Are they not in danger of shrinking from the work of Sabbath

school teachers, on account of its arduous and self-denying character; or of withholding their contributions from the Lord's treasury, because they are too intent upon making a fortune? And then, on the other hand, admitting that they actually come up to the help of the Lord, is there not danger that they may sometimes be misled by their ardor and inexperience, and if they do not engage for questionable objects, that they will, at least, pursue worthy ones by illegitimate means, or with an improper spirit? If we take counsel from experience on this subject, can we doubt that young men, even with the best intentions, will, at least, suffer their good to be evil spoken of?

We will only add that there is reason to fear concerning our young men, from the fact that this is a day of great religious EXCITEMENT—in other words, that it is especially characterized by revivals of religion. We refer not to this particular year; for just now we must acknowledge with humiliation, that there is little of special divine influence manifest among us; but we refer rather to what has occurred during a series of years lately past—we may say, during the last half century. No one can reasonably doubt that the American Church, particularly, has, during this period, received frequent and plentiful baptisms of the Holy Spirit; while it is equally certain that these scenes of merciful visitation have been sometimes marred by a spurious, admixture of human passion, and infirmity. And the thing that hath been, we have reason to believe, will continue to be—in other words, we trust that revivals of religion will still prevail, and with increased purity and power. Does any one ask, what there is to be feared concerning young men, in connection with revivals? we answer, if they are not already the subjects of renewing grace, there is danger that they may harden their hearts to adamant by resisting all that gracious influence which a revival brings to bear upon them; and there is danger too, that, being partially awakened, they may mistake the feverish workings of human passion for the renovating power of God's

Holy Spirit, and thus settle into a self-deceived state, and go to the grave with a lie in their right hand; or if they are professors of religion, and called to take part in carrying forward such a work, there is danger that they may labor too much in the spirit of a deceitful self-confidence; and, in careing for the spiritual concerns of others, may neglect the more personal business of their own sanctification. There is danger that they may become inflated by contemplating their own apparent success; and thus may actually be losers in spirituality, by the very means which ought to have deepened their humility, and built them up in faith and holiness.

Such are some of the most obvious dangers to which the young men of our country are exposed from the peculiar circumstances in which their lot is cast. Let them ponder these dangers seriously, earnestly, frequently, as they would fulfil the exalted destiny to which they are called.

Original.

FEMALE EDUCATION.

BY MRS. C. L. BARNES.

Did our young ladies understand the great moral position which they are to occupy in society—did they fully realize the influence which they must exert over others—they would be inspired with a laudable zeal to qualify themselves for their high destination. True, they are not called to rangle in debate, nor contend upon the political arena, nor plead at the bar, nor minister at the altar; their influence is noiseless and unseen, yet all pervading as the sun light. They may wield a moral power that may tell on a nation's destinies, and a nation's hopes. They

may send out from the quietudes of home a secret influence that shall be felt in our halls of legislation, in our courts of justice, and, indeed, in every department of human pursuits. But such influence cannot be exerted by an ignorant —an unlettered female—her sphere of usefulness must be necessarily limited—her light dim as the twilight. And is there not reason to fear that female education in our country has been sadly neglected? Young ladies may have been taught to sing well, to play well, to dance well; but not to THINK WELL. They have been trained more to figure in the drawing-room, than to charm and instruct by intelligent conversation. They have been treated more like THINGS to be looked at, and admired, as you would admire elegant statuary or the breathing canvass, than moral agents who are to take part in the high responsibilities of life. They have been regarded as emphatically the "weaker vessel," and their nobler powers of thought have not been called into active and vigorous exercise. True, we have now and then seen a Hannah More—a Mrs. Hemans, or a Mrs. Sigourney, rise above the mists and prejudice of ages, and shine forth as brilliant stars in the intellectual firmament. They have taught us what woman can do—that she is not inferior, in all that constitutes moral greatness, to the sterner sex. We may not all, indeed, hope to rise to such enviable positions in society, we may not all expect to be authoresses, and enbalm our names in the grateful remembrance of posterity, yet we may occupy positions of usefulness, and our influence in the circle of our intercourse may be like the dew of heaven, silent and unseen, yet vivifying and refreshing. A virtuous and well educated woman is more to be prized than rubies—she is a charm—a blessing and a vision of gladness to all around her. She gives a high and noble cast of character to those with whom she associates. If a sensible young man is desirous of passing a leisure hour in a species of pleasure equally sociable and innocent—if he wishes to acquire an ease and grace of manner, let him seek the

society of such a female, and he will learn more true politeness—more practical good sense than from all the letters of Chesterfield, the biography of Marlborough, or the history of Prince Eugene. She teaches without assumption and without authority—she has the power of imparting without seeming to instruct; and she possesses an influence next to the wisdom that cometh from above, in moulding the habits and the life.

But powerful as woman's influence is elsewhere, she is at home in the domestic circle—THIS IS HER APPROPRIATE SPHERE. Here she sits like the queen of night, shedding a mild and mellow light around her. Is she a wife, and has she intelligence mingled with piety? then "the heart of her husband doth safely trust in her; she will do him good and not evil all the days of her life." Is she a mother? then she is capable of guiding the youthful mind, and impressing upon it the great principles of truth and duty. Her children will grow up like olive plants around her table, to be ornaments to society and blessings to their race. We need such mothers—the church needs them—our country needs them—and when our females shall be properly educated, we need cherish no fear as to our country's safety. How important then is female education! an education that disciplines the mind and the heart. How infinitely does it surpass those petty and outward accomplishments, so eagerly sought and so highly prized. Beauty alone can never secure the permanent respect of a discerning man. A woman admired for her beauty, either real or artificial, may charm and amuse for a time—she may draw crowds of admirers around her, who, like the stupid butterfly, light on flowers without fragrance or perfume, rather than on such as yield delicious honey. But beauty is frail, and fleeting as the flower that blooms but for a day! an educated mind, on the contrary, is like the towering oak that defies the tempests of years. Beauty, riches, friends, may forsake us, but an educated mind will live when all things else have expired. I would then urge our

young females to think less of pleasing the other sex by what is called beauty of person or of dress, and seek to adorn the mind—the INNER TEMPLE—with attractions which will never decay. "Favor is deceitful, and beauty is vain; but a woman that feareth the Lord, she shall be praised."

A CURIOSITY.

THE CONQUEROR'S WAR CARRIAGE.

It is a curious fact, that the fall of this memorable chieftain may be traced to the hour in which he entered the vehicle here described, which was publicly exhibited for several months at Bullock's Museum, Piccadilly. It was as fatal to him as the chariots of the sun had been to Phæton. The vehicle remains, but what has become of the charioteer? It was this carriage that conveyed Napoleon to the shore of France at his former exile; it was in this that he made his excursions in Elba; in it he returned to his recovered capital; and it was this which bore him to the fatal field of Waterloo!

These circumstances and reflections present themselves with peculiar force to the mind, when the object itself is brought within view, as well as under contemplation.

The exterior of the carriage is, in many respects, very like the modern English travelling chariots. The color is a dark blue, with a handsome bordered ornament in gold; but the imperial arms are emblazoned on the pannels of the doors. It has a lamp at each corner of the roof, and there is one lamp fixed at the back, which can throw a strong light into the interior.

In front there is a great projection; the utility of which is very considerable. Beyond this projection, and nearer to the horses, is a seat for the coachman. This is ingeni-

ously contrived so as to prevent the driver from viewing the interior of the carriage; and it is also placed so as to afford to those who are within, a clear sight of the horses and of the surrounding country. There are two saber cuts, which were aimed at the coachman when the carriage was taken.

The pannels of the carriage are bullet proof; at the hinder part is a projecting sword case; and the pannel at the lower part of the back is so contrived, that it may be let down, and thereby facilitate the addition or removal of conveniences, without disturbing the traveller.

The under-carriage, which has swan-neck iron cranes, is of prodigious strength; the springs are semicircular, and each of them seems capable of bearing half a ton; the wheels, and more particularly the tire, are also of great strength. The pole is contrived to act as a lever, by which the carriage is kept on a level in every kind of road. The under-carriage and wheels are painted in virmillion, edged with the color of the body, and heightened with gold. The harness is very little worthy an imeprial equipage; it bears strong marks of its service in the Russian campaign, and its former uses are to be recognised only by the bees, which are to be seen in several places.

The interior deserves particular attention, for it is adapted to the various purposes of a kitchen, a bed-room, a dressing-room, an office, and an eating-room.

The seat has a separation; but whether for pride or convenience, can only be conjectured.

In front of the seat are compartments for every utensil of probable utility; of some there are two sets, one of gold, the other of silver. Among the gold articles are a tea-pot, coffe-pot, sugar-basin, cream-ewer, coffe-cup and saucer, slop-basin, candlesticks, wash-hand basin, plates for breakfast, etc.; each article is superbly embossed with the imperial arms, and engraved with his favorite N; and by the aid of the lamp, any thing could be heated in the carriage.

Beneath the coachman's seat is a small box, aoout two feet and a half long, and about four inches square; this contains a bedstead of polished steel, which could be fitted up within one or two minutes; the carriage contained mattrasses, and other requisits for bedding, of very exquisite quality; all of them commodiously arranged. There are also articles for strict personal convenience, made of silver, fitted into the carriage.

A small mahogany case, about ten inches square by eighteen long, contains the peculiar necessaire of the ex-emperor. It is somewhat, in appearance, like an English writing-desk; having the imperial arms most beautifully engraved on the cover. It contains nearly one hundred articles, almost all of them of solid gold.

The liquor case, like the necessaire, is made of mahogany; it contains two bottles; one of them still has the rum which was found in it at the time; the other contains some extremely fine old Malaga wine. Various articles of perfumery are among the luxuries which remain; and notwithstanding Napoleon's wish to discourage British manufactures, there are, nevertheless, some Windsor soap, and some English court-plaster; of eau de Cologne, eau de lavande, salt spirit, etc., these are sufficient to show that perfumers were not disregarded.

There is a writing-desk, which may be drawn out so as to write whilst the carriage is proceeding; an inkstand, pens, etc. were found in it; and here was found the ex-emperor's celebrated port-folio.

In the front there are also many smaller compartments, for maps and telescopes; on the ceiling of the carriage is a net work for carrying small travelling requisites.

On one of the doors of the carriage are two pistol holsters, in which were found pistols, that had been manufactured at Verseilles; and in a holster, close to the seat, a double barrelled pistol was also found; all the pistols were found loaded. On the side there hung a large silver chro-

nometer with a silver chain; it is of the most elaborate workmanship.

The doors of the carriage have locks and bolts; the blinds, behind the windows, shut and open by means of a spring, and may be closed so as to form a barrier almost impenetrable.

On the outside of the front windows is a roller-blind made of strong painted canvass; when pulled down, this will exclude rain or snow, and therefore secure the windows and blinds from being blocked up, as well as prevent the damp from penetrating.

All the articles which have been enumerated, still remain with the carriage; but when it was taken, there were a great number of diamonds, and treasure, in money, etc., of immense value.

Original.

ABRAHAM'S OFFERING.

BY REV. G. A. SEISS.

Beneath the shadow of an ancient oak, in one of the vales of Philistine, the Patriarch sat down to look upon the herds that grazed upon the surrounding hills. His son, Isaac, wandered over the lawn before him in youthful sportiveness. And as he caroled his shepherd notes, Abraham looked on his child, and exulted in the promises which God had made to centre in him.

With prophetic inspiration, "the father of the faithful" looked down the stream of Time, and saw his seed increasing as the stars of heaven in numbers; and the blessing of heaven descending on them, like the dew upon his own pastures. He saw the commencement and maturity of all

their noted institutions. The gift of the Law from that mountain which smoked at the touch of Divinity—the magnificent temple of Solomon, rearing its lofty spires and gilded domes into the clouds—the national grandeur and blessedness which attended them at every advancing step, with the glory which pervaded the Messiah's kingdom, filled his heart with gladness, and bedewed his cheeks with tears of joy.

His soul was thrilled with unusual delight. A sacred radiance was lit up around him. Heaven seemed to have come down to earth. A rustling, like that of seraphic wings, fell on his ears. And at that blest moment, a voice, like that among the trees of Eden, came to the hoary headed man—"Abraham! Abraham!"—"Here I am," reverently answered the Patriarch. "Take now," said the heavenly visitant, "take now thy son, thine only son, Isaac, whom thou lovest, and get thee into the land of Moriah, and offer him there a burnt-offering upon one of the mountains which I will tell thee." "Hark! And can this be the voice of the Lord? Can this be the demand of HIM who promised that, in Isaac should Abraham's seed be blessed? Is this to be the end of that covenanted reward, for which the Patriarch forsook his father, friends, and early home, to serve God these many years in a land of strangers? Oh!" thought the distressed father, "how can it be? Must the only stay and comfort of his declining years—the only consolation of an aged, careworn mother—the only and beloved son, on whom everything that was hoped for depended—must that tender object of affection and hopeful solicitude be given up a burnt-offering to the Almighty? It cannot—it cannot be!"

But was it not that same familiar accent which came to him in Ur, of Chaldea, when "the God of glory" said—"Get thee out of thy country, and from thy kindred, and go into the land which I shall show thee." Was it not the same blest voice which led him through the wilderness to a land that he knew not? Ah, it was—it was the Lord!

The smitten Patriarch obediently prepared for the required offering. It was the command of a God, and it must be obeyed. He rose up early in the morning, and took two of his young men, and the innocent Isaac, and set out upon his journey to the appointed mount of sacrifice. Surely it was a sorrowful journey. It was hard to leave his country, friends, and native home, to see them no more forever. But to go out to slay his only son, and offer him up a burnt-offering to God, was a trial more touching still. Job himself, with all his affliction, was not more severely exercised.

On the third day, Abraham lifted up his eyes, and saw the fatal place afar off. That lofty mount! must its craggy top be stained with Isaac's blood? is there no substitute, or no deliverer? Oh, cruel fate! And he commanded the young men to tarry in the plain, whilst he and the lad went up in the mountain to worship. Slowly and sorrowfully they scaled the steep ascent; Isaac, burdened with his load, and Abraham drooping with a broken heart.

At length, the summit of Moriah is gained. The altar is erected. The wood is cleft and arranged. The fire is kindled. The sacrificial knife is seized. And little Isaac, with all the innocence of an unsuspecting child, looked up into his father's face, anxiously inquiring—"Father, here is the altar, and the fire, and here is the wood, but where is the lamb for a burnt-offering? Ah, what a dagger to the father's heart! what a cutting question to the aged Patriarch, who recognized the victim in that dear little innocent! How his hands trembled. How the tears roll over his furrowed cheeks. How his heart throbs, as he binds his son, to lay him over the altar. How his knees smite together—yea, his very soul quakes within him, as he raises the whetted blade. But, accounting God able to raise him from the dead, he stretched forth his obedient arm, nor had he recalled it, when a voice from heaven cried—"Abraham! Abraham! lay not thine hand upon the

lad, neither do thou anything unto him; for now I know that thou fearest God, seeing thou hast not withheld thy son, thine only son, from me."

Abraham lifted up his astonished eyes, and, lo, there was a ram caught fast in a thicket with his horns; the father took the victim, and offered it up a burnt-offering unto God, instead of Isaac, his son. The Lord, well pleased, swore anew to the faithful sage, that his seed should be multiplied as the stars of heaven; and that in them should all the nations of the earth be blessed. Abraham came to his young men with a glad heart; and they returned, glorifying the name of Jehovah for the mighty deliverance, testifying to all, that obedience to God is joy to the soul.

Original.

HOPE, BEAR, TRUST.

Hope—tho' darkest clouds surround thee,
  Sorrows vail must be withdrawn,
And in brightest beams around thee,
  Soon shall break a happier morn.

Bear—tho' earthly joys may perish,
  Oft before the buds are blown,
'Tis that we with love may cherish,
  Plants by heavenly mercy strown.

Trust—there's power that lives in Heaven,
  To protect each child of dust,
And to sorrowing hearts is given,
  Strength to Hope, to Bear, to Trust.

MARY N.

THE HOUR-GLASS.

BY THE HON. JOHN Q. ADAMS.

ALAS! how swift the moments fly!
  How flash the years along!
Scarce here, yet gone already by;
  The burthen of a song.
See childhood, youth, and manhood pass,
  And age with furrowed brow;
Time was—Time shall be, drain the glass—
  But where in time is now?

Time is the measure but of change:
  No present hour is found,
The past, the future fill the range
  Of time's unceasing round.
Where then is now? In realms above,
  With God's atoning Lamb,
In regions of eternal love,
  Where sits enthroned I AM.

Then, Pilgrim let thy joys and tears
  On time no longer lean;
But henceforth all thy hopes and fears,
  From earth's affections wean.
To God let votive accents rise;
  With truth, with vertue live;
So all the bliss that time denies
  Eternity shall give.

Original

THE TWO STEWARDS.*

BY MRS. S. T. MARTYN.

Let us turn from this sad scene, to one which presents a striking contrast. In a plainly furnished, but neat and cheerful room, not many blocks distant from the magnificent mansion of Mr. A., an aged disciple of Jesus awaited the summons which was to call her into the presence chamber of her Lord. Her pale countenance was irradiated with faith, hope, and joy, while from the lips so soon to be closed in death, words of praise and thanksgiving were constantly escaping. None of the friends whom she had known in youth were about her now, and of her own family, almost all had gone before her to a better world; but she was surrounded by those who esteemed her very highly in love for her works' sake, and who felt that her sick-room was

"Privileged beyond the common walks
Of life, quite on the verge of heaven."

She, too, was a steward; and though, in comparison with Mr. A., but few talents had been committed to her charge, yet those few had been diligently improved, so that at the coming of her Lord she went forth to meet him, "with joy unspeakable, and full of glory."

Mrs. P. had known many sorrows, and this experience it was, perhaps, which fitted her so eminently to console the afflicted. In early life, she buried the husband of her youth, and many years afterwards was a second time deprived of a beloved companion, and stripped of the wealth which it had been his purpose to leave entirely at her disposal. Out of the wreck of his fortune, a mere pittance

* Concluded from page 325.

was saved for her, on which she managed to live comfortably, besides giving away far more than a tenth of all her income. She had followed seven children to the grave, and had but one left, who was respectably settled in life. Thus situated, Mrs. P., who had always lived for others, and whose whole history was filled up with deeds of kindness and benevolence, resolved to consecrate the remainder of her life to the one work of doing good. She went, like a ministering angel, through the lanes and alleys, high-ways and by-ways of this great city, carrying succor and consolation to the destitute, the sick and the afflicted, and seeking to lead all with whom she came in contact to the "Lamb of God, who taketh away the sin of the world." Always cheerful and hopeful, with a voice whose tunes were music, and a smile like a beam of sunshine, she was known in many an abode of poverty and sorrow, as "the good lady," whose coming was hailed with equal delight by the young and the old, the parent and the child. No disappointment could discourage her, no unkindness alienate her, and no obstacles damp her zeal, when the welfare of others was at stake. Like the Master whom she served, she returned blessing for cursing, and good for evil; and not unfrequently has her "patient continuance in well doing," in the midst of opposition, led the most hardened sinner to bow at the foot of the cross, and seek the mercy he had so long despised. The annals of eternity alone will tell how many have been saved from temporal and eternal ruin through the instrumentality of this admirable woman, who, literally and daily, went about doing good.

Such was the life of Mrs. P. Is it then to be wondered at, that her end was perfect peace? But a short time previous to her death, and in the midst of great bodily weakness, she went out on an errand of mercy, and returned home with the conviction that her work on earth was done. From that time until her departure, the house was daily visited by numerous recipients of her bounty, who came with tears to inquire for their benefactress, and to pour out

their heart-felt gratitude for her unwearied goodness. But, however useful and beloved God had made her, no self-complacency mingled with the rejoicings of this dying believer. "Not I, but the grace of God, in me," was her uniform language when her past labors were brought into view, and she shrunk, with unaffected humility, from commendation or display. "I have been a most unprofitable servant, but Jesus is all my hope," she said one day, "and on him I depend with perfect confidence. He has promised me a mansion in heaven, and He knows just how to make it ready for me, and when to call me home, to go no more out forever. Oh! how sweet it is to

"Praise him for all that is past,
And trust him for all that's to come."

In this happy, childlike frame of mind, she continued for some weeks, and, at last, suddenly fell asleep in Jesus, without a struggle or a groan. But though she has departed, her memory has not vanished from the earth. She has left an enduring monument in the hearts of very many who will have cause to bless God to all eternity for the influence she was enabled to exert. Compared with such a fame,

"The laurels that a Cæsar reaps are weeds."

And when all the swelling enterprises of ambition shall have been forgotten, when the vain pageantry of pride and power have vanished, leaving not a wreck behind—when thrones and kingdoms have crumbled into dust, then shall the deeds of this humble disciple be told for a memorial of her; and, in that celestial city, where the work of faith and labor of love constitute the only patent of nobility, hers shall be an unfading crown, and an everlasting inheritance.

Reader, here are two portraitures, drawn from life; which character seems most to be desired and imitated? One individual had intellect, education, wealth and influence; all that could fit him for extensive usefulness in

the church and the world. The other was comparatively uneducated, destitute of wealth and power, and regarded, by the proud worldling who swept by her, in her walks of usefulness, as a pitiable, but harmless enthusiast. The one, lived for himself, regardless of the woes or the wants of others; and all his powers of body and mind were taxed to the utmost in prosecuting his schemes of self-interest and self-aggrandizement. Whatever his profession of religion might say to the contrary, his whole course evinced that he had chosen the world as his portion, and verily he had his reward. Wealth flowed in upon him until he had more than heart could wish; and, in his prosperity, he said—"I shall never be moved."

How different was the spirit which actuated Mrs. P. in her course of active and self-denying benevolence! Her own ease, her own honor, even her own health and life, were forgotten in the blessed work of doing good to others. In consecrating herself to God, she had kept back nothing, and she seemed fully to enter into the spirit which actuated the Redeemer when he said, "it is more blessed to give than to receive."

The close of such a day could hardly fail to be serene and bright. Her sun went down on earth, only to rise more gloriously over those everlasting hills on which the ransomed of God rejoice in the presence of the Saviour, who bought them with his blood. We have seen, in the first example, the death-bed of the prosperous worldling; and, turning from it with a shudder, who does not exclaim—"let me die the death of the righteous, and let my last end be like his!"

But, in contrasting the life and death of these two individuals, the consequences of their course ought not to be forgotten.

"The evils that men do, live after them."

All the good that Mr. A. might have accomplished which was left undone, all the positive evils flowing from his

worldliness and selfishness, must be taken into the account. Who can estimate the train of woes, reaching far down the track of ages, along the sides of the eternal sepulchre, which result from a career like that we have described? For be it remembered, that the slothful servant, so severely condemned by our Lord, did not squander his talent on the vanities or pleasures of the world. He only hid it in a napkin; and his "not doing was set down among his darkest deeds."

On the other hand, when the mind contemplates the amount of good accomplished by the noiseless labors of Mrs. P., the multitude of souls saved through her instrumentality, and the various agencies of benevolence in which she was actively engaged—with the fact before us, that the circles of influence, of which she was the centre, will be constantly widening to the end of time—who can estimate the value of such a life, or the blessedness in reserve for those who have thus laid up treasure in heaven?

Truly, of both, it may be said, though in a far different sense, that, both in this world and in eternity, "their works do follow them."

RELIANCE ON GOD.

There is no holiness, if thou, Lord, withdraw thy presence; no wisdom profiteth, if thy spirit cease to direct; no strength availeth, without thy support; no chastity is safe, without thy protection; no watchfulness effectual, when thy holy vigilance is not our guard. For no sooner are we left to ourselves, than the waves of corruption rush upon us, and we sink and perish; but, if thou reach forth thy omnipotent hand, we walk upon the sea and live. In our own nature we are unsettled as the sand upon the mountain; but in thee we have the stability of the throne in heaven. We are cold and insensible as darkness and death, but are kindled with light and life by the holy fire of thy love.

Original.

SOCIETY:

ITS EVILS AND THEIR CAUSES.

BY MRS. L. G. ABAELL.

We cannot live, and not think and feel—we cannot become familiar with the past, without being deeply interested in the present, and reflecting with anxiety on the future.

Our country is the "promised land," with its ripe clusters and flowing honey, redeemed by the costly blood of its first possessors, and dear by the peril and life it has cost; its interests can never cease to be ours, in its length and in its breadth. We rejoice in all that elevates its rank among the nations of the earth, in its political interests, in its intellectual achievements, in its moral and civil obligations, and never can we become indifferent to its sorrows and its joys. In its lesser circles we feel a kindred interest: they all beat in unison with its vital pulsings, and in their different and component parts, one great and harmonious whole. The welfare of our country depends much, very much, on its social relations; and, when we notice an increase of moral power, of correct and firm principles, of literary advancement, industry, frugality, and plans for improvement, it gives to the mind pleasure like the thrilling emotions consequent upon family blessings. But in its derelictions and crimes, and whatever has a tendency to produce a bad state of public or private morals, we look upon with painful regret and deep anxiety. In every thing there is a beginning. Perhaps some trivial circumstance has been the first link in a chain of causes that has "scattered benefits and blessings in its way," that has become,

at length, the glory and renown of human society, imparting to it a rainbow brightness in its moral aspect; or that has poisoned the choicest interests of life with a baleful influence, spreading the dews of night over our dearest and holiest relations.

In the first place, one of the most prominent causes of vice and immorality, is a corrupt literature. Let the works of Voltaire, of Hume, Bolingbroke, Shaftsbury and Paine, be diffused through our country, become the common reading of the community, and what would be the result? The pure and priceless foundations of virtue would cease to control the consciences and conduct of men, and the deep stained, the crimson atrocities of the French revolution, would soon deface, and at length destroy this fair and beautiful republic.

"Tell me what you read, and I'll tell you what you are," is a maxim of too much truthfulness, not to be well understood, and carefully regarded.

No one does more in moulding and guiding the mind, in forming and fashioning the taste, sentiment, and principles, than the author, whose literary merit secures for his works popularity and circulation. And he who infuses into his productions corrupt ideas, licentious opinions, or gives currency to what is wrong, incurs a fearful responsibility! Well has an American writer remarked, "I would not like to hang about the neck of my soul the evil that, by the last day, shall have its seed in Byron's poem of the Corsair." Although his genius commanded the admiration of both hemispheres, yet, wherever the emanations of his mind have reached, the moral atmosphere has become contaminated, and many a youthful mind has imbibed the fatal contagion. What might not such powers, such a genius, have accomplished for the welfare, the elevation of the WORLD, had it been swayed and controled by virtue and religion?

There are others, whose music has charmed us only to betray! There is poison even in some of the delightful melodies of Moore, and the tendencies of Bulwer's works,

are to cherish and cultivate a taste for sensual pleasures. There is nothing ennobling or elevating in the later works of Dickens; society, fashioned after such a model, would never rise much above vulgarity. The numerous and popular works, teeming from the press, purporting to be "Mysteries, etc.," are of a class not to benefit society, to say the least. And even our loved Miss Bremer, whose style and manner are so enchanting, whose "Home," is so "Sweet," and whose "Neighbors," are so excellent, have some defects, calculated to do evil. The fault, no doubt, lies in the moral condition and habits of the country; where balls, revels, and theatrical representations, are more common on the Sabbath than any other day, and when it is said of their religion, it is mostly a matter of mere form, and that their habits are characterized by strange inconsistencies. Although there is much in her numerous works to please a refined mind, to thrill an affectionate heart; much to call forth the most tender, the most amiable sensibilities and qualities of our nature, yet these painful and glaring defects in the religious history of Sweden, are so inwoven with her most winning characters, so blended with her most thrilling scenes, as to bring the unwary mind in love almost with evil itself; and thus, silently and unconsciously, may be traced the beginnings of a corrupted and perverted taste; and at length, perhaps, the

RELIGIOUS MORALS OF A COUNTRY IN RUINS.

How many there are of our own writers, popular by the versitility of their talents, who sweep the lyre of the human passions with a skilful hand, and by this very power, sway, as with a sceptre, the tastes and customs of society.

How might they correct what is evil, and cherish and inculcate what is good, leading the youthful mind to flowing fountains of refined and intellectual pleasures for their richest enjoyments, and cultivating the useful, the tender charities of life, as their noblest and most favored employments. But they, too, have done much evil; they invest the theatre, the race, the ball-room, and other amusements, with

an interest that becomes a spell upon the youthful character, that seizes hold of the affections with a power that is sometimes fatal in its grasp.

Our periodicals, also—many of them how excellent—they come into our families, the rills of society, to cherish virtue, to stimulate the mind to deeds of energy and elevated effort, to encourage a perception and love of the beautiful, and to guide the wayward in the peaceful paths of wisdom. But others, alas! mingle poison with their brilliant gems, and twine the upas with their fairest flowers.

Personal influences, likewise, are not among the least of the causes of evil. In the formation of character, in society, in domestic life—"little things are no trifles"—they are the warp and the woof of our prosperity, and they weave the web of happiness or wo.

They who desecrate the Sabbath, touch a spring that shall vibrate with evil, through the circles of present time, and amid future generations. The transactions of business, travelling, the ride or walk for pleasure, are leaving "footsteps on the sands of time" that cannot be effaced. And if a love of ease, or want of principle, induce a disregard of the public worship of the sanctuary, we may not dare to calculate the evil influence of our example on the minds of others. It has been computed, that "only one-third of the population of the state of New York pay even this outward regard to the duties of religion." What a fearful account will personal influence have incurred in this sad and gross neglect of duty in a Christain country!

They who, in these days of enlightenment, impart not their own personal influence to the progress of temperance, may be "coloring time to come with hues of night." Their own indifference, or some careless act or word, may deprive some one of life-long happiness, may help to destroy the resolution that would have saved from ruin, and be the means of piercing the soul with the stings of a broken vow

CHINA ROSE.

Original.

GENEVA, CHAMOUSE, THE FLEGERE.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "MARTHA WASHINGTON."

Our postillion suddenly ceased his melodious chant and checking his horses, which had skimmed the distance with the fleetness of the mountain wind, pointed to the horizon along which were piled what seemed to be a mass of roseate clouds. The horses tossed their heads with delight, and Francois came to the side of our carriage, exclaiming "The Glaciers, Mademoiselle." We paused some time on the lofty pinnacle we had ascended, to gaze on the novel and beautiful scene before us. Deep chasms, on either side of us, were clothed with trees of great height, which appeared like shrubs in the vast depth. A false step and we would be hurled fathoms deep.

Far in the distance, Geneva raised its white towers to the sky, while its lake chafed the shore, glittering like a steel breast-plate. Wishing to view this romantic road more leisurely, we alighted and sauntered on our way, painting each leaf and bosky dell on the tablet of memory with colors that time can never fade. Over hills and through vallies we pursued our way, walled in by mountain heights, whose bristling firs bent in the flood of light, which fell into chasms dark and mysterious.

Twilight had deepened ere we entered the ancient gates of Geneva, which are always in the evening closed at ten o'clock. We entered through the Quartier des Bergues, which is the finest part of the city. The splendid hotel of the same name and the chief ornament of this quarter, was

crowded with travellers. Every window was filled with faces, anxious to see the last arrival. Contiguous to these fine buildings is a spacious quay lying on the lake.

The city is divided into the upper and lower town by the uneven surface of the ground. The lower is the seat of trade, and interesting from its antiquity and hum of industry. There were no mustached loungers, with faces of dull apathy and ennui.

The upper portion is adorned by the elegant dwellings of the aristocracy, and presents a very imposing appearance. That unhappy animosity between the rich and poor, which exists more or less in all countries, prevails here to an extent, once making this fair city the scene of feud and bloodshed. Much of this is owing to that haughty bearing of the burghers, which stings the soul of the poor man whose nobler nature is darkened by the revengeful passions that scorn arouses, but kindness subdues.

Geneva is more distinguished by the beauty of its environs, than for any attractions of its own. It contains few objects of interest to the traveller. To the Calvinist, it is endeared by the religious opinions which emanated from it.

We located ourselves on the east bank of the lake, which kept perpetual music as it dashed against the garden wall. Our dwelling was a private boarding house on the outskirts of the city. It was by far the neatest, quietest, and most comfortable one that we ever tarried in. Our landlord was perfectly well bred, and kept the domestic machinery in excellent order, so that no jarring disturbed the eye or ear. Mount Blanc looked complacently into our windows and the Flegere hid its turrets in the clouds hard by.

The first few hours of our residence here were marked by a fearful tragedy. While at supper we were distressed by the howling of a dog in one of the adjoining rooms. A servant was summoned, who informed us that the animal belonged to the niece of the proprietor, who had gone into the garden to walk, and casually had locked the dog up. As she had taken the key, it was impossible to liberate him.

After this explanation he withdrew. The animal however became so restive, they were obliged to force the door, but this did not pacify him. He flew up and down the passages, howling in apparent agony until they secured him and shut him up in an out-house. A few moments after, the servant returned to us, pale and agitated; begging us not disclose his secret, he informed us, that his master had gone in search of his niece while they were forcing the door, out on the beach where she was particularly fond of walking. She had left the table in tears, saying, "she felt sick, but the breeze from the water would refresh her." Her uncle walked some distance, but she was no where to be seen. He turned and stood by his garden, and looked out on the lake, which was unusually calm and beautiful; he espied, far out on a billow, a dark speck which was rapidly approaching the shore. A terrible thought pierced his heart. He was not left long in doubt; the tide was rapidly rising, and a returning wave laid his lifeless relative at his feet. The cry of the unfortunate man drew his servants to his aid. They bore the corpse to the chamber it had so lately left, and on the dressing-table was found a letter, which told a sad but too common tale of betrayal, desertion, and despair. So great was the grief of the dog it was found necessary to shoot him. We saw the deceased borne to a lonely spot at the foot of the Alps, and there interred. A consecrated resting place was denied the unfortunate self-murderer.

The clear blue sky and cheerful sun invited us to an excursion next morning. Buoyant with expectation, we resolved to scale Mount Flegere, who had cleared his usually clouded brow in anticipation of our visit. We hired a light chair with seats for five persons, and as a long line of peasants were driving their heavily laden donkeys into the city, we passed out of the gate and were soon on the hilly road that leads to Chesne, one of the largest villages in the republic. After crossing the stream Foron, we found ourselves in the Sardinian States. Further on, the white stones betray the violent winter course of the Arve.

The Mole, a conical mountain 3,800 feet in height, started up in our path ere we reached the Arve, as if to demand our passports. We halted an hour at Nangy, and walked to some ruins near by, gathering a bouquet of mountain flowers on our way. The air is peculiarly fragrant and healthful here; the sky was as blue as it ever bends over our own free hills and valleys. Bonneville, the usual stopping place for travellers, has an interesting monument erected to Carlo Felice, who protected the town from the force of the Arve by substantial embankments. The houses we now passed were rude, but far from squallid. The roofs were covered with large stones to prevent their being carried away by the fierce winter winds, which show no mercy here; some of these cottages were built at the foot of an impending cliff that hung threateningly over them, with a mass of frozen snow clinging to its summit, as it were by a thread. The recklessness of these peasants is only equalled by that of the Italians, who build directly under the fierce craters which have often, and in all probability will again send death from their sulphurous throats. We were now besieged by troops of boys, girls, and men, scantily clad, laden with large leaves filled with Alpine strawberries, apricots, and minerals, some of the latter were beautiful. The agates were uncommonly elegant. These people were all pale and slender, wild as gipseys and very good bargainers. In vain we declined buying more, they followed us to a great distance and we were glad to silence their yells by purchasing a few.

The simplicity and innocence which once characterized the peasants of Savoy, have yielded to the pernicious influence of a tide of vitiated travellers. Beyond the travelling route may be found a race, with primitive goodness and patriarchal habits. A visit to them cannot be uninstructive. Happily very few are tempted to invade their retirement. So fearful am I of their being discovered, I would not reveal their locality on any account. It was by accident I became acquainted with it myself, and it is true,

that the contents of our flask, was the only ardent spirits in the place, which contained more than an hundred souls. We carried it in case of accidents, to which we were exposed in scaling the Flegere. Our courier got possession of it and made himself an object of astonishment and loathing to the simple people. We were glad to hurry him from the place, but reproof was of little avail to such a confirmed tippler. As we drove away, I must confess I blushed at the impression we had produced.

Leaving Bonneville, we crossed the Arve on a fine stone bridge 500 feet long, and beside the left bank journeyed on to Cluses, an ancient town, eight leagues from Geneva. The foliage waving over precipices and acclivities on our way, was extremely rich and luxuriant. Through romantic vistas we looked far below into the valley, where the river swept along a boisterous channel, leaving fertility and freshness in its track. The lower district is enlivened by clustered villages, while the middle range, sombre, and fearfully wild, is but relieved now and then by a lone convent, or mist encircled church, over which tower beetling crags, the solitary haunt of the timid Chamois. Mount Buet, the shadow sent before by the coming monarch of the Alps, started forth suddenly on our path, lifting its snow clad precipices and pointed turrets 9,700 feet above the valley. In the cold, deep, dark vale of Maglans, we paused to listen to the unanswered cry of the foaming fall of Arpenas, which alone breaks the melancholy hush of the place. Here we were tormented by squallid beggars, dealers in fruit and minerals, and importunate false guides.

Fatigued with our long ride, we hailed the church tower of Sallenches with delight, and hurrying through its torrent-intersected streets, sat down before the door of the hotel to contemplate the scenery around us. The vivid, fragrant foliage quivered in the evening breeze. Before us rose Mount Blanc in silent majesty, his head flushed like a bacchanal, and his mantle purple as the grape when twilight rests upon it. As night fell slowly on the landscape,

the mount donned his snowy cap, while the blue vapor encircled his lower limbs, concealing the boundaries of the valley. Near midnight the moon arose, and snowy mount, dark ravine, and rushing torrent, basked in her silvery light. Here idiots and the goitre abound. Penury holds iron sway, the lofty sublimity of nature finds no echo in the breast of her human children, trampled by the heavy heel of Catholicism. From this place to Chamouni, the roads are only passable to horsemen, pedestrians, char-a-bancs. About a mile from the road are the baths of St. Gervais, discovered twenty eight years since. The temperature of the waters is from 94° to 98°. The locality is sombre and uninviting. As I looked down the dark defile, through which the fierce waters were rushing, I thought of the "valley of the shadow of death." Again crossing the Arve, we arrived at the hamlet of Chede. It is a sweet spot in a lovely valley, near a fine cascade, over which a pretty rainbow plays. The lake has been choked by a torrent of mud. At Pictet we were besieged by tribes of little guides offering to show us the cascade, lake, etc.

From Servoz, travellers generally make the perilous ascent of Mount Buet, which had long been frowning on our route. After crossing Pont Pelissier, we toiled up a steep ascent, rising between the vale of Serooz and Chamouni. From this height we looked into a wide chasm of terrific depth, from the edge of which our wheels were but an inch. We soon had a view of the whole mass of Mount Blanc and the white Glaciers, which extend into the valley.

We rested at an excellent inn at Chamouni, which was all life and bustle. Droves of mules caparisoned for a jaunt, stood near the inns, while their guides lounged on the benches waiting for their English employers.

We were soon mounted, and our guide taking the reins of the foremost mule, we filed up the valley towards the Flegere, from which we have the finest view of Mount Blanc and the adjacent objects. The excursion requires but two hours and a half, although in some places very

hazardous. We rested at the Croix de Flegere, which is about 3,500 feet from the valley; here we found shelter and refreshment. A cup of pure milk, diluted with water from the mountain torrents that leaped across our path constantly, was very acceptable after our tedious clamber. From here we have a wide range of scenery, ascending from the beauty of the valley, to the rugged sublimity of the Glaciers and Mount Blanc. Reclining on the purple heather, we looked up into the snowy face of our noble neighbor, and I could not divest myself of the idea that could I reach its summit, America would meet my homesick eye.

We reluctantly turned our faces homeward, that is, to the vale of Chamouni, and commenced our descent, which was perilous indeed. Our mules walked soberly down behind us, while we, armed with long iron shod poles picked our way, shuddering as we passed the edge of some fearful ravine, in whose still darkness the white wing of a bird glanced for a moment and disappeared, to fatten on the carcass of a wounded Chamois, or to dive in some subterranean lake for fish. A thousand rivulets leaped from the cliffs and ran murmuring to the bosom of the Arve. Crossing the furious river on a single log, we were once more trotting over the narrow road to Chamouni. On one side a mountain wall, on the other the milk white, rapid river, and in some places our feet hung over the torrent, as the mules scrambled over the stony narrow foothold. The Glaciers have aptly been compared to a convulsed sea suddenly frozen. The ice is of a pale sea-green, in whose crevices grow beautiful wild flowers.

The inhabitants of Chamouni are hardy, enterprising and industrious. They live comfortably, but have lost much of their native simplicity. The guides are banded into a society governed by wise and moral laws, which, when broken, bear heavily on the offender. The melons and honey raised here are excellent. Wild flowers abound, furnishing ample material for the latter. Some parts of the soil

make good pasturage; their thriving flocks testify to this. Their potatoes and oats are uncommonly excellent. Their rye and barley of medium quality. The first inn in the place is extremely neat, and the provisions very good; the hostess polite and kind. Our guide, driver, and servants left a highly favorable opinion of their good-heartedness, in our minds. We were convinced that the apparent misery of some of the people was the effect of intercourse with the wealthy English, who have created in their hearts a thirst for lucre, and gratify it at the first call. Thus a race of industrious mountaineers, have had pauperism introduced among them by the lazy who can earn plenty by a few sham tears, and lamentations. Yet there are here, as in other states, wretched unfortunates, whose misery is the result of their own or parents vices, and because ground to the earth by an oppressive religion. This was the case in one part of Savoy, although we passed through Catholic frontiers, beautiful from the happiness of the people. Catholicism presents many phases.

Original.

ANTIQUITIES OF THE OLD WORLD.

BY THE AUTHOR OF JEPTHA'S VOW.

From childhood I have ever been an admirer of the grandeur and sublimity of nature, and of the splendor and magnificence of art. It has ever been my delight to wander in imagination over the pathless desert, and follow the footsteps of the solitary traveller, as he wends his way among the rocks and caverns of hitherto unexplored regions, and to revel amid the moonlit ruins of Eastern

lands. 'Tis there I love to sit and gaze upon the deep and mysterious relics of a departed people, known only in the monuments of genius spread before us.

To the traveller there is something in these silent ruins, which chains his soul and binds his spirit, as if by magic spells. The thought, too, that perhaps the very spot on which he now stands, was once the throne of some proud monarch, at the wave of whose mighty sceptre, myriads had bowed, is one, if it does not infuse into his mind a feeling of dread from the future, sends through his soul a thrill of horror for the past. And he who can gaze upon the shattered remains of a mighty Empire, without emotion, must indeed be devoid of sensibility.

Though we traverse this mighty orb on which we dwell, go where we will, and seek what we may, we have rehearsed in our ears the tales of a warrior, the victories of a conqueror, or the deeds of a nation, whose glory has long since departed, and whose prowess is no longer sung. If in quest of knowledge, we turn to the pages of Sacred or Profane history, we are there told of the destruction of empires, and the ruin of cities; and in vain do we search the chart for their site, for giant handed time, like the destroying angel, has passed by, and cut them down, some in the strength of manhood, and some in the beauty of youth.

But let us pause here awhile, and ask, where is Nineveh? that proud and mighty city.

"Imperial Nineveh, the earthly queen."

Her massive walls, her brazen gates, her gilded palaces, her idol temples, her lofty towers and sculptured domes, where are they now? Oh, ask me not! but follow me to the trackless desert, and there behold that pile of stones! 'Tis all that now remains to tell of the once populous, the once flourishing city of Nineveh! Yes, the word of Jehovah went forth that Nineveh should be destroyed. But the proud Assyrian king heeded it not. Behold him now, sitting at the festive board, within his gorgeous hall, reveling delighted, midst beauty, love and wine. But hush! the

clash of spear and shield, the shouts of victory, borne on zephyrs wings, here reached his ear! Lo now! he has left his banqueting hall. That mighty ruler, now pale with fear, attempts to flee before the approaching foe; but all in vain. They come. The funeral pile of the king is reared, and he is bound upon it.

> "The thunders roll, the lightnings flash,
> And mid that elemental roar,
> Nineveh passes from the shore,
> A mighty wreck of days gone by,
> A shadow mid eternity."

But where is Babylon, mighty Babylon, the glory of kingdoms, with her gates of brass, and bars of iron? Does she still withstand the ravages of time? Are her gilded towers and stately domes, still seen peering amid the clouds? Ah, no! Babylon, the beauty of the Chaldees excellency, and the praise of the whole earth, is destroyed; not a single vestige now remains, to tell of the magnificence of its temples, and the splendor of its palaces; the site on which this golden city once stood, has now become the hunting-field of the Persian monarch. Its princely palaces, once filled with lords and nobles, hung with the richest tapestry, and decorated with the most costly materials, are nothing now but a vast heap of ruins; a dwelling place for the wild beast of the desert. Its walls, which once re-echoed with music and the song of the dance, now resound with the loud screech of the night-owl, and the dance of the satyr. Yes, this great and mighty city, is now a mass of ruins. God, the holy one of Israel, hath laid it waste. Go, then, ye skeptics, atheists, infidels, all ye who say there is no God, and disbelieve his holy word; go, and search for the walls of Babylon, and look on the blasted ruins of the temple of Belus; and then say, if you can, "There is no God, there is no Bible."

And here, for a moment, let us stop to consider, and pay homage to the memory of Egypt, our mother land, the Alma-Mater of nations. On whose altar was first lighted

the lamp of knowledge; the grandeur of whose structures, none have ever equalled, and with the splendor and magnificence of which, none can vie. As we enter this land of wonders and heroes, we cast our eyes around upon the towering obelisks and cloud-capt towers, scarcely knowing which to admire the most, the pride which constructed, or the structures themselves. There too, we behold the mighty pyramid—"the imperishable foolscap of the nation." Before us stands that noble monument of art, the temple of Isis, dedicated to the Egyptian Goddess, and bearing her inscriptions, "I am all that has been, all that can be, and there is none among mortals that have ever taken off my veil." Clothed in dark and mysterious aspect, its every stone, sculptured with elaborate art, bespeaks the language of their gods.

But stay, the morning sun is just gilding the eastern horizon, shedding its pure and genial rays over this otherwise dark and benighted earth, and giving new light and beauty to its every object. But listen! Whence proceed those notes of music?

> Are they the lays of other lands,
> Borne hither on Aurora's wings?
> Or are they not, the voices of some spirit band,
> Hymning the praises of their warrior kings?
> They tell me nay. T'is but the voice
> Of vocal Memnon, chanting his mornings song.

Passing from this land of wonders, let us take a bird's eye view of the ruins of Palmyra, glancing at its once stately temples, its sacred fanes, its sepulchral domes; and ask of the wandering Arab, why this desolation? why this wreck of pristine grandeur. Faintly he replies, its glory has departed! Yon heap is all that now remains to tell thee of its antique monuments, its sculptured walls, its figured capitols.

And Thebes, where art thou? Thy high wrought palaces, sparkling with the snowy whiteness of the Parian marble, beneath the noon-day sun. Where are they now? Gone!

gone! The wild echo, which comes floating on the air, answers, gone! all gone! Like the summer flower have they passed away. Well may we exclaim, "How have the mighty fallen!"

Original.

THE ILL-FATED SWALLOW.

These lines were composed by a lady aged fourteen years, on the death of her grandmother and aunt, Mrs. Elizabeth Coffin, aged seventy-five, and Mrs. George M. Coffin, aged thirty-five—who perished on board the steam-boat Swallow, on the night of the 7th of April, 1845.

Why do we weep? why do we mourn?
  What causeth sorrow and dispair?
A friend has gone not to return!
  A home has lost its brightest star.

Beloved by all who knew her worth,
  She was to us a short time given;
She came but to prepare on earth
  To fill a higher place in heaven.

Again we mourn, again we weep!
  An aged parent, too, has gone
To rest in an eternal sleep,
  To find an everlasting home.

When the dark waves came rolling on,
  They found that all was then too late;
The young left not the aged one,
  And both did share the same sad fate.

We mourn our loss,—the young has left
  A sad companion here behind;
One darling child, too, is bereft,
  Of its best loved, dearest friend.

Weep not, dear child, for tho' you've lost,
Your dearest loved and kindest friend,
Remember, while you mourn your loss,
Her troubles now are at an end,

To her companion I would say,
Although this sod to you is given,
Her spirit now looks from the sky,
And tells us, all is drear but heaven.

When you behold the azure sky,
Tinted and starred with livid gold,
Remember that she lives on high,
Although her form is stiff and cold.

To all whom her sad fate will move,
And on whom this affliction's sent,
It seems a voice from heaven above,
Gently chiding us to repent.

A mother, dear, has gone from earth,
A wife is separated too,
A sister leaves the halls of mirth,
A daughter bids the world adieu.

BY M. E. C.

Original.

TO OUR LITTLE FRIENDS.

BY MRS. A. L. SNELLING.

My dear little blue-eyed and black-eyed friends, I have a short story for you. It is not a fairy tale, nor a tale of fiction, but of truth and real life. I will show you the heroine whenever I see you, and tell you where she lives. It is not in a large house with splendid furniture. She has no servant to wait upon her, nor a variety of beautiful toys with which to amuse you. No, my heroine is a poor little girl, and it would make your young hearts throb with pity,

to hear her sad story. Yet this poor little girl is happy, although she lives in a miserable apartment, with scarcely the necessaries of life, and has a sick mother and a little brother dying of consumption; besides being herself dreadfully deformed. And now I suppose you want to know how she can be happy. I will tell you; seeing so much misery around her, it occurred to her that she might find some means to assist her family. A kind friend had given her a few shillings for her own use. With this small sum she resolved to commence business for herself. I see you smile at the idea, but industry and perseverance have accomplished a great deal in this world, and she has exceeded beyond her expectations. She took a basket and went to a cheap thread and needle store, and bought a quantity of thread, tape, needles, and other things as far as her means would allow. With her basket on her arm, she went from house to house, told her simple story, and found plenty of customers. The next day her profits enabled her to procure a larger supply, which were disposed of to equal advantage. The store-keeper finding, that she was honest and trusty, then offered to let her have goods without payment, on condition that when sold, she would return immediately with the proceeds of the sale. All were disposed of, and little Martha stood smiling by the counter, with the money in her hand. Pleased at her promptitude, the basket was filled full of a variety of fancy articles, which met with ready sale, and that night the joyful child returned home with a bright half-dollar which she had made clear profit, and gave it to her mother. Thus she went on from day to day, making more and more, till she became the principal support of her family. I have known her to walk four and five miles a day, through sunshine or rain, from one part of the city to the other. Not a murmur of complaint passes her lips, although she must often suffer from fatigue and hunger; and on the Sabbath she walks regularly three miles to church. Her few leisure hours at home are employed in reading, which is her greatest de

light, and I have been astonished at the information she has already acquired in this way.

There is a moral to this simple story of poor Martha, if our young readers have ingenuity enough to discover it. They will learn by her example, to be content in whatever circumstances providence may place them. If their parents are rich and able to assist the afflicted, let them reserve some portion of their allowance, usually devoted to trifles, and give it to those who are suffering for the necessaries of life, and never enjoy its luxuries. If they are poor, the youngest child may have it in their power to relieve their friends of some portion of the burden devolving upon them for their support. A visit to the abodes of poverty and distress is the best lesson that can be taught a child who has been accustomed to consider itself far removed from want by the smiles of fortune. Learn in youth to acquire habits of usefulness. Look upon the neglected child of misfortune as a brother or sister, whom it will be a pleasure for you to relieve by your bounty, and to whose sunken eye and wan cheek you may be enabled to restore animation and health. The rich and poor are alike pilgrims through a world of change, of care, of suffering, and of sorrow. The inmate of a palace, and the poor laborer in his mud hovel, must all meet at last in one dark abode, the tomb. All the dross and glitter of life will then sink into insignificance. Let this reflection lead you to do all in your power to soften the weary lot of those less favored than yourselves, and be assured you will enjoy greater pleasure in the consciousness of self approval, than if covered with the gems of India, you should be the flattered and admired idol of fashion and folly.

Original.

THOUGHTS ON SANCTIFICATION.*

BY WM. P. LYON, A. M.

THE dedication of the soul to God, is a solemn and momentous duty. It is an obligation ever binding, whether we acknowledge it or not; and, like every other exaction of our Heavenly Father, just in proportion as we yield to its demands is our own happiness, both from internal and external causes, essentially promoted.

It occurs to me that there are three principles, most evidently set forth in the Holy Scriptures, which deserve the absorbing attention of every person. These are, that sanctification is OUR OWN work—"Sanctify yourselves, therefore, and be ye holy." That it is GOD'S work—"I am the Lord which sanctify you." That it is effected THROUGH THE AGENCY OF THE DIVINE WORD—"Sanctify them through the truth, thy word is truth." "Now ye are clean through the word which I have spoken unto you."

To sanctify, means to make holy, to devote to holy use, to set apart for a holy purpose, to separate from defilement. In this sense, it is an act for us to perform, in the first place; hence the exhortation—"SANCTIFY YOURSELVES." It is also an act which GOD deigns to perform in us; therefore the promise—"I AM THE LORD WHICH SANCTIFY YOU."

If such indeed be our duty, it surely behooves us to inquire with deep solicitude, how we are to sanctify ourselves. The apostle expresses the duty in these words: "PRESENT your bodies a living sacrifice, holy, acceptable unto God, which is your reasonable SERVICE." Also thus: "LET US LAY ASIDE every weight, and the sin that doth so easily beset us, and RUN with patience the race set

* Concluded from page 169.

before us." And again, after enumerating the works of the flesh and the fruits of the spirit, he says: "And they that are Christs HAVE CRUCIFIED the flesh with the affections and lusts." From these, and other Scriptures, the nature of the duty is ascertained without difficulty. We are to "present our bodies," to "crucify the flesh with the affections and lusts," to "mortify the deeds of the body," to "set our affections on things above," to "come out from among them," to "reckon ourselves dead unto sin," to regard ourselves as "strangers" and "pilgrims," and to "seek those things which are above;" in a word, we are to CONSECRATE OURSELVES, OUR WHOLE BEING, unto the Lord.

But our being is made up of parts, and includes mental and corporeal faculties, powers, propensities, affections, etc.; also time, property, influence, etc.; it also implies our relations in life to our family, to the church, to our country, to all mankind. While we would desire and endeavor to comply with the Divine requisition, we shall need attentively to consider each department of our being, each element of character, each relation we sustain, and to recognize the obligation to consecrate each and every part to our adorable Lord.

It is thus that we SANCTIFY OURSELVES, and CONSECRATE OUR SERVICE, unto the Lord. But it is not a SINGLE act of dedication, however solemn and sincere, that meets the Divine requirement; we must daily, UNCEASINGLY, renew the consecration, and possess a fixed, unalterable desire and purpose to bring every thought into subjection, to subdue every passion, appetite, desire and volition, and to seek perpetually for the mind and spirit of Christ; for it is not only written "sanctify yourselves," but also, "BE YE HOLY."

This solemn and unceasing offering of ourselves to God, although indispensable to secure the Divine approbation, is not accomplished by the unaided efforts of our own volition. No! far from it. We are fully persuaded that the first good emotion, the holy desire, the sincere purpose, the firm resolve, the unreserved consecration, the sanctified heart,

and the holy life—all, the conception, the birth, the growth, the fruits, the maturity—all are of God, in an important and yet, perhaps, qualified sense. Qualified, as respects the subsequent stages of the Christian's experience, though not in regard to the earliest. The sanctifying act of consecration is ours, but the sanctifying act of transformation, of purifying, cleansing, sealing, is the Lord's. Both are essential to a sanctified state; and though we represent the former as OUR act, yet we would explicitly say that it is wholly beyond our capacity, unless we are excited thereto by the spirit of our God; and though we consider the latter as the free act of the God of all grace, yet he will perform it for us; in other words, it will be accomplished in us only in connection with sincere self-dedication, vigorous faith, and fervent prayer.

But, in addition to this, there are means by which our sanctification is effected that must not be neglected. These are revealed to us in the Scriptures of truth. The word of God is the most important means; when that word is presented to the enlightened understanding, and believed on with the heart, its influence is always sanctifying. And in proportion to the importance, the magnitude of the truth which our faith embraces, will be its transforming and sanctifying influence upon ourselves. But that word once received and believed is not sufficient, it must "ABIDE IN US" if we would enjoy its benefits permanently. So likewise must we not only be HEARERS of the word, but DOERS thereof also.

Who then will consecrate his service this day unto the Lord? Wilt thou, dear reader? Wouldst thou have thy first spring of thought and of will guarded and guided? Wouldst thou have thy affections chastened and purified? Wouldst thou have thy passions and desires, and thy emotions influenced by love? Wouldst thou journey in wisdom's pleasant ways and peaceful paths? Is it thy aim and thy ardent desire "to follow the Heavenly Lamb, and after his image aspire?"

Original

CHRIST WITH THE DOCTORS.

BY MRS. A. B. WHELPLEY.

With a steel Engraving.

What a pleasing subject of contemplation is the childhood of our blessed Saviour. And although it is a matter of regret, that so little is recorded of him during that period of his earthly existence, still sufficient is said to enable us to form some idea of what this holy child must have been, and to fill out the picture of his perfect character in all the relations of life. We are told, "he increased in wisdom and stature, and in favour with God and man." The evangelist Luke, presents us with one of the most interesting incidents related to his early years, and which is, as far as we know, the first intimation given by himself of his divine mission. At the age of twelve years, having come up to Jerusalem, with his parents, to keep the feast of the passover, he remained behind, after Joseph and his mother had left, unknown to them. Immediately upon the discovery of his absence, they retraced their steps in search of him, and after three days found him in the temple, sitting in the midst of the doctors, both hearing them and asking them questions. And upon his mother's affectionate reproach for causing them so much anxiety, we have his remarkable and significant reply, "how is it that ye sought me, wist ye not that I must be about my father's business?" We are told that all that heard him were astonished at his understanding and his answers. No human knowledge actuated his wonderful replies; or that made his childish lips pout forth the eloquence of truth and wisdom; nor was it the result of a careful education, or of merely high

order of intellect, that made those Jewish doctors stand amazed before the wisdom of a child. It was his knowledge as Lord of all; "he was strong in spirit, filled with wisdom, and the grace of God was upon him," though they knew it not. His divine nature was beginning to manifest itself. The first glimmering of those powers which were ere long to astonish the world, and bring upon him the persecution and reproach of wicked men, was now revealed. We are not told directly the subject of his conversation, but we are led directly and plainly to infer what it was, from his answer to his mother. There can scarcely be a doubt that his soul was at all times filled with the importance of his mission, and it is not probable, from his earliest years, any other subject engrossed his attention sufficiently to make it a matter of conversation.

What an interesting picture must this scene have presented to his parents, as they entered the temple, after their anxious and wearisome search. There sat the son of Mary, the Saviour of the world, in all his infant loveliness, meekness and innocence, surrounded by the learned teachers of the law, who stood wondering and admiring.

As she looked upon him with all a mother's interest and tenderness, how must her heart have thrilled with emotions unspeakable, finding him thus imployed. And now, as in all other things, he came into the world for a perfect pattern to humanity of every age and rank, he immediately resigned himself submissively into the hands of his parents, returned home with them, and was subject unto them, thus setting his example of filial obedience. How dear to his mother must have been that holy child, and notwithstanding her consciousness of his divine nature, her affection as a mother could have been in no wise different, than if this had not been the case, and her anxiety and tender solicitude was the same as that experienced by any other mother less highly distinguished. And we have every reason to believe, that as our blessed Lord took upon himself human nature, to make himself acquainted with our

frailties and temptations, and to sympathize in them, he also had the same natural feelings for his mother as any other child, and as he affirmed that he "came not to destroy, but to fulfil the law," it was expected, in the divine dispensation, that his mother should exercise authority over him, to which he cheerfully and uniformly submitted, and treated her with all due respect and tenderness. The last effecting instance of his love and care for her, is left on record as occurring on that memorable day which sealed the salvation of men. "When Jesus, therefore, saw his mother and the disciple standing by, whom he loved, he saith unto his mother, woman, behold thy son! then saith he to his disciple, behold thy mother!" a most affecting instance of his love for the disciple, as well as tenderness to his parent, thus to entrust her as a dying legacy to him.

Although we have no account of his private life, from the period above referred to, until his presence with his mother at the marriage at Cana, in Galilee, yet, doubtless they resided together, in the full enjoyment and interchange of maternal and filial love. And happy years they must have been to Mary, blessed with his society. While hers was the distinguished privilege of sympathizing with the Saviour of the world in all his sorrows; of ministering to his wants, of soothing the couch whereon his weary limbs could repose, and of pouring the balm of consolation into his oft-times agonized and troubled heart; although that mother was "truly blessed among women," yet the distinction with which she was crowned doubtless brought with it a double portion of sorrow, for her soul must fully have identified itself with all the sufferings, trials and agonies of her blessed son, and as he hung upon the cross, while she beheld his cruel and unparalleled sufferings, then it was, that, according to the prediction of Simeon, "a sword pierced through her own soul also."

Thou wept'st meek maiden-mother mild,
Thou wept'st upon thy sinless child,
Thy very heart was riven,

And yet what mourning matron here
Would deem thy sorrows bought too dear
By all on this side of heaven.

A son that never did amiss,
That never shamed his mother's kiss,
Nor crossed her fondest prayer;
Even from the tree he deigned to bow,
For her, his agonized brow—
Her, his sole earthly care.

My young readers—the example of the Saviour, in his childhood, must not only be revered but imitated. Disobedience is one of the crying sins of the age, and loudly calls for reform. Never shall I forget a remark made by the former editor of this work: "I believe that children, who will not submit to the wholesome restraint of parental authority, but who grow up with HABITUAL disobedience, generally die VAGABONDS."

A VISIT TO THE SUMMIT OF THE FISHKILL MOUNTAINS.

BY THE EDITOR.

ON a delightful summer's morning, a social company, with some students of the Classical School associated with the Theological Seminary at Newburgh, set out on a visit to the Fishkill mountains, with the resolution of ascending to their summit. Early in the morning, the clouds were seen moving around the summit, rolling in the air, and taking from the mountains their azure hues that usually surround them with variety, enchantment, and beauty. At length the sun, rejoicing in his course, arises in splendor and glory upon the scenery, and the sky clears up in an attractive manner.

The poetical description of the seasons, is applicable to the scenes of nature around.

"The lessening cloud,
The kindling azure, and the mountain's brow,
Illumined with fluid gold, his near approach
Betoken glad. Lo! now apparent, all
Aslant the dew-bright earth and colored air,
He looks in boundless majesty abroad
And sheds the shining day, that burnished, plays
On rocks, and hills, and towers, and wandering streams,
High gleaming from afar! Prime cheerer, light!
Of all material beings, first and best!
Efflux divine! Nature's resplendent robe!
Without whose vesting beauty all were wrapt
In unessential gloom; and thou, O sun!
Soul of surrounding worlds, in whom, best seen,
Shines out thy Maker!"

The variety, beauty, and sublimity of the scenes of nature are attractive to an improved taste and cultivated imagination; and give elevation of thought and of feeling. The impression made by a captivating and pleasing landscape is calculated to excite dignity and grandeur of thought with respect to the power, wisdom, and benevolence of the Creator, and to impress sentiments of religion and virtue. When a noble and majestic river like the Hudson, strikes the eye, carrying forward the commerce of a highly cultivated country, and moving in its beautiful course to the ocean, through lofty and variegated mountains, like the Highlands of America, the mind is forcibly struck with the sentiment of the benevolence of providence, for the supply of human wants, and for the promotion of happiness.

Of all the beautiful and enchanting prospects which nature, in America presents, the scenery from the cliffs of Beacon point, is among the most magnificent and various in beauty and sublimity. Elevated seventeen hundred feet above the sea, these mountains present to the spectator, from the summit, a variety of interesting views—that open a fine subject for the skill of the artist—a picture of nature's landscape in one of its striking and attractive forms.

When you begin to ascend these mountains, on the south side, to reach the highest point of view, you go round the side of the mountain for the distance of a mile, till you come to an intervening valley that separates two branches of the mountains, where there is a dwelling-house with a fine well of water.

The road thus far we ascended in a carriage, and then set out to walk up the valley, and climb up the rocks and cliffs in the best possible direction, to enjoy the variety and magnificence of the scene that breaks upon the admiring view from the table rock at its summit.

The landscape at the foot of the Fishkill mountains is highly attractive, as it opens to the eye Fairy Island, water falls, gardens, bowers, and cultivated fields, and the noble Hudson, with Newburgh on the opposite shore.

On the summit of the mountains, you see a great number of names inscribed upon the rocks and cliffs.

When you reach the highest summit and enjoy the prospect of the surrounding landscape, you feel your faculties expand, and you breathe a pure, fresh, and more invigorating air.

A variety of trees, the pine, the beach, the birch, the cedar, the oak of different kinds, the sassafras, also contribute to the entertainment. The laurel grows there in its beauty, and a variety of shrubbery appears around the mountain. The student of geology, of mineralogy, and of botany, finds sources of improvement in the figures, colours, size and appearance of the granite rocks and cliffs. A pure stream of water taking its rise on the south side of the mountains, in its meandering course flows through the valley around the chequered sides of the mountains, and variegated scenes of the rocks, hills and trees that diversify the view. There the lilly grows, and the flowers shed their sweetness and beauty on the mountain air.

Caverns appear in the sides of the mountains. Sun-

beams shine beautifully at the summit of the mountains, while around their breast clouds still linger. At a distance, a magnificent prospect arises to view. To the south is seen the Hudson river, majestically flowing in its winding course through the mountains at Westpoint, as far as the eye or glass can see. In the east, a thousand hills and valleys appear. Another stream flows at the east side of the mountains. On the north, the Hudson is seen to a considerable distance. In the west, on the elevated banks of the Hudson, rises the beautiful town of Newburgh, and on the river are seen the steam-boats, moving like the car of Neptune upon the ocean, described in classic story. The celebrated Shawangunk mountains also appear with their delightful azure colors and lofty cliffs.

The highlands of America, like the highlands of Scotland, may be called the Acadia of rural scenery, for their beauty, sublimity and variety. By a pleasing association of ideas, the imagination is transported to Palestine and the mountains around Jerusalem, to Parnassus, and to Mount Blanc, described by the inspiration of genius and of poetry.

We conclude with the apostrophe of the British bard at the prospect of Parnassus.

"O thou Parnassus, whom I now survey,
Not in the phrenzy of a dreamer's eye,
Not in the fabled landscape of a lay;
But soaring snow clad through thy native sky,
In the wild pomp of mountain majesty;
What marvel that I thus essay to sing?
The humblest of thy pilgrims passing by
Would gladly woo thine echoes with his string,
Though from thy heights no more our muse shall sing.

THE PRICELESS WIFE.

BY JOHN ROGERS.

A wise, virtuous, and holy man finds a delightful amplitude of meaning in the word WIFE, taking the word in a sense high and favorable, and implying what some wives are, and what all ought to aim to be. His wife is the sharer of all his sorrow, and all his joy; the lessener of his pain, and the augmenter of his pleasure; the partaker of his care, and the refiner of his recreation; his nurse and consoler when ill, his compeer and coadjutor when well, his associate and helper continually; the companion, the counsellor, the comfort of his life. She is one whom he regards with reverence for her profound piety, with admiration for her fine improved intellect, with kindliness for her sweet temper, with grateful satisfaction for her noble character in general.

To her he will unbosom his thoughts, and lay open his whole soul, with the most entire confidence; to her first in time, she being the first in order of his friends, he will reveal his theoretical and practical plans, his present scheme and future view, his desire, hope, and fear; and from her he will obtain the counsel, encouragement, and aid that are given by virtue, wisdom, good temper, and other things, all acting unitedly, or as one, and moving at the cause of love. She will study to please him; will gratify him by her obliging behavior; will make him happy and herself too, by her mild and gentle spirit, her complying disposition, her amiable turn of mind, will bind his soul to hers by accommodating herself to him, and by making his joy and sorrow her own; will maintain her refining power and purifying ascendency over him by the beauty of her character, the dignity of her life, and by yielding to his reasonable request, and giving way to his innocent

wish and plan; will turn by a kind word, a sweet smile, an endearing look, a tender tear, turn the lion into the lamb; will control, virtually and really, by being willing to be controlled.

She is one whom he loves with exclusive, tender, chaste, and pure affection; one who lives in the very centre of his heart, one dear to him like his own soul, one who is another self. She loves not less than she is loved, will return his affection in a full measure, will scorn to be outdone in kind attention and tender care, and will find a pure and perennial spring of joy to her own soul, in making joyful the soul of her husband.

Between them are no jarring or contrary feeling, no seperate interest or view, no counteractive scheme, no MINE and THINE; between them all is OUR, all is concordant co-operation, all is living harmony, all is pleasurable unanimity, all is endearing unity of soul. They are one in outward things or external good, one in hand; one in intellectual communion, one in head; and one in the vast variety of feeling, in the broad and unbounded domain of joy and sorrow; one in heart, having entire sympathy, or identified interest, affection and hope.

One soul doth in two bodies dwell.

They cause, one to the other, many, very many pleasures; and they occasion one pain—the pain connected with parting, with being divided by death, with one of them being left alone, mournful soul sick, inconsolate, and gloomy. But even in relation to death, and for its uncontrollable conqueror and king, they see God, THE GOOD BEING, and their reconciled father and friend. To the GOOD BEING they bow, in him they confide, and through him they are, or try to be, resigned. Moreover, having a hope full of immortality, they look beyond death to heaven, to the joy and glory of the life to come, when death will be swallowed up in victory, when God will wipe away all tears from their eyes, and when sorrow and pain will not be found. In heaven they will be re-united for ever; there they will meet to

part no more; there in the beatific presence of their God, and with innumerable saints and angels, they together will share and rejoice in God's eternity.

> Death! 'tis a melancholy day
> To those that have no God!—WATTS.

She will be his affectionate co-pilgrim through the world of sin, his faithful fellow-traveller in the way of holy love and labor, his watchful and helpful guide to glory. And probably she will be his guardian angel or saint, if she shall die before him; will be his peculiar partner in heaven, his dearest friend among all the saints and angels around the throne of God; and allied with him by an extraordinary heavenly affection, will ascend with him to higher degrees of light and love, becoming more and more happy in God, throughout the revolving ages of eternity.

Original.

EDUCATION.

BY REV. J. M. M' AULEY.

AN educated mind, rich in endowments, often forgets its obligation to others, for the developement of its resources. The slowly unfolded results of instruction, receive little attention. And where the rapidity of mental advancement gains observation, even they who admire the capacity which has learned, seldom heed the power which has taught the truth; just as thousands gaze upon a beacon light, without thinking of the air which supports its blaze. Would you behold the influence of education remove some child from the scene where all is bright with whatever can awaken the powers to think, and feel, and act; seperate it from every kindred mind that would shed a ray to aid it in exploring the field of human inquiry, for the discovery of the fruits of science, and the fountains of knowledge; and to

seclude it from the truth beaming from the surrounding world, let its powers of tasting, smelling, hearing, and seeing be destroyed. Look in upon the midnight of that mind. Now place it at once under the full light of instruction; and how soon the bright forms of attention, understanding, fancy, judgment, affection, and conscience, will shine forth from that darkness; how soon the instructed blind, deaf, mute, rejoicing in the noontide of new-gained mental day, will, with her fairy fingers, write upon the air, the necessity and power of education.

Original,

MORAL INSTRUCTION NEEDED.

BY REV. J. M. M' AULEY.

Men, surrounded by moral influence, do not always remember that to it they are indebted, and that upon it others are dependant for that virtue in which they glory; but vivid are the impressions of this truth on the mind of the Christian philanthropist, who on foreign shores stands amid the pollutions of paganism, or in our own land enters the haunts of vice, and looks upon the victims of the crimes of society, who from their corrupted youth to their corrupting age, learn nothing but to curse both man and God. The proofs of the depravity of the heart we see, we hear, we feel, we mourn in the history of our race. Let the human mind mature its character uninfluenced by moral teaching, and its irreverences will scorn institutions human and divine, its grasping selfishness will trample upon the interests of others, its noblest emotions will be buried, and its demoniac passions will come forth from among the tombs, exceeding fierce, so that no man can bind them.

HOME AND FREEDOM.

Wherever, O man, God's first sun beamed upon thee—where the stars of heaven first shone above thee—where his lightnings first declared his omnipotence, and his storm-wind shook thy soul with pious awe—there are thy affections—there is thy country.

And though it be among bare rocks and desert islands, and though poverty and care dwell there with thee, thou mayest love that land for ever; for thou art man, and thou canst not forget it, but it must abide in thy inmost heart.

And freedom is no empty dream—no barren imagination—but in her dwells thy courage, and thy pride, and the certainty that thou art of high and heavenly race.

There is freedom where thou canst live in the customs, and fashions, and the laws, of thy fathers; where that which rejoiced their hearts rejoiced thine; where no foreign oppressor can command thee, no foreign ruler drive thee according to his will, as cattle are driven at the will of their drivers.

This thy country—thy free country—is a treasure which contains within itself indestructible love and faith; the noblest good, excepting religion; in which dwells a still higher freedom, which a virtuous man can possess, or can covet.

Not more necessary are constant supplies of water to the growth of vegetation in the sultry regions of the East, than the influence of divine truth to the existence of human happiness. If a tree, planted by the margin of a refreshing river, is proof against the heat of the sun, or the unfavorableness of seasons, he, also, who into a well-prepared heart, receives continual infusions of religious wisdom, is flourishing and happy amidst all the inconveniences of life.

THE NATIONAL PROTESTANT.

Edited by the Rev. C. Sparry and Rev. H. Riter, at $1,00, per year. 118 Nassau-st.

We wonder not, that a periodical, filling so important a chasm in the monthly literature of this country; so bold and fearless in the defence of the truth, and so beautiful in its mechanical execution, should attract the attention of the multitude and promise a wide circulation.

It is high time for the friends of "the reformation," to unite and bestir themselves before alarm shall be too late. Certain it is, that the Papal power is gaining tremendous strength, and will soon hold the balance of power in this country. Surely, it may be said, the hundredth time. "there is a tide in the affairs of men which, taken at its flood, leads on to FORTUNE; neglected, all is lost," and lost forever. Let us use no CARNAL weapons, in this grand warfare, but take the sword of the spirit, which is the WORD of GOD; this alone will be mighty, and mighty through God to the pulling down of strong holds.

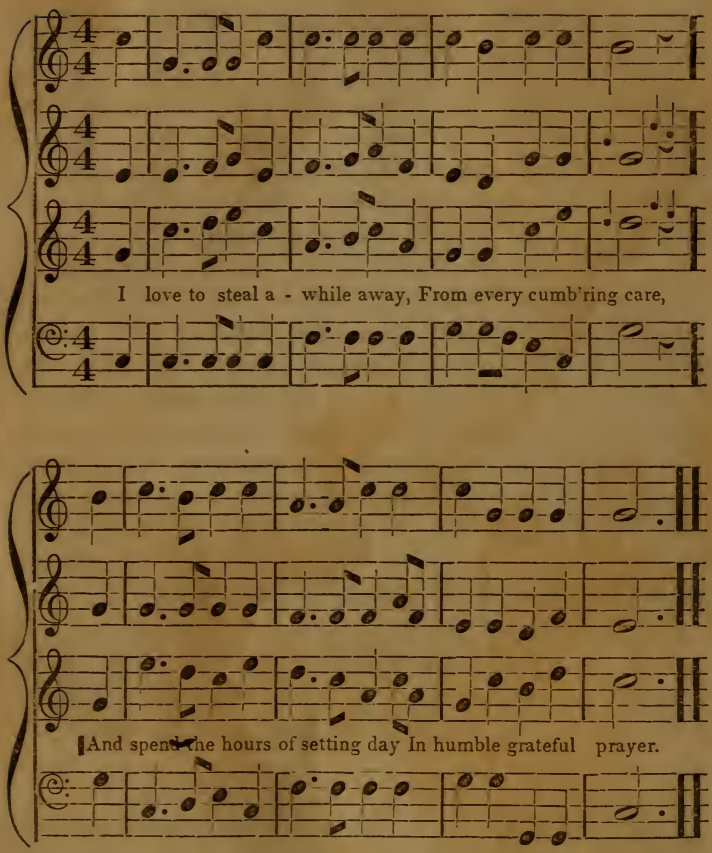
POSTAGE!

We rejoice to announce to our numerous subscribers that the postage on this work, from and after July, will be reduced to only TWO AND A HALF CENTS for any distance in the United States.

☞ Will those who are in arrears, be so kind as to send what is due us, as soon as it will suit their convenience; as, after the first day of July, all POST MASTERS will cease to FRANK letters containing funds to publishers.

From the Psalmodist.

THE CLOSET. C. M. W. B. BRADBURY.



2. I love in solitude to shed
The penitential tear,
And all His promises to plead,
When none but God can hear.

3. I love to think on mercies past,
And future good implore,
And all my cares and sorrows cast
On Him whom I adore.

RUTH GLEANING

FROST GAGE.

Original.

THE ULTIMATE WISH.

BY REV. S. D. BURCHARD, N. YORK.

To many, there is a charm in a city life. Wealth and fashion, pleasure and pride, art and eloquence, are here. Here is much to charm the eye, intoxicate the heart, and hold a multitude spell-bound by the most brilliant fascinations. But, with all this pomp and pride—this glitter and glory—this means of mental and moral cultivation—we maintain that in every TRUE heart—in every mind whose best aspirations vice has never quenched—there is not only a LOVE of nature but an ULTIMATE WISH to live and die amid her beauties and her bowers. Not the POET alone has drawn his elysium—his BEAU IDEAL—of earthly bliss amid murmuring streamlets and dashing waterfalls; but the most industrious plodder after happiness—the votary at the shrine of fashion—the ardent and restless seeker for wealth—the hero who battles for fame—the aspirants upon the great race-track of life, running for its laurels and honors; ALL cherish a secret desire—THE HOPE—to retire from business and bustle, to a home, CALM and QUIET in the country. This is man's ultimate wish, after he has been a wrestler upon life's great arena. Andrew Jackson, after having fought the battles of his country, and received her highest honors, preferred to retire to his "Hermitage," and there live in communion with nature and nature's God. Henry Clay, after having thundered in the Senate, and guided its coun-

cils, retires, LAURELED by his countrymen, to dwell amid the quiet groves of his favorite "Ashland." This love of nature—this desire for rest and retirement—is deeply wrought in the human soul. Men crowd the city, and live amid its dust and smoke—its noise and bustle—for TEMPORARY purposes, for business and profit, and NOT for ease and enjoyment. A rural life, a cottage nicely embosomed with shrubbery and flowers—a loving, trustful and TRUE HEARTED wife—reverent and obedient children—the still and solemn Sabbath—the village church—the worshipping assembly—THESE are associated in every pure mind with virtue and happiness. We toil at the press—we wield the pen—we go to our daily toil with a glad heart, and vie with our competitors after wealth and honor, cheered by such a prospect. Destroy this hope, and you have bleached the verdant spot of life, to which the imagination of every man loves to wander; you have eclipsed the bright and beautiful horizon of our earthly being; you have broken down the GOAL to which all our wishes and efforts tend. Analyze the minds of the race, ascertain the secret workings of every man's heart, and you will find that the mirror of his imagination has reflected this image of beauty—THIS VISION OF GLADNESS. We have a concern even for this frail and dying tabernacle, and we instinctively shrink from the thought of its mingling with the mass, in the common receptacle for the dead. We prefer it to repose on the quiet bosom of its mother earth; where the wild flower may bloom on our grave, or the rose-bud mark the spot where we sweetly slumber. This universal desire of the race connects itself with man before the fall. Amid the wreck of all his hopes—amid the elements of a marred and shattered humanity—in all his wanderings as an outcast from the presence of the Lord—this one desire, as an evidence of his former purity and happiness, STILL lives, that he may again enjoy THE BREEZES—THE BOWERS—THE BEAUTIES OF HIS ORIGINAL EDEN.

You perceive that I have spoken of an Ultimate Wish, which locates its Elysium here, on the field of time; but there is a wish which leaps beyond the transient and trifling, and is satisfied ONLY with the infinite and the immortal. When we have reached the acme of our EARTHLY wishes and hopes, there is STILL a restless anxiety for a residence in our Father's house of many mansions. There is ever, even amid the most ENCHANTED bowers, some serpent's hiss, or lion's roar, or traitor foot, to remind us that THIS is not our home—that we are strangers and pilgrims, and must seek a country where no noxious fruits grow—no storms nor tempests lower; but where we may dwell beneath a cloudless sky, and walk the verdant plains of life immortal. Here, indeed, amid our quiet retreats, or hallowed excursions, we may now and then receive a bunch of grapes from the better land. Here, on our MOUNTAIN eminences, we may obtain an OCCASIONAL glimpse of the green fields and golden harvests that wave luxuriant and vast beyond the river of death. But we have not yet attained—no, not when every earthly wish is met; for there is a home—a house "not made with hands, eternal in the heavens." Let us struggle to be among its happy and glorified occupants.

Original.

THEY TELL ME ITS DESERTED.

BY REV. B. F. ROMAINE, ALBANY.

They tell me it's deserted,
That old sequestered place,
Where memories unnumber'd
The days of absence trace;
Those days so long departed,
Back in the early times,
When life was like the music
Of hallow'd Sabbath chimes.

The shade they say is lonely,
No human thing is there;
No sound of cheerful voices
Floats on the evening air,
And nought but nature's warblers
Roll forth their lovely strains.
Up to the list'ning heavens,
And o'er the beauteous plains.

They know not what they tell me,
I would not have them know
That now my spirit roameth
Where Arna's waters flow;
Through scenes where silent beauty
Rests 'mid the flowery vale,
Rests on the mountain summit,
Or floats upon the gale.

They know not that I people
Each lonely nook and glade,
Each bower with vines o'erladen,
Each deep and silent shade,
With those who now are parted
In form, from mortal view,
But yet can with us wander
'Mid all past scenes anew.

There walks my gentle Mary,
Sweet sister of my heart,
With eye of heav'nly mildness,
And face no painter's art
Could make to live on canvass;
For all his skill and care
Would fail to trace the presence
Of angel beauty there.

There walks my sainted mother,
Round whom my warm heart clings
With all the firm devotion
Which from affection springs;
Her name's the sweetest music
That floats o'er life's domain,
For always with it cometh
My boyhood's hours again.

Roll up the hanging curtain
That Time hath dropp'd between
The present and the absent,
And let the past be seen:
Again, a youth I'm sporting
In all my boyhood's prime,
And dream not of the hast'ning
Of sterner manhood's time.

I think that life will ever
Flow calm and pure along,
And all its changing seasons
Be like a joyous song,
Which has no notes of sorrow,
That, falling on the ear,
Will make the heart beat sadly,
And fancy troubles near.

Drop, drop again Time's curtain,
I cannot longer dwell
Upon the golden memories
Which of my boyhood tell;
For other years are round me,
And future hopes are mine,
Which all the gather'd powers
Of life and soul combine.

Original.

EVILS OF SOCIETY.

The teacher, who introduces dancing as an ostensible means of promoting health among his scholars, has taught

an art that is carried to the remoter parts of society, and is made the unconscious author of the fascinating and soul dissipating amusement, wearing the impress of her personal influences, and is thus sanctioned by her example.

The young lady, who, among the brilliant scenes of the party, is a partner at a game of whist, thinks not she is becoming accessory to future crime. But here is first learned the love of a game that has lured the young man to its fascinations, until lost in the ruin of the gaming-table.

The young gentleman that takes his companion or friend to a dangerous place of resort, where his taste or morals shall be perverted, or vitiated, hangs about his neck the "mill stone" of responsibility, and becomes, in a great measure, amenable for his future career.

The extravagance of mere display, that brings evil upon families and communities; midnight parties, so irrational, and unhealthful to society; the adoption of modes of dress, that destroy the symmetry of the human frame, and its vitality, and other popular evils, may be prevented or remedied by a pure, elevated literature, and a correct personal influence. These are some of the hidden springs, the secret machinery that gives motion to society, that guides its incipient streams into the channels of virtue, of religion, of glory, and renown. Or, if unhealthful and impure, that draws them away into the dark and turbid waters of infidelity, licentiousness and crime, withering all that is beautiful, and annihilating all that is sacred, in its fearful course.

THE BRAVE BOY.

Two boys of my acquaintance were one day on their way from school, and as they were passing a corn-field in which there were some plum trees, full of ripe fruit, Henry said to Thomas—

"Let us jump over and get some plums. Nobody will see us, and we can scud along through the corn, and come out on the other side."

Thomas said, "I cannot. It is wrong to do so. I would rather not have the plums, than to steal them, and I guess I will run along home."

"You are a coward," said Henry. "I always knew you were a coward, and if you do not want any plums, you may go without them, but I will have some very quick."

Just as Henry was climbing over the fence, the owner of the field rose up from the other side of the wall, and Henry jumped back, and ran off as fast as his legs could carry him.

Thomas had no reason to be afraid. So he stood still, and the owner of the field, who had heard the conversation between the boys, told him that he was not willing to be a thief; and then he asked Thomas to step over and help himself to as many plums as he wished. The boy was pleased with the invitation, and was not slow in filling his pockets with the ripe fruit.

Which of these boys was BRAVE, the one who called the other a coward, but run away himself; or the one who said it was wicked to steal, and stood his ground? P. G.

COVETOUSNESS.

SEE an old miser coming forth with gravity, and so much severity against the distressed, to excuse his purse, that he will, ere he has done, put it out of all question that riches is righteousness with him. "This," says he, "is the fruit of your prodigality—as if, poor man, covetousness were no fault—or of your projects or grasping after a great trade;" while he himself would have done the same thing, but that he had not the courage to venture so much ready money out of his own trusty hands, though it had been to have brought him back the Indies in return.

Original.

THE THREE CAPTIVES.

BY THE REV. JOHN WOODBRIDGE.

Perhaps no more striking instance of the miraculous interposition of God for the preservation of his faithful children is on record, than that of the three Jewish Captives, on the Plains of Shinar.

The reign of Nebuchadnezzar had been prosperous, for he had been used by the hand of Him who makes the evil passions of men his servants, as an instrument for punishing the wicked of the earth, and even of visiting upon the degenerate sons of Jacob the threatened desolations for their violations of the covenant. As he now looks over his capital and his kingdom, gilded with riches from afar by the might of his power, his heart is lifted up within him, and he determines to show his greatness and his control by executing an image of gold which all shall worship, or expiate with their lives their refusal to obey his command.

Then, in obedience to his will, there arises upon the plain of Dura the image of gold, till it stands a monument of man's art, sixty cubits above the earth. But the vanity of the king could not be satisfied by having the people of Babylon only bow to his idol, and so, through all the provinces of his vast empire, were messengers sent to gather the chief men of the kingdom to the dedication of the image which he had set up, and at the call they assembled at Babylon, summoned from half the civilized globe. And now there stands before that golden image an immense assemblage of rulers and princes, and govenors and judges.

Then a herald comes before the mingled multitude, and announces in their having the commandment of the

king and the fearful penalty which should be visited upon the man who would not fall down and worship.

Everything on that plain conspired to induce obedience —to the man whose spiritual vision had not been opened, there was something glorious, almost godlike, in the towering magnificence of that image, glittering in dazzling splendor, as the burnished gold reflected back the sunbeams—and there was the sound of music, with its swelling harmonies, and its beguiling delights, as the harp, and the flute, and the cornet, mingled their melting murmurs, stealing the heart to adoration, or pealing forth in full chorus the united melody of all kinds of music—and the doom of the disobedient had been proclaimed in their hearing, and they saw the furnace flaming before them.

Is it then a wonder, that as the sound of the music floated over the hosts, they should, with one accord, prostrate themselves before the golden image? It was not with one accord. There were in that vast assemblage, three captives, from Israel's land, and they were servants of the living God—they had seen manifestations of Jehovah's presence and his glory, and the pageantry before them, little moved them—they had heard hallelujahs to the Lord of Hosts, and hallowed songs from the lips touched by a coal live from its altar, and the strains now heard, fell upon the ear in their gentle cadences and floated by—the flames of the furnace were unheeded, for they had heard of gates which lead to a far worse death; and when all that crowd had bended the knee to the idol, they stood unmoved amid the adoring hosts. They saw not their God in the dazzle of the gold, they heard him not in the swell of the harmony, and they feared him not in the flames of the furnace, and worshiped him in neither. But as in this world of envy and jealousy, there are ever those ready to inform against the good; perhaps while yet the crowd was worshiping, the accusers of the Hebrews come to the king. They approached with smooth words, displaying large measure of zeal for the interest and honor of the king. "These men,

oh! king, have not regarded THEE, they worship not the golden image which THOU hast set up." As might have been expected, the haughty monarch is greatly incensed, and orders the three men to be summoned. They meet him boldly—reject with scorn an offer for a renewed trial of obedience—heed not his fiercest threats, coupled with a declaration of their sure doom—aye, more, to the ear of the infuriated king they declare that their God can deliver them from his hand. Surely this was courage worthy of their cause. Nebuchadnezzar had forgotten the God of Daniel, and that more of the wrath of man than praises him he restrains, that he might be found fighting against God. His fury seemingly knows no control, and he bids them heat the furnace seven times hotter than it was wont to be heated—and that the mightiest of his warriors should bind those captives and cast them into the furnace. Humanly speaking, little hope remained for the devoted children of God. Then they were bound in their garments and cast into the glowing flame—so fierce that, as it leaps forth, it devours the pride of Chaldea's strength—and what must have been the consuming embraces of that blaze, so deadly in its touch. But those poor Jews were God's children, and faithful, and the promise is, when, "thou walkest through the fire, thou shalt not be burned, neither shall the flame kindle upon thee." The seven-fold heat of the furnace availed as little as the wrath of the king—both, do the will of God. When he has bid the fire not burn, heaps of fuel in the wildest flame obey. The bands that fastened their limbs were consumed, but no singe of fire passed on them; but in their midst another form was seen, the Son of God. In obeying God, there is the greatest reward; "When thou passeth through the waters I will be with thee, and through the rivers they shall not overflow thee, when thou walkest through the fire, thou shalt not be burned, neither shall the flames kindle upon thee." In the very flames, is the hour of sweetest communion, there we find the Son of God.

INNOCENT RECREATIONS.

They who look with a severe, and indignant eye upon all the recreations by which the cares of men are relieved, and the union of society is cemented, are, in two respects, injurious to religion. First, they exhibit it to others under a forbidding form, by clothing it with the garb of so much unnecessary austerity; and next, they deprive the world of the benefit which their example might afford, in drawing the line between innocent and dangerous pleasures. By temperate participation of those which are innocent, they might successfully exert that authority which a virtuous and respectable character always possesses, in restraining undue excess. They would show the young and unwary, at what point they ought to stop. They would have it in their power to regulate, in some degree, the public manners; to check extravagance, to humble presumption, and put vice to the blush. But through injudicious severity, they fall short of the good they might perform. By an indiscriminate censure of all amusement, they detract from the weight of their reproof, when amusement becomes undoubtedly sinful. By totally withdrawing themselves from the circle of cheerful life, they deliver up the entertainments of society, into the hands of the loose and the corrupt; and permit the blind power of fashion, uncontrolled, to establish its own standards, and to exercise its dangerous sway over the world.

The constant habit of perusing devout books, is so indispensable, that it has been termed, with great propriety, the oil of the lamp of prayer. Too much reading, however, and too little meditation, may produce the effect of a lamp inverted; which is extinguished by the very excess of that aliment whose property is to feed it.

Original.

WILD FLOWER OF FLORIDA.

BY MRS. M. ST. LEON LOUD.

Deep in the wild-wood wandering,
  I found a sweet, though nameless flower;
A fragrant, bright, and lovely thing
  As ever graced a garden bower.

Its home was in a quiet spot,
  Where fairies might delight to dwell,
By all the world unseen, unsought—
  And so I called it, "Fairy Dell."

A carpet of the richest green
  Upon the little glade was spread;
While high above its velvet sheen
  Tall forest trees their branches spread:

And there the beauteous flow'ret sprung,
  Upon its green and slender stalk;
And there its fragrant breath was flung,
  To glad me in my lonely walk.

Then Fancy whisper'd—Oft, perchance,
  Upon a moonlight night of spring,
There might the woodland fairies dance
  Around it in a merry ring.

I would have stolen the little flower,
  And borne it to my home away,
To bloom within my garden bower,
  Where I might see it day by day:

It might have been the sighing breeze,
  Or the low warble of the bird,
Far up among the leafy trees,
  That, softly whispering, I heard—

But something near me seem'd to say,
So mournfully I could but weep:
"Here let me live my summer's day,
And then among my kindred sleep.

Not vainly did that fond prayer come:
For well I know, when forced to leave
The one bright spot—our childhood's home—
How long and deep the heart will grieve.

And so I left it where it grew.
To that wild flower, so full of grace,
In the imperfect sketch I drew,
Some faint resemblance you may trace.

Original.

WEIR'S GREAT PICTURE AT WASHINGTON.

BY REV. J. N. DANFORTH.

Among the beautiful works of art now domiciliated at the Capitol of our country, is the painting of "The Embarkation of the Pilgrims," by Weir. Trumbull's war scenes are set forth by his pencil with much prominence, though neither Saratoga nor Yorktown can be compared with the Declaration of Independence, or the Resignation at Annapolis, in point of real sublimity and suggestive associations. The Baptism of Pocahontas, by Chapman, is a gorgeous and beautiful painting; but the basis of the work, considered intellectually and morally, is more slender than that of The Embarkation, which embraces the foundation of an empire; the other, an interesting circumstance in colonial history. There is a sense in which the Embarkation may be called a family painting, as well as a national painting. That was a family scene on board the Speedwell, to which

all New-Englanders, and the sons of New-Englanders, in their most distant exile from their native land, recur with fond recollection. The sobriety of the coloring of this picture is in fine keeping with the MORAL of the scene. The scene is laid at Delfthaven, in Holland: the ship Speedwell, on which the pilgrims have embarked, lies at the wharf, on which stand many anxious friends, taking the last leave. It is indeed a study for the painter, the poet, the philosopher, the politician, the historian, and the divine. It has elements of beauty, sublimity, and power, on which each of these might draw with potent effect. On the sail of the vessel is seen the divine inscription, "GOD WITH US." Taste and piety could not have selected a better. The paternal Pastor of this little flock is JOHN ROBINSON, the servant of the Lord. He is seen in the attitude of kneeling on the deck, offering prayer to God for his holy protection of these pilgrims, who, in a wild and inhospitable land, far away from their native homes, were about to seek FREEDOM TO WORSHIP GOD ACCORDING TO THE DICTATES OF THIER CONSCIENCES, ENLIGHTENED BY THE ORACLES OF GOD. A poet of strong imagination, and nervous diction, has said:

> ——————"Know ye not
> Who would be free, themselves must strike the blow?"

So felt the pilgrims, and the sentiment has been transmitted to their posterity. In 1620, under the seal of Heaven, it gave us religious independence. In 1776, under the same auspices, it gave us civil and political freedom, raising the descendants of the pilgrims and cavaliers, from the humility of dependent colonial subjects, to the dignity of independent republican freemen, themselves the source of political power—from themselves, the administrators of that power proceeding. Jer. xxx. 21. The seeds of these things were on board that ship. Robinson died five years after that prayer was offered, but the prayer lives yet! Is it not in our bosoms?

There, too, is JOHN CARVER, the first Governor of Plymouth Colony. He is seen kneeling on the right of the good Pastor Robinson, absorbed in the spirit of devotion, ready to sacrifice all for the cause. He was a man of singular prudence, unshaken firmness, and incorruptible integrity, well fitted to be a leader in such an enterprise, to be a father in such a family.

Near him, is another principal figure, that of WILLIAM BREWSTER, a ruling Elder in the Church of Robinson, who kneels with an open Bible before him, as much as to say, "the Bible is the religion of Protestants and Puritans, the only infallible rule of faith and practice." Brewster was persecuted by the hierarchy, stripped of his property, and imprisoned. He learned many important things in the severe, disciplinary school of hard experience. He opened an Academy in Leyden, to obtain the means of subsistence. But never did he, nor his companions in toil and suffering, feel truly free, till they had raised their lofty hymn of praise to God, in the midst of the forest sanctuary. Those living oracles of God were the statute-book of the little community—THE FAMILY BIBLE. This patriarch lived to the good old age of 84, and his sepulchre is with us. That hoary head was a crown of glory.

The virtue, the sufferings, and the sacrifices of such men should be familiar themes in our families; their names should be among our household words; their memory, fresh as the amaranth; their examples, powerful as an undisputed command: "that the generation to come might know them, even the children which should be born, who should arise and declare them to their children, that they MIGHT SET THEIR HOPE IN GOD." Let not the sacred legacy be lightly treated, nor carelessly transmitted.

WILLIAM BRADFORD is another name, which, like that of Brewster, is "as ointment poured forth." Its perpetuity is fixed in the language. He was one of the heroic men of the heroic age of England, a friend and fellow-sufferer with Brewster, in prisons and elsewhere. A puritan in-

deed was he. Ye farmers of New-England and New-York, of Ohio, and "the West," here was a model husbandman for you, and one of the most laborious and efficient of the little devoted band. In affliction, too, he was behind none. As you sit in your comfortable home, enjoying the luxuries of the domestic hearth, think of the home of Bradford, around which the billows of the deep rolled, and the wintry winds of December howled; not to inspire a more vivid sense of security and comfort, such as we feel in our own tranquil and happy homes, but to remind them of the destitution of the present, and the darkness of the future. Then it was that Mrs. Bradford, the tender and delicate woman, that had not yet adventured the sole of her foot on the frozen shore washed by the icy waves of the Atlantic, fell overboard into the sea, and was drowned! This was indeed, to all, a family affliction: to him, a bereavement, the intensity of which cannot be expressed in words.

"Alas! for them, though not for thee!
They cannot choose, but weep the more;
Deep for the dead the grief must be,
Who ne'er gave cause to weep before."

To be concluded.

THE YOUNG MOTHER.

No longer will you now live for self; no longer be noteless and unrecorded, passing away without name or memorial among the people. It can no more be reproachfully said of you, that "you lend all your graces to the grave, and keep no copy."

Original.

IMPROVEMENT OF SOCIETY.

BY REV. J. N. M'AULEY, N. Y.

Improvement in every department of life is the result of effort. Agriculture spreads her fields, and waves her golden grain, and garners up her harvests, all by effort. Mechanic arts send forth their productions, replete with beauty and utility, until every demand of necessity is met, and every desire of luxury more than gratified, all by effort. Commerce marks out her plans of international communion; and her laden trains wind along our valleys, ascend our mountains, or go through our hills; and her rich cargoes float on our rivers, sail upon our lakes, and speed across our oceans; but all is done by effort. Improvement in society, from the first sound of the woodman's axe, to the hum that fills our city's busy mart, is the result of effort; and those who would see benevolence, justice, truth and piety flourish, must make efforts for their cultivation. Let every other branch of refinement receive attention, and morality be neglected, and, exalted in every thing else, we shall be debased in morals. When we look at the course of the present, in the scenes of some Paris; or read the history of the past, in the records of some Corinth; or walk the cities of the dead, gazing upon the remains of some Pompeii; we often find that, in literature, architecture, painting, statuary, and all that is called the luxury of life, the very witnesses of man's greatness attest his degradation, and the monuments of his glory show the inscriptions of his shame; so that the world may learn the truth, that sin is a reproach to any people who do not make direct and determined efforts for the attainment of that righteousness which exalteth a nation.

THE MOTHER'S HAND.

A pious mother, in her prayers with her little son, was accustomed to lay her hand upon his head. She died while he was yet too young to realize the loss which he had sustained. He grew up an uncurbed and wayward boy, whom none seemed to understand, and few to love. Yet in his most reckless and passionate paroxysms, something seemed partially to restrain and rule him. He said it was a "hand upon his head, like his mother's hand." Often he yielded at its touch, and wept bitterly. I[illegible]he flush and fever of youth, he travelled widely over foreign lands. Vice tempted him, and the virtue which should have withstood it, had but a frail rooting. Still, something withheld him. It was the "same hand upon his head," a soft, cool hand. He dared not utterly cast off its control.

In his o[illegible] said to some children: "A hand is upon my [illegible] my few hoary locks, the same hand that used [illegible]rayer among the fresh sunny curls of my infan[illegible] I am ever saved, it will be by that mother's [illegible]ny Redeemer's mercy."

[illegible]NSIBILITY OF PARENTS.

Great[illegible] we to repeat the question of the father of Sam[illegible] angel who announced his birth, "How shall [illegible]e child?" Surely we shall unite with fervor [illegible]ication to the Father of angels: "Teach us wh[illegible] do unto the child." The soul, the soul of the ba[illegible]ife is nourished by our own! Every trace that [illegible]pon it will stand forth at the judgment, when [illegible] are opened." Every waste place, which we le[illegible]n neglect, will frown upon us as an abyss whe[illegible]ains fall and the skies shrivel like a scroll. Whe[illegible], let us wear as a signet-ring, "THE CHILD!" "TH[illegible]mid all the music of life, let this ev[illegible] be the [illegible] THE SOUL OF THE CHILD!"

TEACH YOUR CHILDREN RELIGION.

Do you ask, when shall we begin to teach our children religion? As soon as you see them. As soon as they are laid upon your breast. As soon as you feel the pure breath issuing from that wondrous tissue of air-vessels, which God hath wreathed around the heart.

The religion of a new-born babe is the prayer of its mother. Keep this sacred flame burning, for it is the shrine of the soul until it is able to light its own feeble lamp, and fill its new censor with praise.

As the infant advances in strength, its religion should be love. Teach it love by your own accents, your countenance, your whole deportment. Labor to fashion its habits and temper after this hallowed model. Let the first lessons of earth breathe the spirit of heaven.

When the high gifts of speech and thought are given it, point it to Him who caused the sun to shine, and the plant to grow, and the chirping bird to be joyful in its nest.

N.

Original.

THE PUBLIC WORSHIP OF GOD.*

BY REV. THOMAS M'AULEY, D. D.

"For now have I chosen and sanctified this house, that my name may be there for ever; and mine eyes and my heart shall be there perpetually."

In this text we have an extraordinary answer to prayer. Children of God! friends of the Savior! have you been offering up this prayer to God in your morning and evening devotions—around your domestic altars—and in your prayer of consecration this morning? Then the Lord's eyes have been open and his ears attentive to your prayers,

* Extract from a discourse delivered at the dedication of the church on Eighth Street and Astor Place, January 15, 1843.

and he gives you the answer of the text. Are your hearts prepared to receive it? It is God who prepares the place of holy worship, furnishes all the facilities, throws open the avenues to the throne of grace—always present, attentive, watchful, and infinitely good and kind.

The Lord saith, "I HAVE CHOSEN THIS HOUSE."

For thirty and two years past, another building furnished ample accommodation for your worship. During much of that time the Lord was in the midst of you; and during the last ten years there have been added to your church five hundred and sixty-six, and your temporal prosperity has not been inferior to your spiritual prosperity, and he has directed the work of your hands; great success has crowned the exertions of your mercantile enterprise and pursuits, and has spread abroad its blessings in rich abundance, until there was but little room left for family accommodations.

Just as it was in the two churches in Cedar street, one of which has been removed to Duane street, and the other to Grand street; and the Baptist church of Gold street, which has been removed to Broome street; the Dutch church to Fourth street; and the Wall street church, and Grace church, and others about to remove up town—so has the removal of many of our beloved people too far up to give attendance in Murray street, rendered it absolutely necessary to remove, and rebuild, and improve your house of prayer; and He who dwelt with the ark when it rested at Shilo, and forsook it not when it was removed to Kirjath-jearim, and thence to the house of Obed-edom, and at last to its resting-place in Jerusalem, the place of his choice for it, will not forsake this tabernacle, in which he has so long dwelt, and which he has so greatly blessed, and the removal of which to its present delightful location he has so eminently prospered.

God saith, "I HAVE SANCTIFIED THIS HOUSE."

The Lord sanctifies when he sets apart from a common to a holy use, employs in his own service, or appropriates to holy purposes.

He having excited your hearts to a change of location, and to the setting up of this tabernacle here, as a place of rest, a house of prayer, for those who dwell around it, he meets you in his mercy, accepts your free-will offering, sanctions and seals your holy office of consecration, and kindly receives and appropriates the whole to himself—a house of prayer for ever and ever.

The Lord's name is in his house for ever. The name of the Lord is that by which he makes himself known, whatever that may be.

"Mine eyes shall be there perpetually," saith the Lord.

"Mine eyes shall be there:" I will see the sinner's thoughts and feelings; his efforts to escape from sin; his reception of truth; his reliance on mercy; his purpose of repentance and faith, and perfect submission to God; I will see his temptations, his trials, and his triumphs.

"My heart shall be there perpetually."

God's heart in our house of prayer!—his compassions, his sympathies, his loving-kindness, all the tenderness of his nature, and the free and full exercise of all his affections.

His eyes saw from eternity our need of divine aid; his heart devised and furnished the needful supply; and his infinite wisdom spreads it out here in this book of inspiration, in the worship of this house, in the salvation of Calvary, in the ministry of the Holy Ghost. Oh! how I love the courts of God's house; the place of prayer, chosen and precious, consecrated to his service, filled with his great name, enlightened with his eye, and beautified with his holiness.

"One thing," saith David, "I have sought of the Lord, and that I will still seek after, that all the days of my life I may dwell in the house of the Lord, and reverently inquire in his holy temple." "I had rather be a doorkeeper in the house of the Lord, than a dweller in the tents of wickedness." "One day is better than a thousand."

Children of God! it is your privilege this day to receive from your Father a place to hold constant intercourse with

him, which he has chosen and sanctified, where you have the table of the household, covered with love, and loaded with the bread of life, and enriched with God's blessing on all the provisions of his house. It is your privilege to live under the sight of his eye, in the light of his countenance, under the banner of his love—a people prepared for the Lord; to have in possession all his statutes and ordinances, and gospel institutions and privileges; and to have in prospect, and be encouraged to look forward to, times of refreshing from the presence of the Lord, who hath said, "It is but a little while, and I will fill this house with my glory."

Never, then, let the sanctuary be lightly esteemed; let your secret devotions, your family and social prayers, have a direct reference to your exalted privileges here, as preparatory and introductory to your higher privileges in the house not made with hands, of which this house may be considered as the outer vestibule; let every member of your household have his or her own place in this consecrated house of God; and beware, lest any worldly pursuit or trifling engagement, or social influence, keep any of them from a constant attendance upon his holy convocations.

The wide-spreading and destructive errors of the present day, an itching ear, and the prevailing habit of half-day hearing, and total neglect of social prayer, bible classes, and weekly lectures, are now, to ruined souls, more defiling and deadly than leprosy, and palsy, and plague to mortal bodies.

And now may God, possessor of heaven and earth, who dwelleth not in temples made with hands, and whom the heaven of heavens cannot contain—who covenanted with Abraham, tabernacled with Jacob, commissioned Moses to build his tabernacle, and Solomon his temple, and now has honored you to rear this house to his glory—may he establish his covenant with you, take up his abode among you, and make this temple glorious, and every family and every soul who may worship in it, holy and happy for ever!

THE TEETH.

BY MRS. LYDIA M. CHILD.

The prevalence of defective teeth in this country is the general subject of remark by foreigners; and whoever has travelled in Spain and Portugal is struck with the superior soundness and whiteness of teeth in those countries.

Nobody needs to have an offensive breath. A careful removal of substances from between the teeth, rinsing the mouth after meals, and a bit of charcoal held in the mouth, will always cure a bad breath.

A lump of charcoal held in the mouth, two or three times a week, and slowly chewed, has a wonderful power to preserve the teeth and purify the breath. The action is purely chemical. It counteracts the acid arising from a disordered stomach, or food decaying about the gums; and it is this acid which destroys the teeth. A dear friend of ours had, when about twenty years of age, a front tooth that turned black gradually, crumbled, and so broke off piecemeal. By frequently chewing charcoal, the progress of decay was not only arrested, but nature set vigorously to work to restore the breach, and the crumbled portion grew again, till the whole tooth was as sound as before! This I know to be a fact.

Every one knows that charcoal is an anti-putrescent, and is used in boxing up animal or vegetable substances, to keep them from decay. Upon the same chemical principle, it tends to preserve the teeth and sweeten the breath.

There is no danger in swallowing it; on the contrary, small quantities have a healthful effect on the inward system, particularly when the body is suffering from that class of complaints peculiarly incident to summer. It would not be wise to swallow that, or any gritty substance, in large quantities, or very frequently; but once or twice a week a

little would be salutary rather than otherwise. A bit of charcoal, as big as a cherry, merely held in the mouth a few hours without chewing has a good effect. At first, most people dislike to chew it, but use soon renders it far from disagreeable. Those who are troubled with an offensive breath, might chew it very often and swallow it but seldom. It is peculiarly important to clean and rinse the mouth thoroughly before going to bed; otherwise a great deal of the destructive acid will form during the night.

If these hints induce only one person to take better care of the teeth, I shall be more than rewarded for the trouble of writing. I am continually pained to see young people losing their teeth merely for the want of a few simple precautions; and one cannot enter a stage or steam car without finding the atmosphere polluted and rendered absolutely unhealthy for the lungs to breathe, when a proper use of water and charcoal might render it as wholesome and pleasant as a breeze of Eden.

REV. JOHN NEWTON'S REMARKS:

IN FAMILIAR CONVERSATION.

While the mariner uses the loadstone, the philosopher may attempt to investigate the cause; but after all, in steering through the ocean, he can make no other use of it than the mariner.

If an angel were sent to find the most perfect man, he would probably not find him composing a body of divinity, but perhaps a cripple in a poor-house, whom the parish wish dead, and humbled before God with far lower thoughts of himself than others have of him.

When a Christian goes into the world because he sees it is his CALL, yet, while he feels it also his CROSS, it will not hurt him.

Satan will seldom come to a Christian with a gross temptation: a green log and candle may be safely left together; but bring a few shavings, then some small sticks, and then larger, and you may soon bring the green log to ashes.

If two angels were sent from heaven to execute a divine command, one to conduct an empire, and the other to sweep a street in it, they would feel no inclination to change employments.

What some call providential openings are often powerful temptations; the heart, in wandering, cries, "Here is a way opened before me; but, perhaps, not to be trodden, but rejected."

I should have thought mowers very idle people; but they work while they whet their scythes. Now, devotedness to God, whether it mows or whets the scythe, still goes on with the work.

A Christian should never plead spirituality for being a sloven; if he be but a shoe-cleaner, he should be the best in the parish.

My course of study, like that of a surgeon, has principally consisted in walking the hospital.

My principal method of defeating heresy, is by establishing truth. One proposes to fill a bushel with tares; now, if I can fill it first with wheat, I shall defy his attempts.

When some people talk of religion, they mean they have heard so many sermons, and performed so many devotions, and thus mistake the means for the end. But true religion is an habitual recollection to serve him, and this turns every thing into gold. We are apt to suppose that we need something splendid to evince our devotion, but true devotion equals things; washing plates and cleaning shoes is a high office, if performed in a right spirit. If three angels were sent to earth, they would feel perfect indifference who should perform the part of prime minister, parish minister, or watchman.

When a ship goes to sea, among a vast variety of its articles and circumstances, there is but one object regarded, namely, doing the business of the voyage: every bucket is employed with respect to that.

Many have puzzled themselves about the origin of evil; I observe there is evil, and that there is a way to escape it, and with this I begin and end.

Consecrated things under the law were first sprinkled with blood, and then anointed with oil, and thenceforward were no more common. Thus, under the Gospel every Christian has been a common vessel for profane purposes; but when sprinkled with the blood of Christ, and anointed by God the Father, he becomes separated and consecrated to God.

I would not give a straw for that assurance which sin will not damp. If David had come from his adultery, and had talked of his assurance at that time, I should have despised his speech.

A spirit of adoption is the spirit of a child; he may offend his father, yet he is not afraid of being turned out of doors: the union is not dissolved, though the communion is. He that is not well with his father must therefore be unhappy, as their interests are inseparable.

We often seek to apply cordials when the patient is not prepared for them, and it is the patient's advantage, that he cannot take a medicine when prematurely offered. When a man comes to me and says, "I am quite happy," I am not sorry to find him come again with some fears. I never saw a work stand well without a check. "I only want," says one, "to be sure of being safe, and then I will go on." No; perhaps, then you will go off.

A Christian in the world is like a man who has had a long intimacy with one, whom at length he finds out to have been the murderer of a kind father; the intimacy, after this, will surely be broken.

Apostacy, in all its branches, takes its rise from atheism. "I have set the Lord always before me."

A WORD TO OUR FRIENDS.

Never were we more encouraged to put forth our best efforts to please our friends, to do good on a large scale, than at the present time. The number of our subscribers have become truly ample, and each mail of the year gives new assurance that we are not laboring in vain.

Our Editorial Association will never flag in their endeavors to make the Parlor Annual and Christian Family Magazine of that high order of excellence that the age imperiously demands.

The illness of the former Editor, it is hoped, will only be temporary, and that his travels abroad will have a salutary influence in restoring him to his former vigor.

The fifth volume will be more Pictorial, and not less attractive and useful to the family circle than the preceeding volumes.

The Frontis Piece of the fifth volume, which will appear in the September number, will be the "Eleventh Hour," designed by that able artist, Prentis, and engraved by J. N. Jimbrede.